



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

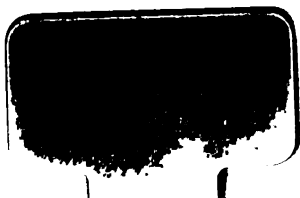
About Google Book Search

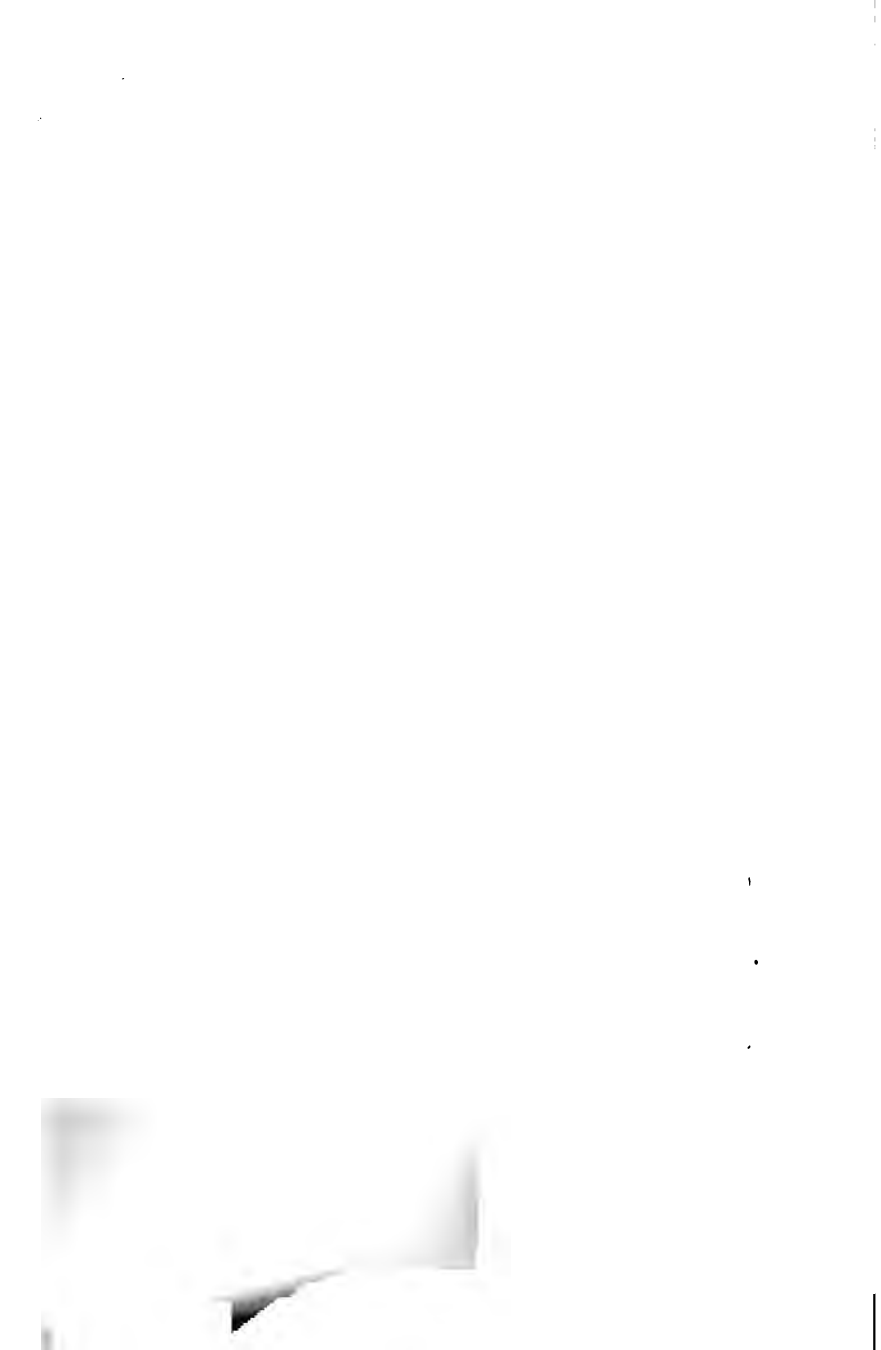
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



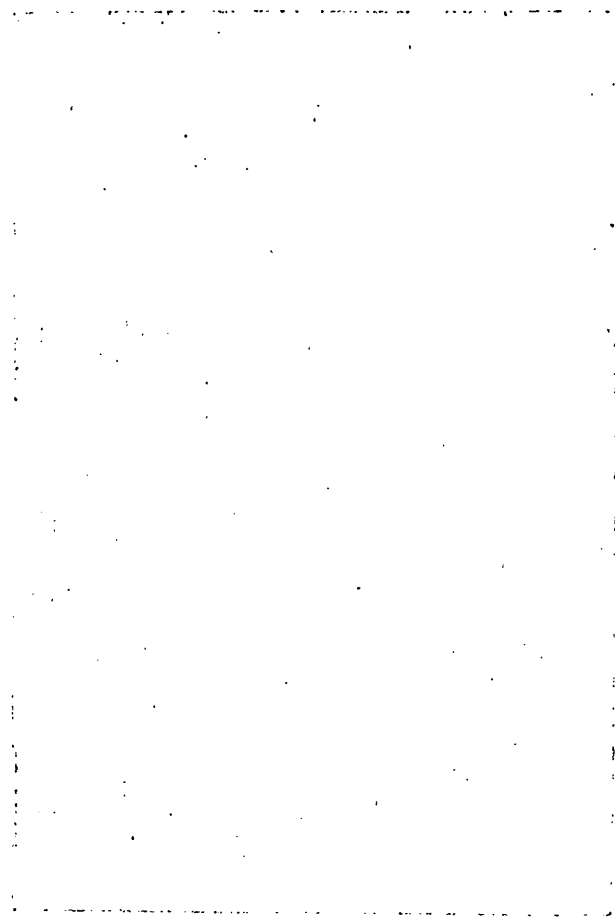


600067273V











WASHED ASHORE.

BOYS' KINGDOM.

THE BOYS' KINGDOM.

THE BOYS' KINGDOM.

THE BOYS' KINGDOM.



SENLEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 22, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

22, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.



A BOY'S KINGDOM;

OR,

Four Years in a Cave.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"UNDER THE LIME TREES," "CAPTAIN WOLF,"
ETC., ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET.
LONDON. MDCCCLXXV.

251. c. 148.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. HIS OWN WAY	1
II. OFF	7
III. ABOARD SHIP	15
IV. THE STORM	22
V. DICK	29
VI. FURTHER DISCOVERIES	41
VII. ANOTHER WANT	52
VIII. TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING	63
IX. IN THE WOOD	76
X. A PRIZE !	87
XI. A CHANGE OF RESIDENCE	98
XII. A SAVAGE OR NOT ?	111
XIII. WINTER QUARTERS	124

SECRET

1000

.. . **PROBANT** .. .

.. 21

۵۰۵

52

25

2.

25

A BOY'S KINGDOM.

CHAPTER I.

HIS OWN WAY.

TED MARSHMAN had got his own way. To tell the honest truth, I believe he always did get his own way ; and therefore it was nothing very surprising that when the subject under consideration was his own future profession, other people's wishes and objections were treated by him with perfect indifference, and his own will decided the point.

Long years ago, when he had sailed his tiny boat on the little stream that ran through his father's grounds, and wished that he were small enough to be aboard her, as she skimmed over the water or rested among the flowers by the bank, he had made up his mind that as soon as ever he was old enough he would be a sailor, and go to sea in one of the Queen's own ships, and sail all round the world, and see everything there was to be seen. And as he

grew older and bigger, this determination grew with him ; books and everything like study he hated and despised, and he should be rid of both if only he could go to sea.

Whether Ted's parents and relations considered it the best thing he could do was another matter. Ted's father was in bad health, and would have been glad to keep his only boy at home ; and Ted's mother thought she should be miserable every time the wind blew loud and strong if her precious boy were tossing about somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, or in that terrible Bay of Biscay ; but they did not talk much about their wishes, or fears, and so Ted got his own way, and people called him a brave, dashing lad, and prophesied that he would do great things in the world before he died.

Unfortunately for him, Ted had been a hero from his very birth : partly, I suppose, because he was an only son,—and only sons, as all the world knows, are always remarkable beings ; and partly because his father was a much-respected inhabitant of the place in which he lived, and had a number of dependants who one and all had conspired to make much of Master Ted. In fact, he had done a very brave thing at the very beginning of his career, for when he came into the world he was such a sickly, puny little baby that every one said he must die,—it was quite impossible that he could live ; but Master Ted

had astonished everybody by showing them that they were mistaken : he could live, and he meant to live ; and this was a point in his favour that was never forgotten by certain old women in the parish ; and, added to other incidents of his life, made them declare that he had as many lives as a cat. How many still remained to be risked it is hard to say, for of hairbreadth escapes he had already had sufficient for a lifetime.

“ I don’t believe you’ll ever get drowned at sea,” said one of his little sisters to him shortly before his departure, “ ’cause you know you must be very hard to kill : the wild bull couldn’t kill you when he tossed you ever so high ; and the great cuts you got when you tumbled through the roof of the hothouse did you no harm at all ; and when you hanged yourself up to see how it felt till you was black in the face, and nurse thought you was dead,—why you came to life again all right.”

“ Of course, boys aren’t easily killed,” was all the answer Ted vouchsafed to little May’s speech. He had a great contempt for all his sisters, and for May in particular ; and the homage they never failed to pay to his superior age and sex, was not always sufficient to make him polite to them. But May was not to be daunted. She and Caroline had obtained permission to come and watch the painting of an immense brig that Ted had just then in hand,

and as it never answered to discuss any but sea affairs with the would-be sailor, she had naturally enough alluded to the dangers of which she had heard.

"I don't suppose there are any glass roofs to tumble through on board a ship, and there are certain to be no mad bulls there ; but nurse says that if there are any sharks to be caught, or any Frenchmen to fight, she's certain you'll be in the thick of it all."

"Nurse is an old goose," was Ted's reply. "We're not at war with the French just now ; I only wish we were,—I'd like to have a shot at them ; but there's no such luck in store for me, I'm afraid."

"Nurse says there's no knowing when we may be at war,—the French are so fond of fighting, she says. But, Ted, you wouldn't like to see a battle, would you?"

"Wouldn't I!—that's all you know about it."

May's blue eyes grew very round with astonishment ; but Caroline remarked, "I believe you'll be like Lord Nelson some day, Ted."

"If I only had the chance," sighed Ted ; "but nobody can become known or great unless there's a war ; and even then I could do nothing, as Papa won't let me go into the navy. It's very hard, I must say."

"Papa wanted you to stay at home, I believe," said May; "and Mamma did, I know quite well."

"Stay at home among a pack of girls!" muttered Ted indignantly. "Papa ought to have known better than to think such a thing possible."

May and Caroline were silent,—wondering, doubtless, how it was that papas and mammas didn't always know all that they ought to know. It was very strange; but then it was some time since they had left school, and perhaps they had forgotten. Still they had always fancied that in such matters as this of Ted's profession grown-up people must know best; but then Ted had been at school in a large town, and had, as he often said, seen more of the world than it was possible to do in their village if you lived there a century.

Yes, Ted was a very great man in his little sisters' eyes: tyrant though he often was, they forgave it all, and admired him most enthusiastically in spite of his rude speeches and dictatorial ways, for was he not going away very soon?—and then there would be no more sails and flags to make, no more boat-buildings to watch, no more quarrels to be so sweetly made up by the highly prized permission, "There, I don't mind if you run and fetch me my knife;—you're not a bad little thing after all, Carrie; only you should keep your temper better, and learn not to cry about nothing." Why was it so sweet to be

forgiven, when you knew you had done no harm, Carrie? Why didn't you tell Ted that it was he who had lost his temper and called you unkind and cruel names. Why,—oh I know quite well : because you worshipped that selfish brother of yours, and would rather think you were wrong yourself than that he was. And besides, though you don't mean to think about it, you know it is true that a wind may come, and the big ship Orion may go down, and Ted's grave may be at the bottom of the deep, deep sea. If so, you will be glad you were gentle to him, and did not mind his rough words, though they hurt you and made you cry.

CHAPTER II.

OFF.

BUT though the matter was settled, and there was no more questioning about it, a good while elapsed, and a good many events occurred before the day came when he was to start on his first voyage ; and seeing that he was not a very patient individual, this time seemed very long indeed to Ted Marshman.

However, like all appointed times it came at last, and found Ted as eager and anxious as he had been all along.

“ I can’t imagine how it is that you’re not just a tiny bit afraid,” said May, as she sat on her brother’s bed the day before he left home, and watched the process of packing and sorting his things. Ted had suddenly become very generous, and was giving away his possessions in such a reckless way that all the little sisters deemed it highly advisable to be near at hand in case there should be anything for them.

“ Afraid of what ? ” asked her brother impatiently.

"Here, May, here's a ball of string for you ;—string's always useful, though girls don't want it as much as boys."

"Oh, thanks, Ted ; but now aren't you just a tiny bit afraid of going away all by yourself? I know I should be."

"I dare say ; but, May, you never can understand that that's the great difference between a boy and a girl. A boy's never afraid of anything, and a girl's pretty nearly always afraid of something, I do believe."

"I'm afraid of a good many things," May replied honestly : "I'm afraid of going to bed in the dark ; and I'm afraid of Papa's big dog ; and I'm dreadfully afraid of having a tooth out."

"Of course, that's just what I said. Now a boy would never dream of being afraid of the dark."

"Wouldn't he, really? And aren't you even afraid of being seasick, Ted? People say it's a dreadful feeling."

"Seasick !—the idea of such a thing. I shan't be seasick,—sailors never are."

"Aren't they?—oh, I didn't know that. Nurse said she had a brother who went to sea, and he was very sick at first."

"What a muff he must have been then !"

"I thought he couldn't help it," said May meekly.

"He must have been a very chicken-hearted kind

of fellow ; I dare say he was afraid of all kinds of things,—of being eaten up by whales, and drowned in the first storm that blew.”

“Nurse said he turned out a capital sailor,” May ventured to suggest ; but her brother was not to be convinced, and vowed that he did not believe a word of it.

“Then you don’t think you shall ever feel afraid—not even when the wind blows ever so loud, and the waves roll up almost to the sky, as they do in my picture of the Israelites going through the Red Sea, and the waterspouts come down and make such a splash, and the thunder rolls and rumbles, and the lightning flashes? Oh, I think it’s dreadful enough at home, and I am sure it must be quite horrible at sea.”

“That’s because you’re only a girl. Some people say it’s very grand.”

“They must be very wonderfully brave,” said the little girl with an air of great perplexity. “I can’t understand it one bit.”

“That’s not very strange, seeing you’re only a little girl: now I, you see, can understand it quite well.”

Ted delivered this speech with an air of great superiority, looking to see if May was duly impressed with his importance and her insignificance. Apparently satisfied, he continued, “In fact, I never can imagine why you ask *me* such questions.”

"I don't know, I'm sure,—only, I suppose, because I'm very silly ; and when the wind blows and you are away I shall always think you're being drowned." And May finished her speech with something very like a sob ; and lost no time in vanishing from the room, lest Ted should be angry, and call her a baby.

How much of all this talk was true, and how much mere brag, it would not be fair to attempt to say. No doubt Ted fancied he meant all he said ; and till he had had a little experience of all the dangers he talked so boldly about, how could he tell that he was not quite the hero he painted himself ? Let us think he was. His mother and sisters had quite fancied that when it came to the point of saying good-bye, some of his courage would fail ; they half expected he would cry ; but not he,—he would have laughed at the bare idea ; and when the village church and all the home scenes disappeared from view, and he was fairly in the train on his way to the seaport where he was to join his ship, instead of any childish longings to go back, his one thought was that he was going forth to see the world, and to make his fortune, and to be his own master. I am half inclined to think that his father, who went with him as far as Liverpool, would have been rather better pleased if he had seemed a little less joyous and light-hearted ; it is a very good thing to go into the world with an abundant supply of high spirits, for the knocks and

rubbs we are sure to meet with before we have half finished our work will take all the superfluous bubble and bluster out of us ; but there is such a thing as affection, and in my opinion a boy that's good for anything will be sorry to leave his home and his mother, however happy he may be in the prospect before him.

So, a little bit disappointed, Mr. Marshman watched his boy's bright face ; and though he had no wish to bring a cloud over it, he thought it as well to give him a little good advice before he parted with him. Whether Ted listened I cannot presume to say, but we have already discovered that he did not think very much of his father's opinion, and so most likely the counsel might as well have been spared. Besides, just then the boy was too anxious to plunge headlong into the new life before him, to have a thought to give to anything else. What an immensity seemed to have been included in the time between sunrise and sunset, between getting up in his own nice bedroom at home, and going to bed in his cabin on board. Ted felt as if he had lived a year in that one day, but he panted for the next morning's dawn when they should weigh anchor and leave the shores of old England behind them.

Alas for Ted's confident boasting ! How well it was for him that little May was playing so quietly and unsuspectingly with her doll in the nursery at

home,—thinking very often, it is true, of the sad parting the day before, and of her sailor-brother now far away, but never dreaming or imagining for one minute that he was already, as he would have described it, “making a muff of himself,” in a way that he had never conceived possible.

He was out on the broad sea, and the sun was making every ripple of the waves sparkle and glitter till his eyes fairly watered with their splendid brilliancy; it was exactly what he had often fancied, and for some hours his heart was light and buoyant as a bird's. Then by degrees his spirits flagged in a way quite unusual to him; and he was beginning to wonder what had come over him, when he became conscious of a tight sensation round his head, as if his cap had grown suddenly and wonderfully tight. He had never in his life had the headache, except once when he had fallen from the top of a pear tree and alighted on his head; but he felt extremely queer and uncomfortable, and half inclined to imagine that his dinner, which he could not help thinking about, must have been unwholesome, or badly cooked. It was certainly very different in many ways from the meals served up at home; but Ted was quite ready to rough it, and if only they would not give him quite so much fat, nobody should hear him quarrel about his food. It must be the fat which caused that unpleasant taste in his mouth,—a taste as of warm oil

or tallow. Perhaps he was going to have a bilious attack, for his head certainly began to feel very queer, and his eyes objected to look fixedly at anything, while a cold, damp, creepy sensation pervaded his whole body. For some minutes he leaned in hopeless misery against the side of the ship, trying frantically to count the links in an iron chain that lay coiled up close at hand. Why he was so anxious about their number, he could not possibly have told, but at that moment it appeared to him most absolutely and imperatively necessary to settle the matter then and at once, without the loss of another minute. If he could only have waited, and done it some other time, it would have been an inconceivable relief; but in a vague sort of way he was firmly convinced that if only he could make up his mind about the number of those links, he should feel ever so much better.

But long, long before this task was accomplished,—and it appeared a very hopeless one,—the cold, clammy feeling suddenly increased to an alarming degree; and whether he was going to die, or what was going to happen, Ted had no idea; only he knew quite well that something would happen, and that very speedily, unless he could count those links.

Why Ted had concentrated his thoughts so entirely on that particular chain, he never could imagine afterwards; but the difficult question was still unsolved when a loud and not very kind voice bade him “Get

along, and turn in." Was it bedtime, then? he wondered; but feeling silent just then, he only tried to obey as fast as he could,—thinking, as well as he could think anything, that it would be the best thing to do just then.

He managed with great difficulty to crawl into his hammock; and when there, a light flashed across his dizzy and muddled brain, sailor as he was, he was seasick. It was very provoking; but then there could be no doubt at all that it was that fat meat that had done the mischief: what a fool he had been to eat it. Well, May was not there, that was one comfort, and no one should ever know! That was one of his early thoughts; afterwards, when he had lain in his hammock two whole days, growing each hour worse instead of better, I believe he would not have minded particularly if everybody, May included, had known all about it. He cared for nothing, not even to get better, for he had given up all hopes of that. Perhaps the ship would go to the bottom;—well, it didn't much signify,—at least not to him; he did not think he should care in the least. He had changed his mind about a great many things, and especially about a sea life; if ever he reached land once more, nothing should ever induce him—so he thought—to set foot on shipboard again. Poor, miserable Ted!

CHAPTER III.

ABOARD SHIP.

How long this miserable period of his existence lasted, I cannot exactly say ; but, contrary to Ted's expectations, it did come to an end at last ; and with his uncomfortable sensations vanished also all the regrets he had experienced, and all the vain wishes he had indulged that he had never become a sailor. The sea was no longer hateful when he discovered that he could look at it without turning giddy ; and the ship was all that he could desire when he learned to pace her deck with a steady footing.

"It's a lucky thing," said one of his companions to him, "that you didn't get taken bad till your father was far enough away, and a goodish bit of salt water between you, else I do believe he'd have persisted in carrying you off home again to your mammy and the young ones,—your groans were so pitiful."

Ted tried to laugh, but such jokes were not at all to his taste ; in fact, he had never been much used to be

laughed at, and had consequently not learned to take the edge off ridicule by joining in it.

"He'd hardly have done that," he replied; "the governor knows that people get over sea-sickness,—though, to be sure, I'd no idea how horrid it was."

"Horrid,—oh, you're a cry-baby, I suspect; been a spoilt boy,—mammy's pet and father's joy,—haven't you? There are worse things than sea-sickness in the world. I think it is rather jolly lying in bed doing nothing."

"Do you, indeed? I believe that."

"Believe it or not, it's a fact. But come now, Marshman, tell us about your folks at home,—where you live, and all the rest of the thing."

"I don't know what you mean by the rest of the thing. We live in Yorkshire,—my father's place is there; a capital place it is; it will be mine some day."

"To be sure; but go ahead, old fellow; tell us what your father's worth, what your mother's like, and your sisters. Let's have the whole thing at once: there's always time to talk aboard ship."

Thus exhorted, Ted needed no further pressing to enter into full particulars of his father's place, which, it may be noticed by the way, was decidedly magnified and glorified in the process of description, his comrade listening with the utmost attention, and from time to time giving such aid to his imagination as he thought proper.

"And your mother,—she's very handsome, I suppose?" was the next inquiry, cautiously put, when Ted seemed to flag in his narration; but something in the tone of voice excited the boy's curiosity and suspicion; and instead of replying with the enthusiasm which his comrade had expected from one so recently parted from his mother, he answered, rather surlily, "Perhaps she is, and perhaps she isn't: it's no business of yours."

"No, indeed, of course not; I merely thought you didn't take after your father, and so I supposed you were like your mother; but perhaps they're neither of them anything very special. I know people often wonder where I got my good looks from, and perhaps it's the same with you."

"Well, I believe some people say I'm like my mother, but I don't see it; other folks say one of my sisters is like me, and she's uncommonly pretty, I must say."

"I thought so. I say, Marshman, it must be splendiferous to be an only boy and have a lot of sisters; don't they look up to you like anything, and make no end of a fuss with you?"

"Rather more than he liked," Ted replied; and from that point his companion had no difficulty in drawing him on to boast of his undisputed supremacy at home, and to tell tales without end to prove what a great man he was, and how entirely

the whole household submitted to his will and pleasure.

So engrossed was he with the delightful theme, that he had no idea at the time that his comrade's object in all his inquiries was simply the love of fun, and the desire to turn his new shipmate into ridicule to the rest of the crew ; but his eyes were opened later in the day, when he overheard Boyce, as his companion was called, repeating the substance of their conversation to a little party of his friends in the cabin.

“ He's a prince or a duke, or something next door to it,—in his own estimation at least,” the lad was saying ; “ the old lady and gentleman might as well be in their graves, for he manages everything on this mighty fine property of his. What they'll do without him I can't imagine ; and whatever possessed them to send the son and heir to sea is a mystery beyond me, quite. Imagine the precious youth exposed to all the hardships of a sailor's life, let alone the dangers !—why his poor mother will be in fits every time the wind whistles in the keyhole, and the father's hair will certainly have turned white with anxiety long before the first voyage is over. They'll never let him go a second voyage when they hear what miseries he suffered from sea-sickness, poor darling ! and they have every particular of his sufferings, I promise you. Oh no, once at home, we shan't be

troubled with his company again in a hurry, I'll bet you any money you like."

"How do you know?—perhaps they're sick of his company and want to be rid of him," suggested another lad. "Very possibly the old fellow and his son don't agree about the sowing of the wheat, or the weeding of the flower-beds, and so they agreed to part for a time : but I remember now, Papa did look rather a weak specimen."

"Well, if Master Ted thinks he's going to be king of the castle here too, he'll find himself mistaken, I'm thinking. The Captain won't put up with much of his impudence, will he?"

"It will be a good joke to see him try it on ; but I hardly think he'll dare."

"Won't he? There's nothing a spoilt young cub like that won't dare ; but he'll soon get his claws cut."

This, and much more, Ted overheard, boiling over all the while with indignation, yet thinking it no harm to listen to conversation which he well knew was not meant for his ears. Against Boyce he vowed revenge, but already he was beginning to feel his helplessness. How could he revenge himself on a fellow who was every one's friend, while he was a stranger, and not particularly popular? He might refuse to speak to him : at home such a threat would have brought any of his sisters to instant submission

and penitence ; but what would Boyce care about it? Probably he might only find fresh occasion for amusement and ridicule in Ted's anger ; certainly he would be perfectly indifferent to any threats of vengeance ; therefore, for the first time in his life, the boy resolved to keep his feelings to himself.

So for the next few days he abandoned himself to what most people would have called a fit of the sulks, but what he considered dignified displeasure and contempt of the uncourteous treatment he had met with. It would be strange if that did not bring them to their senses, he thought. But, strange as it doubtless was, no such befitting result was produced ; no one seemed in the least concerned at his displeasure, or disposed to make any efforts to conciliate him. Boyce laughed at him, and called him "My lord," and inquired if he was still suffering from sea-sickness ; but no apology for his rudeness seemed to occur to him ; and Ted inwardly vowed that he must be a very low-born fellow, quite ignorant of the ways of gentlemen, and indeed of the ways of the world in general.

Now, as it will readily be believed that life aboard ship is not always very lively,—since the variety principally consists in bad weather or good, and the employments of sailors are somewhat monotonous,—the days which Ted had pictured to himself as one long round of pleasures and enjoyments, soon began to appear very long indeed in their dreariness and

dulness. His comrades were merry and contented, and they did not quarrel more than under the circumstances might have been expected of them ; but he, having apparently, though silently, quarrelled with the greater part of the crew, and not finding much favour from the officers, who looked upon him as a sulky, ill-tempered lad, was in anything but an enviable condition. And this only a few days after the Orion had sailed from Liverpool. So much for all his dreams and anticipations!

Well, if we expect to find all the people we meet with cut exactly to suit our taste and fancy, and to be able to go through the world precisely as we choose, we shall most of us get rubs that we don't like, and be well laughed at into the bargain. But the laugh will do us no harm, but good; and so Ted would have found it, if he had only had the sense to laugh too,—if he had seen what a simpleton he had been when he heard his words repeated by Boyce, and had kept better guard on his tongue in future.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORM.

"He's a tremendous muff,—why do you bother yourself about him?" Ted overheard Boyce say one day to one of his comrades who, more kind-hearted and thoughtful than the rest, had been endeavouring to draw the sullen boy into conversation, and to obliterate the remembrance of the injury he had suffered at their hands.

"Why, oh, I don't know; only he must be dull; and I hate to see a fellow dull if I can cheer him up."

"Better let him alone till he gets over his sulky fit," was Boyce's reply; and Ted as he listened stamped with rage that what he considered just indignation and displeasure should be called "*sulks*."

Yet he had repulsed the friendly advances of his goodnatured shipmate: "he wanted nobody's pity, he cared for nobody's friendship: let them amuse themselves as they liked; he did not desire their company." Such had been his rude replies; and, though sorry and vexed at his perversity, what could his friend do more?

Yet I verily believe that Ted repented his rash words as soon as they were uttered: he was lonely, dull, and disappointed; and it galled him terribly to see others gay and merry around him—perfectly happy, while he was miserable.

These things continued till the ship had been more than a month at sea, and Ted had had time to discover how he liked a sea life. What an age it seemed since he had left home, and what a different life it had been to that which he had pictured to himself! In fact, he could hardly believe that he was the same boy, and that some unaccountable change had not passed over him. And it must be admitted that the change was great from a home where he was looked upon as a very clever and important personage, to the society of lads of his own age who had no compassion on his small follies and absurdities.

Nor were his superiors inclined to be more merciful. A sulky boy is seldom liked by any one; and Ted, moreover, was wont to give himself airs which provoked many a reproof from the officers, and many a laugh from the sailors. Among the latter, however, he found one friend in an old seaman who had a very warm heart for the lads, who, as he was fond of saying, came among them home-sick and seasick, and met with very foul weather for the most part of their first voyage. "And of all the mammy-sick boys I ever seed, yon's the worse," had been the old

man's comment when he had well considered Ted ; " not that he knows it. I reckon he don't give her many thoughts ; but for all that he wants her, sure. She's made life too easy for him,—all roses and feather beds ; and so it comes about that these 'ere planks be terrible hard to his poor feet."

And old Jack did not hesitate to tell Ted some of his thoughts, adding the very wise suggestion that he should " take his comrades as he found them,—they weren't that bad after all."

There was something in the old man's way that reminded Ted of many of the village people round his old home ; and he listened patiently enough to his counsels, though to act upon them was not so easy as it seemed.

" They don't care to be friendly, and I'm sure I don't," was his answer. " I do take them just as I find them, and I find them precious disagreeable, I must say, Jack."

" Aye, so I see ; but you mistake, young master ; there be lots of fun in 'em, but there be'ant no harm,—no real harm, that's to say."

" Queer sort of fun," was Ted's reply ; and the old man, provoked to greater vehemence, continued, " May be ; but every one has a right to his own way ; we can't settle for other folks how they must speak, nor how they must laugh ; but just put up with 'em as best we can, and hope they'll do the same by us, for

we've all our queer ways, I reckon, only you see we don't know it."

Ted looked incredulous; but the old man persisted. "Indeed, then, I'm saying nothing but the truth: some's more cracked than others, but I believe as how we're all queer in some way or other. And if you puts up, as you'd best do, with their silly jokes, why you'll find they'll put up with you and your priggish ways."

"They won't need,—I shan't trouble them," was Ted's dogged reply; and the old man walked off muttering something by no means complimentary about pig-headed young simpletons, and his hope that the Captain might take him in hand, and bring him to reason.

What might have happened in that way, Ted, however, was not destined to discover. Other matters occupied the Captain's attention; and if the boy's surly ways had fallen under his notice, he had doubtless hoped that in time he might improve, and, when once used to the discipline and ways of a sailor's life, fall in more pleasantly with the rules and habits of the others. And before he had had time to bestow more thought on the subject, a sudden change in the weather engrossed every one's attention, and those best acquainted with him judged from the Captain's bearing and countenance that he was becoming seriously uneasy about his ship.

A thick fog prevailed during many days, and when that began to clear off the wind suddenly rose, and a frightful storm began to rage. Hour after hour it continued, and for two days and nights the ship was tossed about like a feather on the waves; while the masts crashed and splintered, and the billows dashed over the deck with continually increasing fury. But at length there came a lull. The wind died away, or only rose in fitful gusts. The crew of the *Orion* breathed freely once more. But, to their dismay, it was in a few instants discovered that the last wave that had swept the deck had carried off their Captain; and, to add to this calamity, it was soon evident that the leaks which the ship had sprung were so serious that it was doubtful whether she would remain afloat many minutes longer. This awful discovery was announced to Ted by the shrieks and sobs of some of the crew; for, tired out by the fatigue and excitement of the past few days, he had just laid himself down in his hammock and fallen asleep. He started up almost wild with terror, and, rushing on deck, found that the sailors had already lowered the boats, and were fast leaving the sinking ship. Then came a desperate struggle for life: all dreaded to be left behind, and the boats were crowded far beyond their size. But Ted was too late: piteously he begged and entreated, struggled and fought, for a place; he was pushed violently back, and flung on the deck of the ship half

fainting with terror, and half stunned by the violence of the blows he had received.

For some minutes he lay there, but the splashing of the spray in his face awoke him to consciousness, and he arose, and, stupified with horror and despair, gazed after the boats as they tossed about on the still tempestuous sea. Alone on the deck of the deserted ship, he stood and watched them. One end of the vessel was already beneath the water: how many



minutes would it be before the other disappeared in like manner? Ted could not think, or pray; but with his eyes still fixed on the receding boats, he watched them with a kind of enchantment, till, after fearful struggles with the breakers, one after another rose high on the tops of the waves, and came down bottom upwards. It was an awful sight, and Ted closed his eyes and groaned. Deserted, left on the sinking ship, he had at least survived all his companions; but

it could not be for many minutes : another roll or two, and the Orion would settle down into the deep. Just at that moment of unutterable horror and misery, Ted felt a movement by his side, and, looking down, he saw, all dripping and draggled, a big rough dog which had belonged to the Captain, and which had followed in the track of the boats for some little distance, but, apparently impelled by pity for him in his loneliness, had returned to bear him company. The poor thing was spent with swimming, and now crouched at his feet, looking up with almost tearful eyes into his face, as if to say, "What is to become of us two?"



CHAPTER V.

DICK.

MOMENTS at such times seem ages; and to Ted, whenever he looked back on that moment in after-life, it seemed to him that he must have stood in that same position on the sinking ship for at least an hour. The wind still howled mournfully, and the dark clouds scudded across the sky; the sea-birds screamed as they whirled round the masts, and seemed to laugh at his misery. All this Ted remembered afterwards; and he remembered too the piteous mewing of the cook's cat, which had crept up the masts, and which was the last thing he remembered to have seen on board the wreck.

Then the night drew on, and Ted grew cold with terror at the thought of the death that was coming to him—slowly but surely—in the dark waves of that sullen sea. Once or twice the moon tried to peep forth from her veil of clouds, and her rays falling on the waves reminded Ted of a picture he had often seen at home of the Angel of Death walking through the camp of the Assyrians with the destroying sword

unsheathed in his hand. And as it grew dark, and the moon's rays grew brighter and longer, so surely did they seem to draw nearer to him. Nevertheless they served to make the gloom of that awful night less intolerable ; and when the moon set, and darkness covered everything, Ted sank down by the dog's side, and gradually lost all knowledge and consciousness of what was passing around him.

Dick's rough coat was a resting-place for his head ; but before the morning broke the wrecked ship began to pitch again ; and though Ted was quite unconscious of the waves that still splashed over him, or of any change in the position of the ship, the dog Dick was fully alive to the danger, and he had thoughts of his own in his head, for he had no intention of being drowned if he could help it.

At last, gently pushing away the boy's head, he rose to his feet and stretched himself. Dick's past life had been by no means useless, and in consequence he had learnt confidence in himself, which stood him in good stead at this emergency. He had saved lives before now,—in fact, the Captain had often said Dick was better than all the lifebelts in the world ; and though he had failed to save his master, it was through no fault of his own ; and Dick knew that perfectly well. I don't know whether he was wondering how far off the land was, or whether he was only waiting for the moment when the wreck would be no



A SWIM FOR LIFE.



longer a refuge for them, but at length he set himself to his task, and, with Ted's clothes firmly fixed between his teeth, he started on his dreadful journey. It was a heavy burden, and the good dog's strength was not as great as it had been some hours before ; but he plodded and struggled on through the strong waves, which seemed to toss him back as he neared the shore, and at last laid poor Ted down on a rocky beach, to all appearance dead,—and, in fact, Dick was all but spent too.

So certain had Ted felt when he sunk into unconsciousness that he was dying, and that all the calamities at which he had once laughed had overtaken him already, that when he opened his eyes to find himself lying on a sandy, rocky beach, with the sky now calm and blue over his head, he was quite at a loss to know where he was or what had happened. The awful storm seemed at first a dream ; but the shipwreck and sinking boats, the cries of his drowning shipmates, and the anguish of the past night, were too vivid a remembrance ;—they were no fancy, but dreadful realities ; and as he tried to rise, and felt himself held down by the caresses of Dick, who, enraptured to see him open his eyes, was springing upon him and licking his face, he saw plainly enough that, with the exception of this faithful animal, he was the only survivor of the crew of the shipwrecked Orion. His first impulse when on his feet was to

look out to sea to discover what remained of the ship ; but though he scanned the whole expanse of water before him with the utmost anxiety, he could not perceive anything but floating bits of wood, broken masts, and shattered remains of what had once been a good sound vessel. And of his ship-mates, apparently, not one had escaped ;—that wild surging sea had swallowed them all up ; and yet the sun shone as brightly over their watery grave, and the birds flew as merrily over the spot where they had sunk, as if nothing melancholy had happened there. As he stood thus gazing out to sea, the intense silence and stillness of all save the waves, struck Ted with awe and sadness : he was all alone, with not a human being to speak to, and not a creature to care for him.

And this was to be the end of his sailor life ;—short indeed it had been, and dreary. Ted almost wished that his fate had been the same as his comrades' ; but no, not quite, for there is something too appalling in such a sudden death ; and whatever suffering were before him, he could not but feel that life was not a thing to be despised.

Still for awhile his loneliness was a burden that seemed quite insupportable. Where the dog had landed him, in what part of the globe, he had not the faintest idea, nor whether he was in a place which was ever visited by man. The beach on

which he found himself was rocky, and further inland there were cliffs which were rugged and frowning. The thought suggested itself that if he climbed to the top of these rocks he might gain a better idea of his circumstances, and perhaps even discover some village, or at least some human dwellings. By-and-by he would attempt this ; but for the present, plunged in grief and despondency, it seemed too great an exertion ; so he sat down again, and, burying his face in his hands, gave way to his misery in passionate regrets and vehement lamentations. All the happiness that he had despised and flung away, all the brightness of his childhood, the love of his parents and sisters, rose up before him with terrible bitterness. He had longed to try a new life, to be his own master ; he had declared that he needed no one's friendship ; and here he was left most completely his own master, and, as far as he knew, without a friend in the world. But at this point of his lamentations and complaints, Dick seemed disposed to dispute the matter ;—was he not there, he hinted, as he rubbed his nose against Ted's hand ; and was he not quite willing to be his friend ? But Ted was not to be comforted : the dog might be better than nothing, but that was the most that could be said. Nevertheless when, after vainly trying to console him, Dick turned his thoughts to other matters, and suddenly started off on what appeared to be urgent business, Ted soon discovered

in his absence that he was very much better than nothing, and that when entirely alone other thoughts besides those of loneliness came into his head, and the stillness became, not only dreary, but terrifying. There might be savages or wild beasts in this strange place ; and as he glanced fearfully at the high rocks, and spied out the many yawning caverns among them, fears that had not hitherto troubled him began to suggest themselves, and he trembled lest those holes should be the home of some beast whose near neighbourhood would be anything but pleasant.

“How stupid of the dog to take himself off!” he muttered ; and then the sound of his own voice quite startled him in the midst of that intense stillness, and apparently it astonished some sea birds that were hopping about on the rocks near at hand, for they screamed horribly, and flew frightened away.

“I suppose he’s offended with me because I didn’t make a great fuss with him,” Ted thought to himself, as, after whistling to Dick to return for some time without effect, he gave the matter up, and sat sullenly staring at the sea. “Well, it doesn’t much matter ; I must die here sooner or later ; for how can one live without food or clothes, firing or bed? I wonder is starvation a very horrible kind of death? At present I think I’m more likely to die of thirst, for I don’t see a drop of anything but sea-water about here.

What a horrible place it is!—no wonder it is uninhabited.”

Tired at last of sitting on the sands, Ted slowly got up, and sauntering along the beach in a purposeless way, he turned round a sharp corner of the shore, and came suddenly upon rather a different prospect. Here the rocks and cliffs were much lower, and some trees grew almost down to the water's edge. They were trees which Ted had never seen ; but whatever they were, they were green and refreshing to his weary eyes, which ached with long watching and weeping. The sun was now high in the sky, and scorching hot ; and he thought he would lie down under the shade of these trees and go to sleep, if only he could sleep for thirst.

For a little while fear kept his eyes from closing, for the wood was thick, and in its depths who could tell what wild beasts and snakes might be lurking? nevertheless, in time, fatigue proved stronger than either thirst or fear ; and he fell sound asleep, and for awhile forgot his melancholy lot, and all the privations and anxieties to come.

The sun was going down when he was awakened by the touch of something cold and damp. In an instant all his terrors returned, and fully expecting to see nothing less than a snake coiling itself round his neck, he jumped up to meet Dick's affectionate gaze,

and perceived that the dog's coat was dripping wet, and his lips and jaws also.

"Why, you've found some water, have you, old fellow? Well, I wish you'd tell me where it is, for I'm most fearfully thirsty, Dick, my boy. Where is it? Come, don't keep it all to yourself."

The dog gazed at him with wistful eyes, as if endeavouring to comprehend what he wished; then suddenly turning round, and springing into the air with delight, he darted off at a quick pace towards a large chasm in the rocks. It looked dark, and almost terrible, Ted thought; but his sleep had revived him, and given him back some of his lost courage; so he jumped up, and followed the dog as fast as he could till he found himself inside a wide cavern, when Dick stood still, and looked up at him as if he would say, "Isn't it a nice place?"

Had he been playing at Robinson Crusoe, Ted would have probably thought it a very delightful place indeed; but as it was no game, but grave and very dreadful reality, the cave did not seem half as pleasant a dwelling to his young master as the dog evidently thought it. But scarcely pausing a minute, Dick proceeded towards a very narrow split in the rocks at the further end of the cave, and, looking at Ted to see if he were still following, led the way along a very dark and winding passage into another and another cavern, till the boy grew impatient and

anxious, fearing that he might find himself at last in some den of wolves or bears, or get lost altogether among these subterraneous passages. But after much pushing and squeezing and scrambling through dark holes which, though large enough for the dog, were rather too narrow for Ted's shoulders, they at last came out into broad daylight again, in a bright and pleasant valley, down which, leaping and sparkling, ran a clear and bubbling stream. Dick ran eagerly to it, and Ted was not slow in following his example ; for though by this time hungry enough, his thirst was far more intolerable. It was tantalizing only to be able to scoop up the water in his hands, longing as he did for a full draught ; but patience and perseverance accomplished the task at last ; and after his thirst was in some degree allayed, it was wonderful how much better and happier he felt.

And now came the question where was he to sleep that night ? In a day or two a ship would come, he doubted not ; he should hoist some signal of distress ; the sailors would see him and come to his rescue ; but in the meantime he must have a place to sleep in, and, if possible, something to eat. The cave to which Dick had introduced him might be a good place of shelter if the storm returned ; but for that night, at least, Ted was more inclined to sleep in the open air. Till he could be sure that no wild animals

haunted those caves, it would, he thought, be safer to roost like a bird in a tree.

Yet as it was many hours since he had tasted food, Ted could not forget that he was very hungry; some bits of sea biscuit that he had in his pocket might



have been of some use had they not been so completely soaked with salt water as to be quite uneatable. What, therefore, was he to do? Perhaps Dick would find a way out of this difficulty as he already had out of that which was more pressing still—the want of water; and certainly Dick seemed already to have

set himself actively to work to supply his own wants. He had begun a vigorous attack on a colony of sea-fowl which had their home among the rocks ; but though his appearance among them had been greeted with loud screams, and many of the birds had flown off in the greatest alarm, Ted did not fancy he was likely to make any capture. And if he did, what could be done with a raw bird ? Dick might certainly make his supper off it ; but Ted must be a great deal more hungry before he could reconcile himself to such fare. However, raw eggs were often eaten ; and thinking he might come among these birds' nests, he followed Dick, and, venturing in among the enraged and noisy creatures, contrived to pillage one of the nests, and carried off some eggs of a good size, which he hoped might be something like ordinary hens' eggs. But in this hope he was disappointed. They had a strong and not by any means a pleasant flavour ; and had he not been excessively hungry, he would have flung them away in disgust, and preferred to go supperless to bed. But since he had had that pleasant nap under the trees, Ted felt less desirous to die ; in fact, lonely and miserable as life might be, he had made up his mind, if possible, not to die of starvation ; and so, though it was very hard, he forced himself to swallow two of the eggs, and Dick eagerly devoured the remainder. If nothing happened to him during the night—that is to say, if no savages

discovered him and carried him off, and no wild beasts made their supper off him,—he resolved the next morning to climb to the top of the cliffs and discover more about the place where he had landed, and see if there were no human habitations to be seen. He fancied that at the time of the shipwreck the ship was not far from the coast of South America, and in that case might it not be possible that he had come ashore on some part of the continent. But for days before the end came the ship had been drifting altogether out of her right course, and Ted could therefore form no certain ideas on the subject.

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES.

HIS night in the tree was not by any means so comfortable or refreshing as Ted had hoped. Never before had he found out what a bad night's rest means ; but, warm though the climate of his new home certainly was, that night's experience proved pretty effectually that even the cave, which he disliked, and which filled him with an uncomfortable sensation of dread, would be altogether safer shelter for the night. He awoke chilled and hungry, and feeling even more sad than the night before. Nevertheless, as there was no ship in sight, and therefore no hope of a rescue yet awhile, he resolved to carry out his plans of the night before, and take a survey of his quarters.

Followed by Dick, who, with his nose on the ground, seemed continually on the look-out for some game worthy of his attention, Ted slowly, and with some difficulty, clambered up the steep face of the rocks. They were in many parts wet and slippery, for the sea in its stormy inroads not unfrequently

raged against them, leaving traces of its fury in the slippery seaweed which clung to their sides; higher up, there was plenty of soft moss and green grass; and, as he reached the top, low bushes and small trees lent their aid to his grasp; and panting with eagerness to see what was to be seen, he found himself standing at last on the very highest point in the whole island, looking over the immense tract of water that separated him from any other spot of earth.

Yes, it was an island, there could no longer be any doubt; the blue ocean bounded it on all sides; and though other masses of rock rose out of the water at a short distance, crowned, like it, with some grass and trees, no other land of any size was near, and Ted felt convinced he was all alone. And, as far as he could tell, no one ever visited his island. Though he strained his eyes to take in all that could be seen, he could discover no traces of any remains of huts, or anything like a human dwelling. So this question, half of hope and half of dread, was settled: Ted must hope for no friendly aid, and he need dread no cruel attacks.

"There's not a creature here but ourselves, Dick," he exclaimed, throwing himself down on the grass beside the dog, who had been scanning the scene with quite as much interest as Ted himself, and who even wagged his tail as if to signify that he entirely agreed

with this opinion. "Well, there'll be no black men to eat us,—that's one good thing ; but there'll be no white men to help us, as I half hoped ; and so what's to become of us is still a mystery, isn't it, Dick ?"

Dick looked thoughtful. Doubtless he had many ideas in his head ; but not feeling by any means certain that his young master would comprehend their meaning or importance, he wisely kept them to himself.

"We must do something, Dick, you know," Ted went on ; "we can't live on those birds' eggs—filthy things, can we ? I dare say there's some fish to be had down there,—some crabs, at least. But how are they to be cooked ? How are we to make a fire ? Other people when they get into scrapes like this always manage to have a flint and steel in their pockets, but I was born to be unlucky, I suppose."

His tone was so mournful that for a moment Dick's tail drooped, and he seemed inclined to agree that they were in a very bad case indeed. But he was a light-hearted dog, and being of opinion that they had been in a much worse case the day before, and had got out of it, he could not feel that things were desperate even now—bad as even he considered them.

I think there is nothing makes one feel so miserably lonely as hearing one's own voice, and none to reply. Ted would have given anything, had he had anything to give, that Dick might have been able to

answer him. Since the discovery of the stream he had begun to feel that Dick was somebody, and in this worse difficulty he would like to have heard his opinion. What it would have been, it is not easy to imagine, for that a fire was a necessary to existence, I do not suppose had ever entered his head. Still it was by no means pleasant to see his young master so dismal: he must put a bright face on things, and try to cheer him up. And so he did, by every means in his power; and though his antics and caresses threw no light on the difficult question, they made Ted feel a little less lonely, melancholy, and hopeless.

At last he roused himself, and thinking he would continue his walk, and see if any of the trees at a little distance bore fruit that it would be possible to eat, he descended the opposite way to that which he had come up, and, followed closely by Dick, passed down the little valley where, the evening before, he had found the stream.

There were many strange berries growing by its banks, but Ted was half afraid to taste them, they looked so unlike anything that he had ever seen before. Further on, he met with a tree bearing a fruit which looked so good that he tore off the peel in haste, feeling sure that he had found something to eat at last. But again he was disappointed: it was so sour that he could not swallow one mouthful, but flung it away in disgust.

In this manner he wandered on till he came close to the seashore again, but in this part the beach was neither so rocky nor so dreary-looking as that where he had landed ; the waves did not dash over so many rocks, but ran softly up the sand, leaving behind when they retreated many beautiful shells, and bright seaweed. Just at this time, apparently, other treasures had been entrusted to their keeping : bits of the wrecked ship had been washed ashore ; and Ted's step quickened as he spied these, for who could tell whether something valuable and useful might not be found among them ?

At first his eye lighted on nothing but spars and broken bits of wood, rope, and torn sails ; but Dick had darted from his side, and when he marked the dog's absence, and turned to discover where he had gone, he spied him hard at work trying to extricate a basket which had been washed ashore from the seaweed in which it was entangled.

With a bound, Ted was by his side, for something told him that this might be one of the baskets that had been placed in the boats ere the crew left the ship. It was even so ; and Ted soon discovered that it contained some few provisions, hastily packed by the sailors—to serve them, as they thought, till they reached the shore. Evidently it had been packed by one who knew what things were likely to be necessary ; and Ted's heart leaped as he found, not

only a supply of ship biscuit, and a small bottle of spirits, but also flint and steel for kindling a fire,—the very things he had been wondering how he could obtain.

Again this was Dick's find. "You've got twice the sense I have, Dick," was his first exclamation. "You shall have the very first bit of biscuit; here, catch!" and he flung it high into the air, that the dog might have a good spring to catch it. What a jolly breakfast they made off that hard biscuit! The sea-water had penetrated the basket, and much of it was spoilt, but the rest Ted spread out in the sun to dry, and I verily believe thought it a far nicer breakfast than many of the luxurious ones which he had eaten in his father's house, before he had found out what real hunger meant.

"I must watch this part of the beach—other things may come ashore too," he said to himself; and Dick, who was sitting bolt upright, gazing out to sea, evidently agreed with him. In his own mind, I believe he had already determined that this would be his task; but not being given to much boasting, he kept his thoughts to himself.

"Now I can have a fire, I see no reason why I shouldn't live like a civilized being," was Ted's reflection as he finished emptying the basket, and placed it in the sun to dry. "Dick, old fellow, don't you think there are some fish in that stream yonder?

It seems to me that I saw some when we passed over it this morning."

Whether the good dog understood this speech or not, I cannot pretend to say, but he disappeared then and there; and while Ted sat idly caressing his knees, and wondering how and where he should be most likely to find the means of subsistence, Dick busied himself to do the work which Ted merely thought about. Doubtless he thought that, not being gifted as he was with a nose for hunting, it was only natural that his master should leave the work of hunting to him. And, to tell the truth, it was work very much to his taste. At home, before he had set foot on that ship which had now gone to the bottom, nothing had pleased him better than a scamper after the rabbits, and he had spent many an hour struggling to make his way into a tiny rabbit-hole, while its furry owner was trembling and shaking at the further end. No doubt it seemed very strange to him that any one could sit and stare right in front of him when such a thing as a hunt was in prospect, but then Ted had not a nose like his.

And Ted, on his side, was greatly at a loss to account for his dog's sudden disappearance. He had not yet discovered that, though he could not talk, Dick could understand most things that were said to him, and would certainly have answered if he could. And now it was as plain as possible to him that food was

the matter under consideration; and how to get it the great difficulty that was making his young master unhappy. He had a vague sort of idea, too, that food would not come in this strange place without being sought for : at home, or on board ship, it was different ; but here, most evidently, he should have to use his wits ; and his nose too would be most useful, if he only followed it faithfully.

But of all these thoughts Ted knew nothing ; and though he had already made good proof of his sense before this, he felt impatient with him for running away ; though what else the good dog was to do, I am sure I cannot say.

He was absent a good long time, and though Ted got up and walked along the shore fancying he might find something to eat among the rocks and seaweed, he was beginning to get very lonely again before the dog came back. When he did, Ted spied him a long way off, running towards him with all haste, but somewhat hindered in his speed by an awkward burden that he carried in his mouth.

I am inclined to think that Ted must have felt a little ashamed of his own idleness and inactivity when the brave dog succeeded in dragging to his feet and laying down there an animal something like a hare, which he had captured and killed. The delight in Dick's eyes was so evident that it was plain he felt that he had done his duty ; but he was greatly

charmed when Ted seized hold of him and fairly hugged and kissed him, exclaiming, "I don't believe I shall ever really starve while I have you to help me." The idea of starving had never occurred to Dick; and if it had, I believe he would have thought it too ridiculous to have troubled his head much about it; but he was glad to have convinced Ted that nothing so absurd could possibly happen.

The creature, whatever it was,—Ted had not the



least idea of its name,—was quite dead; Dick had settled that matter; but there was a good deal yet to be done before he could be eaten.

"We must skin him, and cook him, old boy," said Ted rapturously; "and we'll have a good dinner for once, at any rate. But first of all we must make a fire. It will be easy enough to roast him when that is managed."

With the quantity of wood that lay about under the trees, there was no difficulty in this matter. Ted forgot his idleness in collecting the sticks and arranging the wood for the fire. Dick thoroughly comprehended the whole process, and ran about busying himself in finding and dragging to the spot branches and bits of wood fully as big as himself.

"I do believe you think it great fun, Dick," Ted remarked ; and the dog barked and jumped about as if he meant to signify that there could be no doubt at all about that matter.

"I wish I did," Ted thought to himself ; "but then I suppose Dick's different to me ; he doesn't think about what's to happen to-morrow, and that's the worst part of it all. If I were only sure some ship would pass to-morrow, and come and take me away, I wouldn't care a bit what happened to me to-day. Well, but I suppose a ship must come some day. As the Orion was passing here, it's plain it's on the way to some place,—I wish I knew where."

This was generally the end of Ted's musings. That he was on an island, and that that island was in the Pacific Ocean, he felt pretty certain ; but there his surmises ended. He had never been very fond of geography, and when on board the Orion he had troubled himself very little about where he was going. By nature, I think, Ted belonged to that strange class

of beings who pass through the world with their eyes barely half open : they see enough to prevent themselves running against any one ; but of the strange and wonderful things that are continually passing around us, they see next to nothing.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER WANT.

THE queer animal that Dick had found tasted very good when cooked; and as both Ted and his dog were very hungry, they made a good meal off it. Perhaps they ate too much, or perhaps the truth was that Ted's strange bed in the crooked branches of the old tree was not as comfortable on the second night as it had seemed on the first. However that may be, Ted had a horrible dream which made him feel inclined to think that, though it may suit birds very well to live in trees, and though their sleep may not be disturbed by the rough knots in the wood, the matter was very different for him; but then he had neither feathers nor a soft nest under him.

Very likely he had not yet got over the horrors of those dreadful days before the shipwreck; and though on his island there were no sounds at all but the sighing of the wind in the trees, and the cries of the sea-birds which swooped about among the rocks, still the screams of his drowning shipmates would at times ring in his ears, and the dashing of the waves

when he looked at them would bring back all the thoughts of the past which he would have been so glad to forget. It seemed hard that he could not even lose the remembrance of his troubles in sleep ; but not being so dead-tired as he had been the night before, his slumber was fitful and most unresting.

His dream was a strange jumble of the past, present, and future. He was, he thought, safely perched on a high rock, but the sea was raging around him ; Boyle and others of his old comrades were clutching desperately at the rough edges of the rock, and entreating him to save them. But a strange and brutal hard-heartedness had come over him ; he laughed at their despair, and stretched down to thrust them from the rock with his foot ; they sank, but more than one rose again,—and in one drowning face, to his horror, he recognized his little sister May. Then the rock which he had thought so firm seemed crumbling away ; he fancied he was slipping slowly but certainly into the foaming waves beneath ; he tried to scream to Dick to save him, but no sound could he utter. At that moment he awoke to find himself tumbling from his perch in the tree, and too late to save himself by clinging to the branches.

His fall did him no great harm beyond the shake, the fright, and the bruises ; but though his terror of wild beasts was still considerable, he was not dis-

posed to run the risk of another tumble by settling himself to sleep again in the tree, but finished the night upon the ground. This was almost equally uncomfortable, and dreams of hunger and want, cold, and many miseries, disturbed him whenever he fell asleep. Towards morning an uncomfortable weight on his chest awoke him; and as he tried to raise himself, the oppression vanished, and some small animal scampered away. Clearly some wild creature had fancied that he would make a comfortable pillow, and did not approve of being disturbed. This little incident revived all Ted's terrors, and the rest of the night he spent sitting upright, watching for the sun to rise, and only occasionally falling into a momentary doze. "This will never do," he said to himself, as he got up wearily, and, stretching himself, prepared to see if a bathe in the sea would bring any refreshment to his stiff and aching limbs. "I really must find some better place to sleep in: I do believe I shall have to build myself a hut, where I can make myself some sort of a bed of dried leaves, and be secure from snakes or wild beasts. If only that cave hadn't been so dripping wet, that might have done, and saved me the trouble."

These thoughts gathered strength as he splashed about in the water, and felt revived and more fit for exertion. Still, with no tools but a good strong knife, the more he thought about it, the more difficult the

task appeared. "Dick will be no help in this case," he thought, as he cooked some of the sea-fowls' eggs for his breakfast, and turned the matter over in his mind as he ate them; and Dick, looking earnestly at him, had plainly no suggestions to offer.

Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed across Ted's mind: right in front of him, four trees of about equal size were growing, with their trunks so near together



that they seemed exactly suited for the four corners of a hut. Ted sprang to his feet and examined them more carefully. Yes, they would do perfectly; and it did not seem to him that it would be at all a difficult thing to fill up the spaces between with branches of trees bound together with the long tendrils of the many creeping plants that had twined themselves

round the stems of many of the trees. Some strong string, Ted of course had in his pocket—what boy has not?—but that was far too precious to be used except in desperate emergencies.

It really was most lucky that those four trees had grown up exactly where they were wanted ; but then it must be owned that up to that time Ted had thought himself, and with some reason, the most unlucky of beings. So bitterly did he feel his solitude and desolate condition that I doubt whether he had even felt thankful for the mercy that had preserved him from the sad fate that had befallen his comrades ; at times he was even inclined to wish that he had been drowned with them, but this new project seemed to put fresh life into him, and he set to work to carry out his idea with an eagerness that quite astonished Dick.

For some hours he worked so hard collecting branches, and cutting them to the necessary size and shape, that he forgot even to be hungry ; but towards noon the heat grew so intense that he determined to rest awhile, and lie down under the shade of some trees, and if possible take a nap. But some teasing insects had made their appearance with the fine weather, and seemed to have determined that, though they could not prevent him from resting, they would make it quite impossible for him to get any sleep.

He lay still, therefore, and thought,—thought of

many things—of his far-away home, and of the change, the wondrous change that had come over his life. How little had he once dreamed that such hard work would ever fall to his lot. Really he was beginning to understand now what people meant by rejoicing in the rest of the Sunday, when at home he had always thought that Sunday was the most tiring day of all the week ; but if he had much work of the kind he was at present busy with, he felt sure he should be glad to be idle all one day in seven. And this thought put it into his head to try to recollect what day of the week and month it then was. At first he felt quite at a loss ; but gradually he remembered that the terrible storm which had lasted three whole days had set in on Sunday morning ; the shipwreck must, he thought, have occurred on Thursday, and this must therefore be Saturday. Well, then, the next day would be Sunday. Having no church to go to, Ted was at a loss to determine what he should do with himself, if he tried to observe the day as he felt his mother would have wished. One book only he had—a little pocket Testament, which in some unaccountable way—for Ted could not remember having opened it since he started on his voyage—had found its way into his trousers pocket. With its help, he might wile away some of the long hours of the Sunday ; but Ted had never been fond of reading, least of all the Bible. It would be a dreary day at

the best; but for the present, at least, Ted determined he would do no hard work on that day. For the future, he made no plans: he clung to the hope that his stay in the silent lonely spot would be very short,—a ship must come soon and take him away.

I believe Dick had something the same notion, and that it was noticing him continually gazing seawards that made the poor boy believe so firmly that he should very shortly be rescued. It was so hard to think that he would be forgotten,—perhaps left here till he died. And yet how could his father or any one know where he was? No tidings would come of the ship: they would wait and wait, longing and longing to hear some news; then by degrees the shipowners would come to the conclusion that the Orion had gone down with all hands on board, and there would be sorrow and mourning at the old farm. How his mother and Caroline and May would cry! Ted could almost see little May's round face puckered up into a sob, and it comforted him to think that they would grieve so for his loss.

And then he would picture to himself the happy day when, to their surprise, he would return, walking into the old home without a word to tell them he was coming. Oh, it would be too hard if some day that great joy might not come to make up for all he had suffered! May had said that he was very hard to kill: she would see that she had been right. This

was Ted's day-dream, and the brightness of the hope enabled him to live on, and kept him from despair.

But to return to his house. By dint of working hard all day the following Monday, the four walls were well finished by the evening: this was grand; but there were two very difficult matters to be settled, and Ted's mind was greatly perplexed about them,—the roof and the door. Windows were luxuries which he had resolved to dispense with; but his hut would be but a poor shelter if he could not contrive a roof that would keep off both the wind and rain. But he remembered well that in his childish days, when at home, he had frequently watched the thatching of cottages and haystacks, and had learnt that, in order that the rain might run off, and not soak through the roof, it must needs be made sloping; and this was a difficulty he knew not how to surmount. The branches roughly cut with his pocket-knife would not lie kindly against each other: they were crooked and tiresome; and Ted's patience, never very great, was not proof against the trials it had to endure in the matter of this all-important roof. More than once he flung down the bits of wood, exclaiming that he should give it up; but each time Dick came to console him, and, assuming an air of ecstatic admiration, barked out his assurances that it would all come right in the end. And so it did: the branches to support the thatch became conformable at last, and the thatch itself was

an easy matter, as on the shores of the little stream there was an abundance of rushes, which Ted considered a capital substitute for straw.

When this mighty matter was accomplished, Ted felt such a weight taken off his mind that he fairly danced with delight; and seizing hold of Dick by the fore paws, he forced him to join in the frolic, which, if it had only been a little more after the dog's natural method of rejoicing, he would have thought most delightful and befitting. But Ted's style of dancing made Dick so giddy that when his paws were released he was forced to lie down on the ground and blink his eyes three times before he could see anything clearly. Such games as that were by no means safe, he said to himself; they would addle his brain; and then what would become of the young master, with no one to think and plan for him?

For Dick was by this time so fully interested in the progress of the building, and so thoroughly convinced of the comfort the hut would be, that I am by no means sure that he did not fancy that it was his idea that Ted was carrying out,—for the boy, as he plainly saw, had not many ideas of his own.

Ted slept that night inside his hut, though it must be owned with some fears and misgivings lest the wild beasts, which could not reach him in his tree, should find him out when stretched on the ground. If only his hut had a door, he should, he thought, be

perfectly safe. But it was such a relief to be able to lie down at full length, on a bed which he had made for himself of grass and dry leaves, that he determined to run the risk, hoping that if danger was near, Dick would wake, even if he should not. The next day he was determined he would finish his hut—make a door, and so be quite secure.

But that door—it was even a worse trouble than the roof. The posts that were to support it must be stronger than any of the branches that Ted had as yet ventured



to cut with his knife, so anxious was he lest this his one tool should be broken. What was to be done? There needed a great deal of consideration before any conclusion was arrived at. Dick was only thoughtful when appealed to: driven therefore to his own resources, Ted at last determined to try to dig round the roots of some young trees, root them up, and fix them firmly in holes in the ground in front of his cabin. But what would have been easy enough if Ted had only possessed a spade or fork, was dreadfully hard

work when fingers had to take the place of all other tools ; and at last, in despair, the boy looked around to see if he could perceive anything that would take the place of a spade, and save his bruised and aching hands. Some large shells were first tried, but before long they were discarded with a heavy sigh, for the work made small progress with such tiny tools. A large piece of flat stone answered better; and after patiently toiling for some time, first one and then the other of the two little trees yielded to Ted's pulls, and were laid on the ground in the front of the hut in triumph. The next thing was to dig holes in which to plant them again ; and this, by hard work, was also accomplished ; and when these two young trees were connected with the other walls by more branches laced together with the fibres of the creeping plants, nothing more remained to be done but to construct the door itself. Four or five strong boughs bound together in the same way as the walls served for this purpose; and being fastened on to the door-posts by hinges of the same wiry tendrils, the whole work was finished.

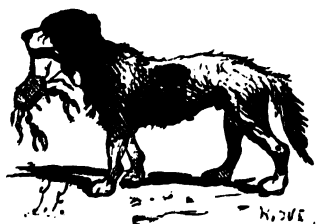
CHAPTER VIII.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

IN the interest and excitement of building his hut, Ted had almost forgotten all the melancholy events he had so lately gone through; and when it was finished, and he could lie down and sleep at night without any fear of being devoured by wild beasts before morning, he was so delighted with his performance, that, for a time at least, the thought that he would have to live there alone with Dick, did not seem half so terrible as might be imagined. Before long, however, he began to discover that his stock of provisions—his biscuit, and the animal which Dick had brought him—were almost finished. It was clear that he must not leave the work of hunting entirely to his dog; but must set to work himself to find something eatable besides the wild-fowls' eggs, which were neither very nice nor so satisfying as he had at first thought them.

And now a bright thought struck him. A day or two before, when searching for branches for the building of his hut, he remembered that he had

noticed some plants growing here and there about his island which looked strangely like the potato-plants so familiar at home. There had been a time, and that not very long ago, when Ted had absolutely disliked potatoes, and wondered very much how any one could make his dinner off them, as so many poor people do ; but late events had made him much less particular about his food, and the mere thought of discovering some potatoes all growing, and only needing to be cooked, made his mouth water with antici-



pation. "At all events, we'll have a look : they may be only weeds ; but they did look most uncommonly like potatoes," was his exclamation as he started to his feet, and whistled to Dick to accompany him on his search. But the good dog was at that moment engaged in discoveries of his own ; and as he had no great opinion of potatoes, Ted's call did not succeed in inducing him to abandon his own pursuits till he had so far succeeded in his attempts as to get a firm hold of a good-sized crab by one leg, and bring it.

triumphantly to his young master. Ted was very fond of crabs. He had often endured a good many sharp pinches from them when he had hunted them for fun rather than for food, and this new idea of Dick's he therefore hailed with extreme delight. Nevertheless, pleased as he was, he could not help feeling that it was time he made some discoveries, or Dick would begin to look upon him with contempt ; so having secured his dinner in the shape of the crab, he set off at a good round pace to look for the potatoes, which would be very convenient to help out his stores, now running very low.

Seeing that his young master had some business on hand, Dick followed him rather unwillingly. He would have liked to continue his crab fishing, which was much more to his taste than climbing the steep rocks in the baking heat of the sun ; still his curiosity to see what Ted was about prevailed, and he followed him till Ted came in sight of the mass of lilac and white flowers which had attracted his attention the day before.

" Hurrah ! they're potatoes, and no mistake ! " the boy exclaimed, springing high into the air with exultation, and then setting eagerly to work to pull a few up, that he might more closely examine the root. It looked perfectly the same as that of the common potato, and Ted's heart was full of triumph and hope, and he felt that this discovery put an end

to all fear of starvation for the present. It was provoking that Dick did not seem to comprehend the importance of his achievement, but looked contemptuously at the dirty potatoes that his young master was so eagerly tearing up, evidently wondering that any one could be so ridiculous as to spend his time in that way when there were crabs to be had for as little trouble, and all the fun of catching them into the bargain. For Dick had no opinion of things that did not even attempt to run away, but allowed themselves to be picked up and eaten in the foolish way that these absurd potatoes did.

So while Ted toiled away in the hot sun at these same potatoes, Dick returned to amuse himself by the seashore, doubtless wondering much at his master's low taste, and fully expecting that he would soon follow him.

When he did, it was to see an amusing sight, and to find Dick howling most pitifully, while one of the queer creatures which he had thought so funny had fixed its claws into his nose, and seemed determined to keep its hold. It was very humiliating to be found in such a plight, but Dick was by no means sorry when Ted came to his rescue, though he did laugh heartily at his pinched nose instead of pitying him. Altogether their morning's work had been very successful; and in the excitement of cooking his crabs and potatoes, Ted forgot all about his fatigue,

and Dick ceased to howl about his wound. They feasted together, and in order to save the trouble of any further hunting, the same meal was repeated before bedtime, though prudence might have suggested that the potatoes alone would have been a more wholesome meal to sleep upon.

But we all live and learn, and both Ted and his dog were destined to learn a lesson that night which they did not easily forget. Possibly they both fell asleep on their backs, though Dick at least must have found it hard to do so; but, to say the least, they neither of them passed an easy night. What Dick's dreams were, it might be interesting to other dogs to know, but we have more right to inquire into Ted's. I fancy that before falling asleep his thoughts must in some unaccountable manner have turned to the old story of the cruel Bishop Hatto, who, in time of sore famine, having heaped up stores of corn for himself, refused to sell any to the starving people who begged of him; and who perished miserably, devoured by the rats which swam through the water that surrounded his castle to feast on his corn. Something similar, Ted dreamed, was befalling himself; but crabs, not rats, were the assailants, and crabs of unheard-of size, who held him weak and powerless in their clutches, and pinched and pinched him till the flesh hung in rags from his bones. From these unpleasant visions he was roused by a moaning noise

from Dick, who slept beside him, and who seemed for some little time to be in a fit. But after awhile he sat upright, and in the light of the moon Ted saw him staring hard at the sea, evidently considering the cause of his uneasiness, and probably making frantic vows that nothing should tempt him to have so much to do with those biting, pinching creatures again. And towards morning Ted became conscious that, however nice and tasty crabs may be, like all good things they must only be eaten in moderation ; it may be a trifle to make oneself ill when there is a doctor living in the same street, and a chemist or two in the next ; it is a far different matter when doctors and chemists are hundreds and thousands of miles away, and a dose of castor oil is not to be had for love or money. Ted had found out many strange things since he had been on this island—strange things about himself, and very strange things indeed about many of the phenomena of nature ; but he had certainly never suspected that he should live to desire most earnestly the aid of doctors and medicine, and to fancy that he must certainly die because neither was forthcoming. And with his pains came back the sad feeling of his loneliness. What would he not have given, as he lay on his bed of leaves, to have been able to hope that one day he should wake up and find it was all a dream—a horrible dream indeed, but not a reality. He remembered some days of

illness at home when he was still a tiny child, and the remembrance was sweet inasmuch as all the pain he had suffered was quite worth enduring for the pleasure to be gained from the fuss and tenderness of his mother and sisters.

But to be ill all alone on this island was a very different matter ; and if his danger was to be measured by his pain, Ted felt that it must be great indeed. It was true he could not remember that he had ever heard of any one dying from eating too much crab ; but then, of all his friends and acquaintances, none had ever been so unfortunate as he was, since whatever ailed them they could always get medicine and doctors in abundance. And thinking more seriously about the matter, he began to recall some of his early lessons in English History,—of which one fact remained vividly impressed on his memory. In those young days everything horrible had an extraordinary charm for him, and it was in the hope of hearing some shocking story that he systematically inquired into the end of each king. William Rufus, therefore, had become one of his heroes simply from the fact of his having met with a tragic end ; but it was provoking that all the kings were not accommodating enough to die in as interesting a fashion ; and against Henry I. Ted had always had a grudge. His death had been so useful to add point to a lecture on the impropriety of little boys

indulging their appetites to a dangerous degree, that Ted detested him, and looked upon him as something more than uninteresting—as a simple nuisance. And now the remembrance of Henry I. and the lampreys returned to his mind, and helped to bring him to the conclusion that if one person had died of eating too much fish, another most certainly might do the same, especially when he had no chance of obtaining any remedies or advice. What lampreys were, Ted had no idea ; but if one fish could produce such direful results, what was to prevent another doing the same ?

At last the morning dawned ; and when the sun began to rise, Ted's pains became less, and he sank into an uneasy kind of sleep. Dick, too, seemed better, for he lay down and put his head between his paws, and closed his eyes. How long they both slept I cannot say ; but when Ted woke again the sun had got high in the heavens, and was already very hot. There was no need to think much about breakfast, for Ted had no appetite, and Dick seemed too low-spirited to care about eating. However, as they were both thirsty, they sallied forth to their stream, and on the way Ted began to wonder whether any of the things that doctors use for their medicines grew in this outlandish region. But what were those plants ? Ted remembered very few of their names even, and he was very doubtful whether he should

know them if he saw them. The white poppy he had heard furnished the opium that people take to allay severe pain : that might be of use if he could find it ; but he did not think he had seen any of these white poppies, and certainly he was too much done up and exhausted to go far to look for them. He had a dim idea that both senna and castor oil, which were medicines which he had been well acquainted with at home, were to be found growing on trees ; but whether they were the leaves, the roots, the bark, or the berries, he hadn't the faintest notion.

“ I shall be more likely to poison myself than to cure myself,” he muttered, as he saw Dick rushing about among the underwood, evidently on the look-out for some of the green things which four-footed creatures love. “ If I'd only got his sense, I suppose I should know what to do ; as it is, I shall most likely come to a bad end one of these days, for how am I to know whether the things I find are fit to eat or not ? ”

This reflection made him very gloomy ; and when he had quenched his thirst at the brook, and refreshed himself by a bathe in the sea, he sat down on a rock, looked out over the sea, and gave himself up to melancholy thoughts.

But the part of the shore where he had seated himself was wild and rocky, and before long his mind was diverted from himself and his condition by the

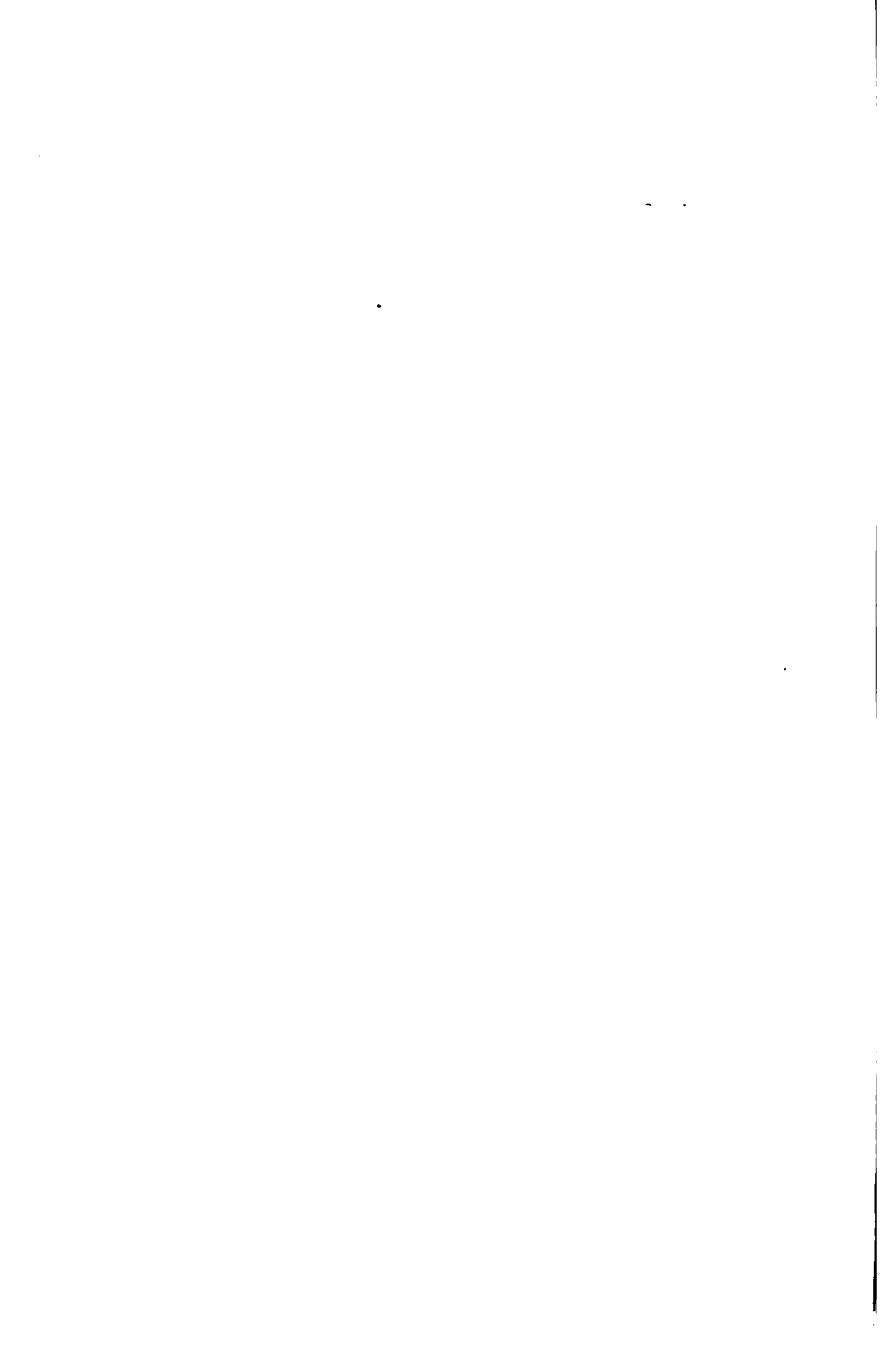
discovery that at some distance from where he was some strange objects lay among the points of rock. They seemed like spars and pieces of wreck,—probably, he said to himself, bits of the Orion, which the violence of the waters had by this time broken to pieces and washed ashore.

He had guessed rightly : some fragments of a mast, with torn cordage and sails, had been washed up ; but other things of a far more useful nature had been landed on the rocks ; and Ted's heart, faint and discouraged as it had been but a moment before, leaped as he spied what he knew at once to be the carpenter's chest of tools. What could he not do now, if only they were not spoilt by the water ; and if—oh, tantalizing thought !—he could find a way into this strong chest ? No easy task it would be, he could plainly see ; but with such a prize before him, Ted forgot all about his pains, fears, and despair, and resolved not to rest till he found a way into this strong chest, and rummaged among the treasures it contained. But fingers, and pocket-knife, however strong and willing, are feeble things when they have to do battle with an iron-bound box like that which the sea had so kindly brought to our hero's feet.

No wonder he toiled and panted ; no wonder Dick ran frantically round their prize, and tried desperately to help with his teeth ; for a long time it resisted all their efforts. To cut through the wood was quite out



A TREASURE.



of the question : Ted felt convinced that in attempting such a thing he should be almost certain to break his knife, and in that case what should he do ? But it did seem possible that the lock, which was not very secure, might be wrenched off ; and all his efforts were aimed at accomplishing this.

Many a strong bit of wood was broken in the attempt, and Ted's fingers were cut and bleeding before the obstinate lock gave any sign of yielding ; but with an energy and dogged perseverance he had never displayed in his childish days, he toiled on, and at length a shout of triumph announced to Dick that the feat was accomplished. Whether the good dog had the faintest conception of the value of their prize, who can say ? but that his young master was rejoiced was quite evident to him, and he echoed back the shout with a bark that was almost human in its exultation.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE WOOD.

WHAT a host of plans this discovery put into Ted's head, and how easy of execution they seemed now that so many tools were his ! Positively he could scarcely eat or sleep for joy. If he had only found this chest before he built his hut, how much stronger and more complete he could have made it ! Well, if he had to build another,—and he had a strong impression that when the winter came it would be neither wind nor water tight,—it should be a very different affair. But Ted had not yet made up his mind to look forward to spending any length of time on this island ; his cares were now all for the present ; and the burden which he had borne of hopelessness and despair was greatly lightened by his two discoveries. The dreadful wide sea which rolled round his new home cut him off so entirely from all his dear ones, that he could not but feel forgotten and forsaken ; but these last successes made him feel that, though no human being could possibly know anything about his troubles, God would see him in his loneliness on that island in

the midst of the great ocean, and, seeing, could care for him, and save him from starvation. The sea did not separate him from heaven, and Ted looked up in the cloudless sky above him, and thought of the little prayers he had learnt to say at home, and wondered whether God could hear him if he asked to be brought home again. It would at least be very pleasant to speak to some one who could hear and understand. Ted thought he would try. But when he did, very strange thoughts suggested themselves. God was so great. Was it right to tell Him about all the little difficulties that filled Ted's mind? And yet they were the very things that he longed to tell. He remembered something about the story of the Israelites travelling through the desert, and how they were fed with manna from heaven; how also they grew tired of it and grumbled, till God was displeased with them: was it therefore wrong of him to wish for other food besides the potatoes, and something to drink better than the water in the brook? Neither tea nor coffee grew on the island, as far as he could tell; and as for milk, there were no cows,—so much as he longed for one and all of these. Ted could see no way in which he could get them. So when he prayed, he could do little else but ask to be taken home again, and kept from starving while he remained where he was.

Soon after the discovery of the chest of tools, Ted's courage having somewhat revived, he made up his

mind to start on a journey of inspection into the centre of the island. While he knew so little about it, he could not tell, he thought, how many good things there might be in it of which he knew nothing ; that there was a thick dense wood in the interior, and another not so large or dark nearer at hand, he had already discovered, but into neither of these had he penetrated any distance. In either of them he might find valuable fruits or herbs, and Dick might very likely do a little hunting, which would be greatly to his taste as well as Ted's.

So having cooked a quantity of potatoes, and made his small preparations, Ted started very early one morning with his constant companion, Dick, for the nearest wood. It was with some trepidation and a good deal of heart-beating that Ted found himself approaching the dark part of the wood. At first the shade was very pleasant, for it was a broiling day, and the sun had been beating down on his head in a very pitiless fashion ; but the stillness and darkness around him were quite solemn, and in spite of all his efforts to be brave, Ted trembled whenever a leaf stirred, or a bird moved in the branches. Dick also seemed at first to share his sensations of awe and alarm, and followed him closely, with ears laid back and tail between his legs, more than once standing still to listen. But by degrees the brave old dog recovered himself, and began ferreting among the

ferns and underwood in his usual eager quest for game ; and in course of time his confidence and courage inspired his master with like assurance, and by midday they had reached the darkest part of the wood without having met with any adventure, pleasant or the reverse.

By that time Ted was sufficiently at his ease to think it might be as well to rest awhile under the trees and have some dinner ; and then he discovered that he had made a great mistake in starting on such a journey without considering in the smallest degree how he was to quench his thirst when the stream which was his one resource was miles away.

“How could I be such a fool !” he exclaimed, as the thought of his forgetfulness flashed upon him, and no way out of the difficulty was to be seen. “Dick, my boy, we shall have to turn round and go back again as fast as we can trudge, or we shall be raging with thirst before we can get home ; and here we are, come all this way for nothing.”

Most provoking, Dick evidently thought it ; but his tongue was hanging out of his mouth, and he was fully alive to the difficulty they were in. In fact, for the last hour or more he had been vainly seeking for water, and was now growing quite desperate for want of it.

There seemed nothing for it but to retrace their steps. Ted had fully intended to spend the night in

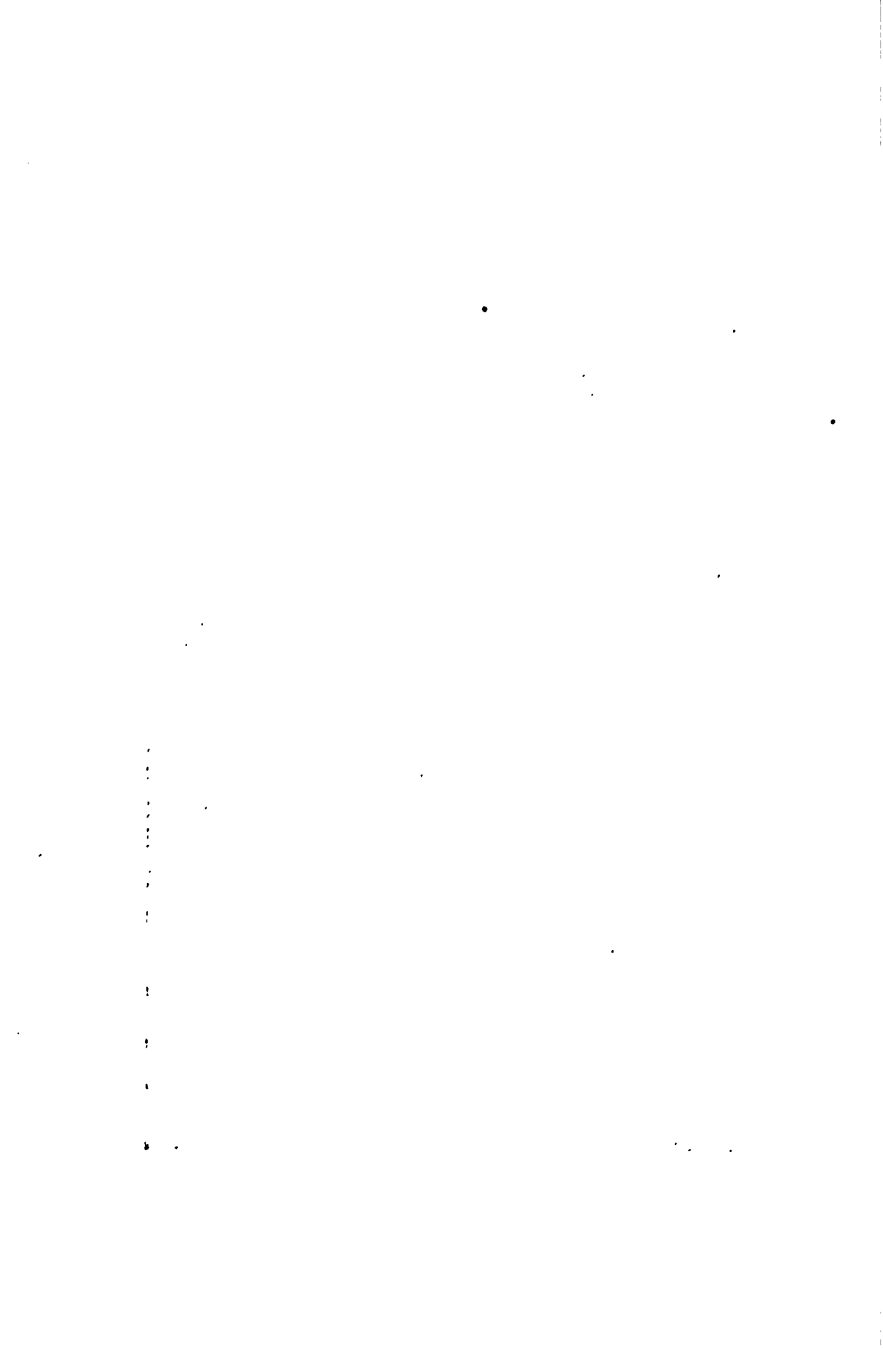
the open air, and continue his journey the next day ; but this seemed out of the question, since they had no reason to suppose that by walking on all day they should arrive at water at last. Back, it seemed, they must go ; and accordingly they set out. Dick, as before, followed close on his master's footsteps, only occasionally straying from the path to pursue some bird that hopped about among the low shrubs, or to bark at a lizard or frog that excited his disgust and abhorrence by venturing to cross his path within a few inches of his nose.

They had gone some distance peaceably, when Dick suddenly stood still, cocked up his ears, and appeared to listen intensely. There was something so unusual in his manner that Ted also stood still, his heart beating fast. Savages, snakes, or lions and tigers?—which could it be? Frightful visions of one and all these horrors seemed to rise before him ; but before he had made up his mind how he should dispose of the enemy, whatever it might be, there was a violent rustling among the leaves of a tree near at hand, and a large fierce cat sprung from the branches, and flew savagely at Dick.

The brave fellow trembled all over, and uttered a dismal howl as he spied his enemy ; but he had still courage enough to struggle furiously with her as she sprang at his throat. They rolled over together, snarling and whining, the wood echoing with their



A SUDDEN ATTACK.



cries, and Ted looked on for some seconds in hopeless perplexity. He had no inclination to draw the savage creature's attention towards himself; but he could not stand passively by and see the good dog torn to death, as it seemed likely he would be unless his master could interfere to rescue him. So flinging down the stick which he had been carrying, he grasped a strong knotted branch which he succeeded in tearing from a tree, and attacked the cat so fiercely that, startled, she released Dick, and turned to discover who her assailant was. This was Dick's opportunity. He had suffered too severely from her teeth to dream of letting her escape punishment; so while Ted showered his blows upon her, without allowing her time to spring at him, the dog fastened on her flanks, and held her fast. Terror gave double strength to Ted's arm; and though this cat seemed to have even more than her complement of nine lives, her strength was worn out at last, and her hideous cries ceased, and she lay dead at Ted's feet, to his no small satisfaction, and to Dick's immense relief. And truly the good old dog had suffered a good deal in the scuffle: one eye was closed and bleeding, and his throat was sadly torn by the creature's claws and teeth. Ted tried to comfort him, and Dick licked his hands and face to testify his gratitude, but moaned and sobbed almost like a human being over his wounds.

"We must get some water to bathe them; and we shall both die with thirst if we don't get back to the spring," Ted exclaimed, as he rose to his feet and tried to encourage Dick to walk. "Poor fellow! poor fellow!—if you weren't such a size, I'd try to carry you."

That being out of the question, and the dog being evidently spent and exhausted, Ted was beginning to feel at his wits' end, when, glancing towards a dark part of the wood where the shade looked cool and refreshing, he spied what he had never before seen on his island—a tall tree loaded with what he recognized at once as cocoa-nuts. In less than two minutes he was at the foot of it, and in a few seconds more struggling to reach the lowest branches on which any fruit was to be seen. It was not a very difficult matter, for Ted was a capital climber, and in a very short time several cocoa-nuts were lying at the foot of the tree.

When Ted had descended, he found that Dick had dragged himself after him, and was anxiously smelling the nuts, utterly at a loss to imagine what there could be in those stupid-looking brown things to be worth taking so much trouble about. He watched his master anxiously while he turned them over and over wondering how he was to get at the inside, in which he fancied he had once heard there was a delightful supply of milk. Hammering them

on stones produced no visible impression : they seemed impenetrable ; and Ted was beginning to fear that he should have to give up the attempt as hopeless, when he bethought him of his knife, and fixing the point of the blade into what seemed the softest part of the shell, and employing a large stone as a hammer, he at last succeeded, to his great delight, in breaking open one of the cocoa-nuts. Nor was he disappointed in his expectations. A delicious draught of milk and a white nut were enclosed in this rough shell ; and by a little perseverance in breaking open the other nuts, Ted succeeded in obtaining milk enough to quench his thirst and Dick's, and also to bathe the poor dog's wounds.

The old fellow wagged his tail, and before long rose to his feet as if to signify that he was quite ready now to walk if his master wished it ; but now that their immediate need was satisfied, Ted was well content to wait awhile, and rest, and look about him. This forest might contain other things good to eat besides cocoa-nuts ; and though, after the adventure with the wild-cat, Ted's courage was scarcely equal to the thought of sleeping in the open air, still there were some hours of daylight in which they might retrace their steps, or by proceeding get free of the wood in the opposite direction.

So the boy thought in his innocence. He had not the faintest idea of the extent of the forest, or of the

difficulty of finding a way through a vast pathless mass of shrubs and tangled underwood. When therefore he rose, and after some hesitation determined to persevere, and if possible find a way out instead of returning by the same path he had come, he was not long before he discovered that the further he went the more hopeless the task became,—the more he became involved in such masses of foliage that he had no idea whether he was walking round and round, or making any progress at all.

Darkness came at last, before there was any way out visible ; and it was plain that if every tree concealed a savage brute ready to spring on him, there was nothing for it,—he must sleep in the wood as he had at first intended, before the recent skirmish had deprived him of much of his courage.

And it really did require some courage to settle for the night under one of the trees of this thick forest, for the darkness, when it came, was so intense that for a long time both Ted and his dog fairly shook with terror. Ted, for his part, had never known anything like it ; and remembering most vividly, as he certainly did, the savage attack that he had so lately suffered from, Dick could not feel easy while spending the night in a place where every tree might, for aught he knew, be laden with wild-cats even more vicious than the one he had already encountered.

But there was no help for it ; and that Dick knew

fully as well as his master ; and, knowing it, tried his utmost to be quiet and contented in this most dreadful place. But it was not easy, though he rested as comfortably as he could against Ted's knee : neither his wounds nor his fears would allow him to sleep ; and often through that long, long night, just as Ted was dropping into a doze, he was roused by the restless movements of his dog, which seemed continually to intimate that danger was at hand, and that it was necessary to be on his guard.

Nothing, however, did happen, and the night wore away at last. The birds began to rustle in the branches as the first rays of daylight penetrated the thick foliage, causing Ted to rise and stretch himself, wondering much how it was that he felt so strangely tired and stiff: it had never before occurred to him that the earth, even when grassy, makes but a hard bed ; and that the dew, which had been heavy, would be likely to make his limbs stiff and numbed.

"A good walk will warm us both, Dick," he said ; "and by-and-by, perhaps, we shall come out into the sun, and feel better. Come, let's push on." And so they did ; but the sun could not pierce the density of the virgin forest ; and they seemed as far as ever from any way out.

Some prickly shrubs which Ted had not noticed the day before also impeded their progress, and the masses of parasitical plants which hung from tree to tree, and

formed in some places quite a fence and network, tried Ted's patience sorely.

"But this sort of thing can't last for ever—we must come out before long," he kept on arguing to himself; "unless, indeed, we are walking backward and forward; and as I can't see many yards before me, I don't see how I'm to tell which way I am going. Oh, these abominable ropes of creepers!—whatever can be the use of them, I wonder?" At that moment they seemed specially adapted to the purpose of hanging, for Ted having become hopelessly entangled in a network of them, was caught and very nearly strangled in a loop which in some strange way had twisted itself round his head. He freed himself with a violent effort, and thenceforward walked more carefully. But with the utmost precaution it was impossible to escape bruises and scratches which were no slight addition to his miseries.

What a relief it was when suddenly a full blaze of sunlight burst upon him, and he found himself standing at the edge of the wood upon a wide plain covered with long waving grass, studded with multitudes of bright flowers, which to the cold and weary boy looked almost like fairyland.

CHAPTER X.

A PRIZE!

"I BELIEVE I can't do anything better than stretch myself out to dry," was Ted's thought as he glanced at his clothes all saturated with the damp of the night, and at his feet all covered with mud, from which his ragged boots were but slight protection.

The warmth of the morning sun was delightful, and the long grass most pleasantly soft after the rough path through the forest; and the next hour or two was therefore passed by Ted and his dog basking in the sun in a half-doze which in some degree made up for their miserable night's rest.

They were roused to activity again by a strange sound of light footsteps; and as Ted raised himself on his elbow to discover what had caused the noise, his face brushed against that of some animal which, tame through unfamiliarity with human beings, had come close to him to ascertain what kind of a being he was. Startled by his movements, it had darted off without allowing Ted a full view of it; but before it had quite disappeared into the wood, he caught

another glimpse of it, which satisfied him that it was one of a flock of wild goats, whose scampering as they passed him had aroused him from his sleep.

Dick, however, was by no means satisfied with such a passing acquaintance ; he was determined to see more of the creature who had been rude enough to venture to smell him while he was asleep, and accordingly he darted after the flying herd at his utmost speed, probably intending to bring back one for his master's dinner.

Whether he found these wild creatures fleetest of foot than he had imagined, or their horns more dangerous weapons than he cared to encounter, Ted could not tell ; but before long the dog returned to his master's side with a crestfallen look, which was always a sure evidence of defeat. But the incident had suggested an idea to Ted which prevented his feeling much concern for Dick's disappointment. Goat's milk, as he had often heard, was as good to drink as cow's : why should he not begin life in this new home of his as a farmer, and why should not a goat or two be the beginning of his live-stock ? So while Dick lay at his feet sorely disappointed and discontented, Ted sat lost in thought cogitating over his new designs. The goats, he thought, were certain to come back again when they had got over their fright ; and if he could only devise a scheme for securing one of them, what a prize it

would be ! It was true it would be almost impossible to get it safely through that dreadful forest, but then Ted was already beginning to plan for himself a different route in returning to that he had taken in coming ; and if the goat were but caught, it would certainly be worth while to go round with such a prize. Ted's mouth positively watered at the thought of again tasting milk ; and bent on the accomplishment of his project, he began at once turning over in his mind all the tales he had ever read concerning the way in which wild animals could be captured, and when captured, tamed.

A running noose, like the lasso, with which wild horses have sometimes been caught, was the only method which seemed at all feasible ; and Ted rummaged in his pocket to see how much of his treasured stores of string still remained. To his great delight, enough of a strong fine cord was forthcoming, and with it he speedily contrived a long running loop, which he hoped to be able to fling over the creature's head if one ventured again to come near enough to give him the chance. But these wild creatures, which had never before seen an animal so strange as Ted, or so worrying and noisy as Dick, seemed for a long time obstinately determined to keep to the woods. Once or twice the young hunter's hopes were aroused by seeing a pair of horns peeping forth from the thicket ; but Dick, contrary to his usual

sagacious habits, made himself so vexatiously active whenever this was the case, that the heads invariably retired, and Ted was compelled to wait and put up with the disappointment.

He was certainly destined to learn patience, if no other useful lesson, while enduring this solitary life on the island. It was a hard business for one who had been used to have everything his own way—as, thanks to his mother and sisters, Ted most assuredly had at home. But when his heart was set on anything, Ted could be persevering, and in this case he resolved to lurk about the spot where he had seen the goats, and wait, in hopes they might come back again. There was no reason why he should hasten his return to his hut: no one would be waiting for him or expecting him there. Ted was most perfectly his own master, and a most doleful state of existence he found it to be.

The sea, which he had resolved to keep almost continually in sight, was as visible from this part of the island as from that he had left, for beyond these meadows of long grass stretched a wide reach of sand washed by the ocean waves; and as Ted walked along it searching for oysters or other shell fish to eke out his meal of potatoes, he could keep an eye both on the expanse of the waters on the one side, and the plains where he hoped to see the goats on the other.

His patience and perseverance were at last re-

warded : towards evening on the second day after he had formed his plans, and made his noose, as he was lying at full length, hidden in a great measure by the long grass, he distinctly heard again the slight rustle which had attracted his attention on the former occasion ; and as Dick was fortunately busied with some of his own hunting projects, the timid creatures were evidently reassured by the silence that reigned around, and were returning to their accustomed haunts to graze.

Cautiously, and keeping his eye on them, to be sure that they did not perceive his movements, Ted crept along among the grass till he reached the foot of a large tree whose branches swept the ground. If he could only conceal himself among the branches, he would lie there and wait till some unwary goat should pass beneath, and then would be his chance.

Another long waiting-time, during which Ted's one anxiety was lest Dick should come back, and at once scatter the whole flock. How slowly every minute passed, as his eyes followed the leisurely movements of the unsuspecting animals ! At one moment they seemed drawing nearer ; then something led them in another direction, and one after another passed just beyond the reach of Ted's arm, causing him almost to scream with vexation.

But at length a goat which had lagged behind the rest of the herd came slowly nearer and nearer to the

tree where Ted had hidden himself, and his heart beat high with hope. A few more paces, and she would be within reach. Would anything turn her steps aside, as had happened to all her companions? No; she came slowly on, close, close to the tree, on the leaves of which she was evidently intending to feast, when, quick as thought, Ted flung his noose over her head. He scarcely dared to hope he had been successful; but as he sprang forward, holding his cord tight, he saw to his great delight that the unlucky goat was fast: the cord had wound itself tight round her horns.

At once, and swift as thought, the whole of the flock darted off to the woods, and vanished from sight; but Ted cared nothing for them, now his object seemed accomplished; in fact, he scarcely noticed their disappearance, so intent was he on making sure of his prey. The unfortunate beast, startled and terrified, struggled so violently to free herself, that she lost her footing, and rolled over on the ground, and before she could recover herself Ted had succeeded in fastening the end of the cord which he held round the trunk of the tree, retiring, before she had time to rush at him, to a safe distance from the spot.

Her cries and struggles were pitiable in the extreme; but Ted was too much elated with his success to give much heed to them. Till she had tired herself

somewhat with her efforts to escape, he could not venture to go near her, so furious was she against her captor. He determined to wait awhile, hoping that when wearied and hungry she might become more tame;—starving, he had always heard, was the surest method of taming wild animals.

Before long Dick returned from his hunting expedition; and then it was as much as Ted could do, with all the authority and influence he possessed over the dog, to keep him from worrying the unfortunate prisoner. Possibly he had some private grudge against her; but Ted had made up his mind that his animals must be taught to live in friendship, and this seemed to him a bad beginning.

The next day, when hunger and restraint had brought down the poor goat's spirit, and she seemed much more docile and gentle, Ted began to think of returning home. Not through the wood though. It had been hard work enough to force a passage when his hands were free and unencumbered; it would be next to impossible to lead his prize through such dense thickets and underwood; and even if by skirting the wood he doubled the distance, it would prove less trouble in the end.

So they set out, Ted leading the goat, and Dick lending a very welcome assistance by running behind and barking at her heels. Nevertheless this homeward journey was a work of time, and all three

required frequent rest on the way. It was not easy while occupied with his troublesome charge for Ted to keep an eye to the way they were pursuing ; and besides it was a great temptation to take the easiest road, even if it led them away from the point which our hero had fixed upon as a landmark—a tall clump of pines which grew on the edge of the cliff behind his home. This he could see from a long distance, and he directed his course entirely by it, keeping it constantly in view, though frequently deceived, by



what seemed to be short cuts, into going very far wrong.

The last part of the way seemed very long indeed, for the poor goat grew so tired that she frequently laid herself down and positively refused to stir, and Ted had hard work to drag her forward. I doubt whether his snug little bed in the old home in England had ever been so welcome a sight as was his hut and bed of leaves when at last he reached them again ; and having secured his goat to a tree, and

called Dick to lie down by his side, he flung himself down to sleep, and was far away in the land of dreams before the dog had curled himself up to his satisfaction.

It was one of the few nights when Ted had fallen asleep without a thought of his lonely situation ; for, as is generally the case with folks in trouble, night was the boy's time for reflection and regrets ; and he seldom fell asleep without indulging in dark thoughts



of despair, and bitter bursts of tears. It was a hard school—a terribly bitter fate ; and it was no wonder his trouble was oftentimes more than he could bear.

He was awakened the next morning by the plaintive cries of his captive, whose famishing condition was becoming unbearable. Ted, too, was ravenously hungry ; but the distressed condition of the goat moved his pity so much that he determined she should first be attended to ; and having hastily

gathered a quantity of fresh grass for her breakfast, he was charmed to find that she no longer dipped her horns at him when he approached, but even allowed him to touch her, and feed her with his own hand.

This was a great step ; but Dick was still regarded as an enemy, and for some time Ted despaired of bringing about a friendship between these his two companions. The dog, half in mischief and half in spite, would torment the poor goat ; and she, for her part, lost no opportunity of charging viciously at him when he came within her reach. But peace was made at last. Belle, as Ted named the goat, had two little kids, and these tender, helpless things, as Dick evidently considered them, the good old dog immediately took under his protection. They might frolic around him, jump upon him, bite his tail and ears, and take every possible liberty with him, and no growl evinced displeasure. Silly young things, doubtless, he thought them ; but what then—they would grow wiser in time ; and their pranks did not hurt him ; on the contrary, they were rather amusing on a hot day when the sun had driven all the animals into their holes, and it was of no use to go out hunting.

And Belle sat and watched, wondering doubtless at her enemy's forbearance. Had he had any small dogs of his own, she would not have tolerated them for a single instant ; but kids were different ; and since he had good taste enough to like them, she could

forgive him his nasty snarling ways, and extend the paw of friendship to him.

Thenceforward the barking and scuffling were at an end between them ; together they played with the kids ; and though Belle had not sufficient sense to appreciate the presents which Dick brought her in the shape of young birds ruthlessly dragged from their nests, and crabs caught on the seashore, she very soon learnt to go under his escort to drink at the spring ; and this Dick felt was certainly something to be proud of.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

HIS family was increasing, and Ted rejoiced at the thought. Four-footed friends are decidedly better than none ; and though the longing was intense to have some one to speak to, he felt less lonely when the kids and their mother gambolled around him, than when Dick was his one and only companion. Visions of a regular farm, and numbers of pets, filled his mind, to be replaced of course by the continually returning thought, some ship must soon come and take him home ; it could never be that he was to live and die on that island. But days passed and grew to weeks, and the weeks even became months, and no ship appeared. Then by degrees other and more pressing matters forced themselves upon his attention : his clothes were fast becoming rags ; his shoes had dropped off his feet some time before. How to provide himself with food had been and still was a problem hard to be solved, but this was even more difficult. Savages—and Ted felt that he was fast becoming one—clothed themselves, if they troubled

themselves about the matter, in the skins of wild animals ; but, as yet, all the game that Dick had brought him had been too small to be of much use in that way. And even supposing he were lucky enough to catch bigger animals, and so procure skins of some size, how were they to be sewn into garments? Altogether, it was a matter which weighed heavily on the poor boy's mind, and gave him many an anxious and desponding hour.

And to add to these perplexities, the hot summer days seemed passing away. Clothes had been almost a burden during the first weeks of his solitary life, but the weather was becoming sensibly cooler, and Ted knew that he must do something. Some heavy rain convinced him also that his hut was not the substantial edifice he had fondly imagined it : more than once he had been drenched in his bed ; and the wind rising considerably one night, blew off more than half the thatch, and gave him the very unwelcome task of repairing it. This could not continue ; and much as Ted disliked the darkness and gloom of the niches and holes in the rocks, he saw that there was no alternative : he must find a shelter from wind and rain, and this they alone could give.

Thinking thus, he recalled to mind that the part of the beach where he had discovered the chest of tools was rocky, and that he had noticed not far from that spot a cave which, having a wide opening, was less

dark and gloomy than most of such places on the island. At once he resolved to go and examine it more minutely. It was at some little distance ; and he had now the cares of an establishment upon his shoulders. His goat must be cared for, milked, fed, and watered ; but she must be kept tethered to a tree, lest she should wander away with her kids and be lost to him. Nevertheless, Dick could watch over



them all in his absence ; and if charged to do so, Ted had no fear of his deserting his post. The good dog would doubtless have preferred greatly to follow his young master and assist in his explorations, but he went back promptly when bidden, and seated himself in his accustomed place to act as sentinel, and see that no harm befell the babies.

Ted had no intention of being absent long, but the way was further than he had imagined ; and when he

reached the spot, questions hard to settle suggested themselves. The cave of which he had thought was high, and the opening wide enough to admit a good deal of light; but it led also into another rocky chamber, which Ted at once determined would be better suited for a bedroom than the outer cave, which would be but a slight protection from the wind and rain. But this inner cavern was dark—dark as pitch, being reached only by a narrow passage which admitted but a faint stream of light. Ted felt as if to lie down here would be almost like being buried alive: somehow or other he must find means of admitting more light and air. Would it be possible for him, he wondered, with his hammer and axe—treasures from his invaluable chest—to enlarge the opening? or, better still, to make a window in the rocky wall, so as to let in more of the fresh air from outside, and more sunshine and brightness?

He had brought with him nothing but a small hatchet,—more as a defence against any enemies he might meet with, than with any thoughts of doing execution on the walls of his cave. But, loath to bring his expedition to a close without deciding this question, he set to work to try by the dim light he had to discover some place where the rock might be penetrable.

This was no easy matter: the rock seemed harder

than his hatchet, and yielded not in the faintest degree to his attacks. He must give it up. Yet, stay : passing his hand along the wall, he discovered a part where there was a quantity of grass, fern, and moss, apparently growing and flourishing there. Well, one thing was clear : they could not be growing out of the rock itself ; where they had taken root, there must be some earth : possibly it might be broken away, and a crack in the wall might be discovered. It was a brilliant thought, and Ted set vigorously to work once more to tear away the plants that had chosen to grow in this strange place, and then with his hatchet he laboured to get rid of the earth in which they were growing. It was far easier work than he had expected : a quantity of earth came tumbling down at once ; and as he stepped back to avoid the falling dust and rubbish, some huge stones dislodged themselves, and fell with great noise down the side of the cliff into the sea. The light broke in, and Ted saw that even these small efforts had resulted in a window about a foot square, which could easily be enlarged at any time to a more convenient size. But, busied in these labours, Ted had not observed that the daylight had almost gone before he was ready to start on his way home. Some heavy clouds too were gathering, which seemed to threaten a perfect deluge of rain ; and as he stood at the entrance to the cave questioning with himself what he should

do, a broad and vivid flash of lightning lit up the whole sky, and a heavy, crashing peal of thunder seemed to make the very rocks shake as they carried the sound on and on till it died away in the distance.

Ted trembled, and resolved that for that night he would stay where he was. Sitting on a big stone at the mouth of his cave, he watched with the infatuation of terror the awful scene before him. Dense clouds in the space of a very few minutes covered the whole heavens ; the sea, which had been quite calm and blue when he arrived at the cave that afternoon, now looked almost black, save where the white fringes of foam broke the gloomy expanse. Numerous seagulls, and other birds whose names were utterly unknown to Ted, flew screaming hither and thither, scared from their roosting-places by the violence of the tempest, and adding to the awful gloom of the hour by their harsh and discordant cries. Save on the night of his shipwreck, Ted had never seen anything so terrific ; and when the wind rose, and the rain began to fall in such torrents that all view of the sea was impeded, he began to think that the whole island would be submerged, and vanish from the face of the earth. It was vain to think of sleep while the thunder lasted ; but after some hours it ceased, or became nothing more than a distant rumbling. Ted retired to the inner cave, rejoicing that he had for that night at least a better shelter

than his hut of branches and rushes would have afforded. A considerable quantity of water had streamed in through the opening which he had made for a window, and the bright sand which covered the floor was pretty well soaked. Still, finding a dry spot in a niche in the rock, he settled himself there as comfortably as he could, and tried to go to sleep.

But of all the miserable beds necessity had forced him to be content with since he had lived on this island, this was the worst. It was useless to attempt by changing his position to render it less hard : it was too desperately uncomfortable to be endured ; and feeling certain that nothing but a headache could result from such a resting-place, he very soon sat up again, and contrived to get some snatches of sleep in that way.

“ If I had ever dreamed that I should be washed ashore on a desert island, what heaps of things I'd have bought before I left home ! ” was his half-dreaming thought. “ And one thing I'd have made sure of having, and that is one of those air-cushions people take in trains with them. How jolly it would have been ! Then I'd have brought a whole heap of those rugs and plaids we had at home,—they'd have made a capital bed ; and a spirit-lamp, and a lot of seeds. If I ever do get home again, and go to sea any more,—which I don't much think I will,—I'll be sure to bring all such things, and then I shan't be always wonder-

ing how I'm to cook my food. And I think, too, I'll persuade some other fellow from home to come too, and then it won't be so awfully dull and slow as it is here. But what an ass I am! why, the chances are that if I got shipwrecked over again, I should lose all my things just as I did this time; and if Jack Price or any of those fellows came out, ten to one they'd be drowned as all my other comrades were. What idiotic things one does think sometimes! Well, I dare say I'm losing my wits: it's only natural, left here all by myself, without a soul to speak to. I dare say I shall turn into a kind of monkey, and if any ship comes near the place I shall be sitting in a tree cracking nuts; and if they carry me away at all, it will be because they think me some new kind of monkey; and I shall be put into a cage at the Zoological Gardens, and mother and the girls will come and stare at me. What a pleasant look-out! But to tell the truth, I can't see that there's any great difference between a boy and a monkey, except that one can talk, and the other can't. And if I live here much longer, I shall forget how to speak: it sounds so queer when I talk to Dick, that I have pretty nearly left off doing it, I do believe. But I won't though, because, now I think of it, it might be awkward if I did really forget my own language, and only made noises like dogs or goats. I'll not turn into a monkey any sooner than I can help."

Such thoughts as these led Ted back to the difficult question of clothing ; and as the rain continued all the next day, laying all the surrounding country under water, and compelling him to remain a prisoner, he had plenty of time to think and make plans. One thing he very soon determined, and that was that as the weather was most certainly changing for the worse, he would lose no time in bringing Dick and his goats to these his winter quarters,—if, indeed, they had survived the storm.

Dick, he thought, would contrive to shelter himself from the rain in some hole of the hills ; but Belle, being tethered, would have no chance of any such refuge ; and the hut would, he felt certain, have been blown down by the violence of the wind.

If, however, they had escaped, he would bring them as speedily as possible to their new abode ; and then the next thing to be done was to lay up a store of potatoes and other provisions for the winter, which seemed to be rapidly approaching. Clothes, too, he must seriously consider ; and this led him to determine never again to waste any of the skins of animals which Dick might catch, but to dry them carefully and try to put them to some use. How they were to be got to hang together was still a mystery, for needles and thread were not to be found growing on any tree, nor to be picked up on the seashore.

Nevertheless, as the thing must be done, Ted

hoped that some way out of the difficulty would suggest itself; and looking at his feet, torn and bruised by contact with the sharp stones and rock, he resolved that he would make an attempt to cover them without loss of time: small skins would do for that purpose, and only very rough work would be required.

The day wore away in these cogitations; and the next morning, the rain having ceased, Ted set out at his utmost speed to retrace his steps. If possible, he meant to bring his whole family to the cave before nightfall. The sky was still threatening: no time, he felt, was to be lost.

But violent as he well knew the storm had been, Ted had formed no idea of the extent of the damage it had done. The island was strewed from end to end with uprooted trees, shattered branches, and dead birds which had either been struck by lightning or had died of terror.

It was a strange scene, but full of his own plans Ted thought more how he might turn these circumstances to his own advantage, than wondered at what he saw. A dead goat, which had evidently fallen from some height and been killed, he eyed with great delight: its skin would be invaluable; and when once the transfer of his animals was effected, he would lose no time in preparing it for use, and in collecting and drying the feathers of the dead birds,

to serve at some future time to stuff a pillow for himself.

His misgivings concerning his frail hut were but too well founded, as he saw at once, directly he came in sight of it. It was as completely destroyed as it could well be. Even one of the young trees which formed the pillars to support it had been torn up by the roots ; but Dick and Belle and her kids seemed none the worse for the storm. Apparently, the good old dog had had some notion that his master had deserted him; for when Ted first espied him, he was lying in a most woebegone attitude on the ground, watching the kids, as if that was now the sole duty of life ; but in a spiritless and melancholy manner that seemed to say that life was fast becoming a burden. But at the sound of Ted's step his whole aspect changed. Even the hair of his fine coat seemed to bristle and stand erect with joy; and his tail and ears perfectly quivered with delight.

He bounded to meet his master, fawned upon him, and sprang up to lick his hands and face ; then, rushing back to the spot where the goats were tethered, said as plainly as actions could say, " See, I have kept them safe." Ted's, " Good dog ! good dog ! " was however all the praise he wanted ; but as if anxious to know if anything more was expected of him, he stood still looking up in the boy's face, as much as to say, " What now ? I'm game for anything

you may have a fancy to do, if you'll only tell me all about it, and not walk off as you did the other day, without giving me the faintest notion that you meant to stay away such an age."

There was a kind of reproach in the dog's eyes, and Ted saw it. "Look here, Dick," he said ; and the dog came close and rubbed his head against his knees : "we've got to take those creatures ever so far, to find a new home for us and them,—else we shall be drowned one of these nights: we can't live in that place any longer ;" and he glanced at his broken-down hut, which Dick eyed with a hopeless expression which implied, "Yes ; I did what I could, but the wind would do it. I howled, and tried to stop the roof from blowing away ; but go it would, and I couldn't help it."

"We must set off directly," Ted added ; and this being perfectly intelligible to Dick, he ran off at once to summon the goats. Belle, however, did not take the news with the amiability that might have been expected of her ; and the kids had acquired an unpleasant propensity of agreeing in all things with their mother. Ted, therefore, soon discovered that their removal was likely to be a work of some difficulty ; and under the circumstances it was perhaps as well that he was not encumbered with much luggage or furniture. His precious box of tools was too heavy to be conveyed all at once to his

cave : he would have to make several journeys to fetch its contents ; and for the time he contented himself with the hatchet he had before carried, and some of the smaller tools which he could stow away in his pockets. Then the little party started, Ted leading the goat, and Dick carrying all the little stock of provisions which they possessed in the old basket which had been washed up the day after their shipwreck. It was sunset before they reached their destination, and very weary Ted was.

However, being desirous to obtain rather more sleep than he had been able to do on the preceding nights, he was determined before it became quite dark to gather some leaves and grass for a bed ; and this done, the day's labours were at an end.

CHAPTER XII.

A SAVAGE OR NOT?

THE next few days were spent in anxious attempts to solve the difficult question of clothing. Hope, the desperate hope of one day escaping from his solitary confinement, made him resolve again and again that he would not, if he could anyhow avoid it, sink into a state of barbarism. Savages were savages, in his opinion, chiefly because they wore no clothes, and eat horrid and disgusting things as food. Clothes he must therefore have; and in course of time, Ted flattered himself, he should find something of which to manufacture knives and forks.

His thoughts, of course, turned in the first place to the dead goat, whose skin he had designed to turn into a pair of leggings. He went to look for it, and was speedily at work skinning it, and then stretching the skin out to dry. It was but a sorry performance when accomplished: it shrank and shrivelled, and proved much smaller than he had expected.

And then the next difficulty arose. Thread he had none, and his knife was a poor substitute for

the tailor's scissors. It was slow work indeed making holes with a nail, and fastening the pieces together by means of bits of cocoa-nut fibre ; but, like all things under the sun, the business was accomplished at last, and the breeches were wearable, which was almost more than Ted had ventured to hope.

So intent had he been on this work, that during one day he had scarcely eaten anything : it was so much trouble to go out and search for food ; and cooking took so much time that he had contented himself with what he had in the house, as mentally he called his cave.

But if clothes would be absolutely necessary when the cold weather came, so would food ; and remembering that it was quite possible food might be scarce when the winter began, or that he might be shut up in his cave and unable to get out to seek it, he was not long in coming to the conclusion that he should be doing a wise thing if he laid up some store against the time of need.

There was plenty of salt to preserve meat with : Ted had long ago found it in the crevices of the rocks ; and had already made occasional use of it in salting some of the birds which Dick had brought him from time to time. His thoughts now turned to the goats which fed in herds on the plains where he had captured Belle. Others might be caught in the same manner ; and their flesh was, he felt

confident, eatable ; and their skins would certainly be useful, if he could only succeed in drying and preparing them better.

It would not be a bad idea also to add another to his flock of goats ; and then, if the winter was hard, or lasted longer than he anticipated, he could at any time kill one for food ; and this was to Ted a pleasanter thought than that of going out deliberately to kill them at once. In his childish days, it had often been one of his greatest amusements to kill sparrows and insects, and it had then seemed great fun to watch their dying miseries ; but now the work of a butcher was by no means to his taste ; and knowing as he did that he must accustom himself to it, he was still always glad when Dick saved him the trouble of wringing the necks of any sea-fowl he caught, by finishing them before he delivered them up to his master. I suppose his own troubles had made him tender-hearted.

Nevertheless it was plain he must exert himself ; and having come to this conclusion, Ted was overjoyed to find, when roaming about one morning early on the beach, that several turtles had made their appearance, and, quite unconscious of the neighbourhood of an enemy, were basking in the sun in perfect security. Forgetting their sluggish habits, and fearing that they might get away before he should return, Ted flew at his utmost speed to the

cave to fetch some weapon heavy enough to break through, if necessary, the strong shell which protects the turtle from his enemies. Such was his impatience, that he could scarcely wait to choose out the most handy and suitable, so afraid was he that his prize would escape him. To prevent all possibility of this, Ted called Dick, who was just enjoying a nap by the side of the kids, to come and assist him.



He had sense enough to help to stop it if the turtle attempted to escape, and the task was most certainly to his taste. Afterwards, when Ted knew more about the habits of these creatures, he laughed at the idea of their escaping him, even had he been a much longer time absent. To take in any notion of alarm or danger, to arrive at the point of being frightened, or deeming it advisable to move, required some considerable time ; and the turtle was still in precisely

the same place when Ted returned, breathless and panting, and flung himself impetuously on his victim. The thought had occurred to him what a fine basin the shell would be if he could kill the creature without injuring it, and with that design he set himself vigorously to strike the turtle on that part of the head which was not protected by the shell. Taken entirely by surprise, the creature fell an easy prey: Dick had no need to take any more active part than that of spectator, which however was seldom altogether passive or quiet when he undertook it; his master's efforts to provide for himself he considered so praiseworthy that he could not resist the temptation to pronounce an opinion in a very noisy and demonstrative fashion. Certainly Ted was a much better fellow than he had once fancied, when after the shipwreck he had with great trouble dragged him ashore—merely, as it appeared, that he might sit down on the sands and die of starvation. Then the whole work of providing for both of them seemed as if it was going to be left to Dick,—and it had been no small weight on the good dog's mind; but now that, like a sensible being, Ted was beginning to find out what good fun hunting was, Dick said to himself that they should have a merry life of it together. It was certainly a pity that Ted's nose was so bad that he never seemed to have the least idea when he was treading upon a rabbit-hole; but

Dick had known dogs who were very nearly as bad ; and after all he was compelled to own that his master could do some things which even his nose did not enable him to achieve. It was, however, impossible not to feel a much greater respect for him after he had captured a goat and killed a turtle than when he sat clasping his knees and staring at the sea—doing nothing in the world to earn his living.

This queer beast that he had killed was moreover a subject of great amusement to Dick. He smelt it and inspected it all over, wondering greatly what any creature could mean by carrying such an extraordinary thing on its back : it was harder, and certainly must be much heavier, than the things the crabs wore: it was altogether most funny. But when Ted began separating the creature from its shell, preparatory to carrying both to the cave, Dick came to the conclusion that the meat inside looked as if it might be very good to eat ; and as it was near dinner-time before they returned to the cave, he watched his master anxiously to see what prospect there was of the feast that he longed for.

But Ted's thoughts were greatly occupied with the necessity of providing a store of food against the winter, and he was already considering in what way he might preserve the greater part of the turtle so that it might keep till he was really in need of it. After thinking a good while, he determined to try

his hand at salting it. Salt he had in abundance ; and though he feared he should make some egregious blunder, this seemed the natural thing to do with it. But that Dick might not be disappointed, Ted cooked some of the meat as he best could ; and both he and the dog thought they had never tasted anything so good.



Possibly Dick found it a little too good, or, poor beast, the temptation of abundance proved too much for him, for Ted found it very hard to content him. With all his sagacity, the dog had not taken in the idea of the necessity of providing for the future ; and his master's stinginess, as he considered it, was extremely displeasing to him. Ted wondered at his

sulkiness all the rest of the day ; and when, towards nightfall, some playful trick of one of the kids elicited a savage growl, and something like an attempt at a bite, it was with some difficulty that the master of the establishment could prevent a pitched battle among his followers. Belle had no notion of allowing her kids to be snarled and snapped at by that brute of a dog while she wore horns on her head which might teach him better manners ; and Ted, sitting quietly by his fire at the other end of the cave reading his chapter in his one book, his little Testament, before going to bed, was astonished to hear a most unusual disturbance in the outer part of the cavern where the goats spent the night.

Of course he called off Dick, and the dog came at his call, though very unwillingly, and seating himself with his head on his paws in front of the blaze, brooded over his wrongs till he began to nod, and finally fell fast asleep. Ted wondered what it all meant, but seeing no other explanation of the little scene that had occurred, concluded that dogs had their fits of ill-temper as well as human beings, and that being the case with Dick, he judged it best to let him alone, hoping that he might be all right in the morning. But before the morning came, Ted had other things to think about ; and for that matter so had Dick too. They had both gone to sleep very comfortably ; the fire had warmed them ; and for a

wonder, for the nights were getting very cold, Ted had not woke up with the cramp. He was getting quite used to his bed of leaves and grass, and could sleep perfectly well in it now, without any nervous fears of being devoured by bears, or murdered by savages; in fact, as he had pretty well explored his island by this time, and found neither bears nor savages, he had made up his mind that they did not exist anywhere in his neighbourhood. He had therefore ceased to start if the goats snored, or if Dick turned round many times during the night; and though there may have been a rustling as his enemy entered the cave that night, he had not the slightest fear or suspicion of the danger that was so close at hand till a sharp ringing bark from Dick startled him, and brought him in an instant to his feet. Then he had a faint remembrance of having felt something cold touch him more than once in the night, but what it could be he had not the faintest conception, till, glancing at Dick, he saw him, with tail erect and bristling ears, ready and yet afraid to spring upon something which had coiled itself up among the warm ashes of the fire, and which, though scarcely yet wide awake, Ted saw at once to be a good-sized snake.

Whether the creature was sleeping when Dick first discovered it, or not, it was now wide awake, and quite as ready to defend itself as Ted could be. There was something horrible about the slippery

movements of the thing which made Ted turn quite cold, and Dick visibly trembled all over. It raised its head slowly, and looked around it, at the same time thrusting out its forked tongue; and Dick uttered a dismal howl, which was feebly echoed by Belle and her kids, who evidently instinctively felt that some danger was at hand.

For some minutes Ted shrunk back against the side of the cave, and felt as if paralyzed and benumbed from head to foot. His wits, and the power of motion, however, came back before the snake had become aware of his approach,—its attention having been wholly engrossed by Dick.

The small hatchet with which Ted had been chopping wood for his fire was fortunately close to the head of his bed; and before the snake had become conscious of any danger, Ted had secured it; and though his hands shook so that he could scarcely aim a blow at all, he tried to hit it sharply before it could turn its head, or dart its poisonous fangs into him. But the stroke, feebly dealt, fell far short of its aim, only wounding the creature slightly on the tail, and causing it to turn quickly round to see who or what its assailant was. Ted turned icy cold with fear as he perceived his failure; but desperation lent him fresh strength, and as the head darted towards him, he struck it such a vigorous blow that the snake rolled over, and writhed and wriggled on the sand

at his feet. Seeing this, his courage revived, and he rained strokes as fast as possible on the struggling creature, each of which seemed to tell, though the hatchet was but blunt, for the sand was stained with the snake's blood, and its struggles became weaker and weaker, till Dick, who had ventured to approach when his enemy showed plainly that he was getting the worst of it, uttered a shrill cry of triumph, and then Ted saw that the snake was dead.

It had been a sharp battle : the snake had died hard ; and Ted could scarcely believe that its venomous fangs had not pierced him somewhere, and that he should not presently drop down dead. Yet, as far as he knew, he had received not the slightest scratch—unless, indeed, the creature had done him some mischief while he slept ; and Ted shuddered as he thought of its cold clammy touch, and tried to realize the danger he had run.

All through that day,—and there was no more sleep for any of them, though the day had only just dawned, and it was scarcely light,—Ted could think of little but of that horrible awakening. He remembered that he had somewhere read or heard that people who have been poisoned by snakes are attacked by a terrible and fatal drowsiness, which, if not resisted, becomes overpowering, and ends in death ; and though it seemed absurd to fancy that he could have been bitten without being aware of it, whenever

he felt sleepy or tired throughout the day, his heart sank, and he fancied it was the stupor of death coming on.

Fortunately, however, few people die merely because they fancy they are dying, and Ted's courage revived when the day passed away without the alarming symptom he had expected making its appearance. By degrees his thoughts turned to other things, for as the night approached, and the darkness came on, the remembrance of the fright of the night before made him extremely loath to go to bed. Whether the snake had entered by the mouth of the cave or by the window he had made, was of very little consequence ; but if he was to sleep in peace and free from anxiety, he must devise some plan by which both of these openings could be closed when he wished it against such unpleasant intruders. But how was this to be done? It was not an easy matter to decide ; and seeing that nervous fears rendered it almost impossible to sleep, Ted wiled away the long hours of darkness—they were not really long, but they seemed so to him—with plans and schemes which appeared feasible enough at first, but on second thoughts were quite impracticable. The old carpenter's chest, broken as it was, would supply boards that would be about the right size for the door ; but how was it to be attached to the rocky walls of his house? This was the great, and, as it

proved, the insurmountable difficulty. Think as he might, and as he certainly did for a considerable time, there seemed no way out of it; and so the door, when finished, could only be placed against the entrance, and secured there from any possible gusts of wind by some large stones heaped against it inside. It was a clumsy contrivance, and Ted felt very much ashamed of it; but as he had no expectation of any visitors, he consoled himself with the thought that it would enable him to sleep in peace,—and that, in fact, was the only reason why it was necessary.

CHAPTER XIII.

WINTER QUARTERS.

TED had not effected his removal too soon. The rain set in with great violence only a few days after he had settled himself in his cave, and it was fortunate for him that he had not wasted those days, but had laid up some store of food, which, with the milk of his goat, secured him from all fear of starvation.

But with the rain a new and most unforeseen difficulty presented itself. Other things besides Ted and his animals seemed to think it highly advisable to take shelter from the rain and wind ; and from the number of applicants, it appeared that this cave was a favourite spot in bad weather. The need of more light than could be obtained unless the door was open, compelled Ted to refrain from shutting out these intruders, and the continual commotion their appearance caused prevented all fear of his suffering from dreariness and *ennui*. Scarcely had he succeeded in calming Dick's excitement over a miserable rabbit which had found a sudden death where it had hoped for shelter, than a perfect storm of barking

announced the arrival of another intruder ; and rushing to the entrance to see what had occurred, he found the dog timidly patting a strange little creature which he at once guessed to be a lizard, though he had never seen one of exactly the same kind before.

It was a most lively little fellow ; and instead of seeming at all annoyed with Dick's familiarities, or frightened at the noise he made, it darted backwards and forwards up and down the wall, looking around it all the while with its sparkling little eyes, as if amused with its playfellow and the noise he was making. But Ted had made up his mind that such creatures, being of no use, should not be allowed to inhabit the cave, and at once attempted to interrupt its merry gambols by catching it by its tail as it passed him. What was his astonishment when the little fellow wriggled away from his grasp, and he found himself watching it as it darted out of the cave apparently well and comfortable, but leaving its tail behind in his hand ! Apparently it had parted from this unnecessary appendage without the smallest pain, and without the loss of a single drop of blood !

Hardly had this funny little creature disappeared, and Dick had deemed it fitting to leave off barking, than he was again nearly driven out of his senses by a huge bat, which flew in flapping a pair of long wings, and uttering a peculiar cry. It darted rather than flew up and down the cave, evidently in a great

fright, for Ted—who remembered having heard that some bats settle on human beings and suck their blood—at once picked up a good-sized stone and threw it with all his strength, and with very tolerable aim, against this unwelcome visitor.

Having found a way in, the bat naturally concluded that there was a way out; but in his fright he could not succeed in finding it; and having whirled round and round the cave many times, striking itself violently against many projecting ledges, it fell at last dead at Ted's feet. Other strange visitors presented themselves at intervals,—not a few frogs of immense size, which apparently revelled in the wet, and hopped about in the most hilarious manner: slimy slugs and crawling worms crept into the cave, and were doubtless not a little surprised and aggrieved to find themselves summarily ejected.

But towards nightfall another intruder showed himself. The rain had ceased about the time the sun went down; and Ted, having gone out for a stroll, accompanied by Dick, was returning rather late to his cave, when his attention was caught and his steps arrested by a strange sound which seemed to proceed from the further end where his bed was. It seemed as if some one who was half-choked or strangled was attempting to scream out for help. The cries of distress—for such Ted felt sure they

were—were half-smothered, but no less alarming for all that. Ted's heart almost ceased to beat ; and Dick stood still with ears erect, and looked up in his master's face for directions.

The sounds ceased, and Ted drew a long breath, though he still hesitated what to do, and wished with all his heart that horrors and alarms would not always come at night. A hundred frightful ideas rushed through his mind, of which the most probable seemed the supposition that some savages or smugglers had visited the cave in his short absence, and that some one had been left there half-dying, probably murdered by their hands. Ted had no fear that any large number of persons were in possession of his cave, for in that case the silence would scarcely be as intense as it was when the sounds of distress ceased.

But even supposing that some savages had merely paid a passing visit to his cave, leaving one of their number to die there, what would be the consequences of such an event to Ted, he could scarcely form any idea. Greatly as he had before this bemoaned his lonely condition, he would have given a good deal at this moment to have been sure that he was as completely alone as he formerly imagined himself.

But as the sounds were not repeated, and the darkness was fast deepening, Ted at length mustered

courage sufficient to creep stealthily and noiselessly into the cave. Dick followed him so closely, that his master believed that for once the dog was as frightened as he was himself. The darkness within was so intense that till he had struck a light, which he did with a very trembling hand, Ted could discover nothing at all distinctly. And even then he gazed around for some minutes without perceiving any change in his dwelling : the goats were in their usual corner,—the kids asleep, their mother watching beside them ; nothing apparently had happened to disturb her peace of mind ; and Ted was beginning to think that the sounds he had heard must have come from some other spot, and not from the cave at all, when from the very darkest corner the same cry was suddenly repeated, and by dint of sharp scrutiny Ted at length made out a long pair of ears, a sharp beak, and a pair of very bright piercing eyes. What a bound his heart gave as he discovered that all his terror and anxiety had been caused by nothing at all but an old owl !

He could have laughed had there been any one to laugh with ; but the greatest fun is lame and flat if we have no one to share it with us ; and though the old fellow did look most ridiculous as he sat in his corner blinking his eyes at the light, Ted could not help thinking that if he was going to amuse himself with making that hideous noise during the

night, why his room would certainly be preferable to his company.

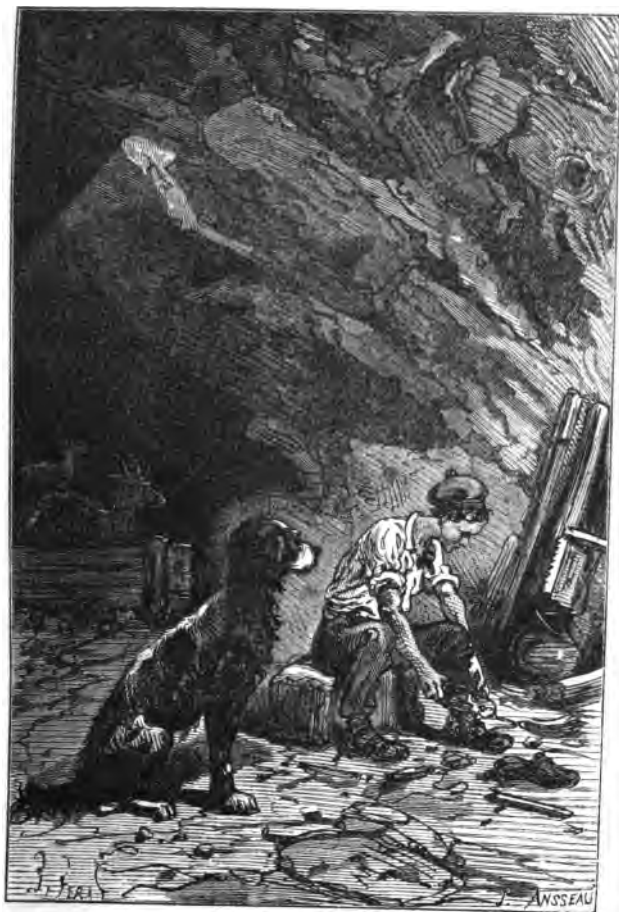
Nevertheless he was such a funny-looking creature that Ted was reluctant to do him any harm. He had heard too of owls that had become tame; and as he longed to add to his "happy family," he asked himself whether it might not be possible to teach this visitor of his how to behave himself, and let him stay as long as he liked. But to this arrangement Dick most strongly objected: the creature was not at all to his taste, as he showed most plainly by sitting down in front of it, and making the whole cave ring with his tempestuous barking. The bird had perched on the rock far above his reach, or it would have been speedily called upon to do battle or fly the field; but, comfortably secure from all possibility of molestation, he could look down contemptuously on the uproarious beast below him, and wonder, as no doubt he did, what all the noise was about. To Dick, his cool unconcerned stare was most exasperating: Ted verily thought he would choke with fury and vexation as he threw his head back and rolled out what was evidently intended for a torrent of abuse. It was almost hopeless to attempt to pacify him; nothing short of the bird's expulsion would content him; and Ted was somewhat relieved when, growing weary of the din, the owl spread its wings and departed. The bird's solemn face amused

him, and he had half hoped it would settle there, and become in time tame. Dick would have grown used to it in a while ; and just now, with the winter before him, Ted longed to increase their company.

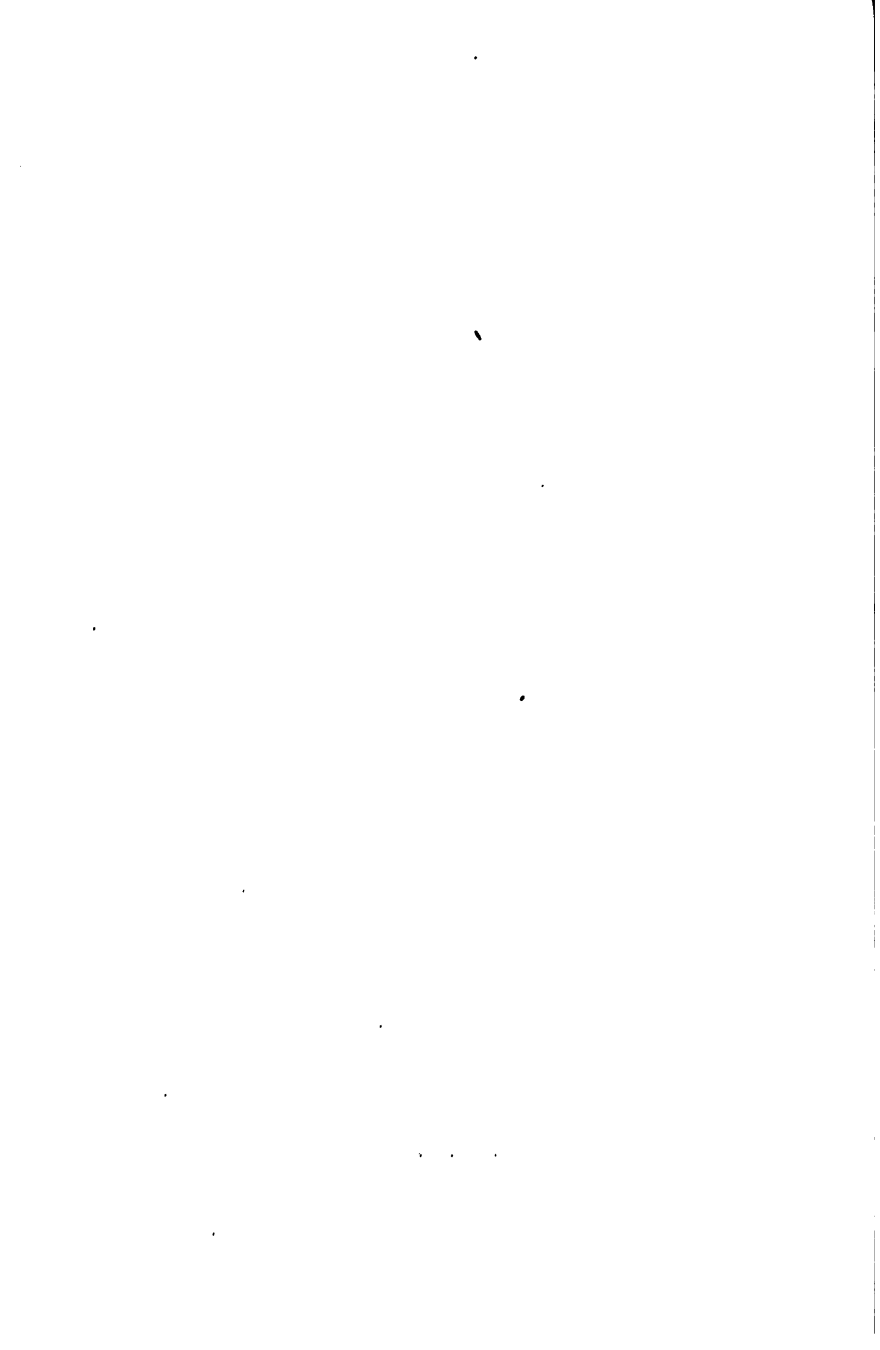
"Perhaps on the whole, however, it is as well that he took himself off," said he to himself, as he lay awake that night, congratulating himself that his door, clumsy as it was, secured him from any nocturnal visitors : "it wouldn't have been easy to sleep if he had been making that horrid moaning over my head ; and as for Dick, I do believe he would have gone clean out of his senses before the morning : and then, though he might have grown tame, he would probably have been a great thief, and unfortunately I can't afford to lose any of my stores : if the rain sets in very heavily, I shall be hard up, I'm afraid."

And thereupon Ted set himself to reckon how long, with great care, the provisions he had collected, the meat he was salting, the eggs and potatoes and cocoa-nuts he had brought in, could be made to last.

It was not altogether a satisfactory conclusion which he arrived at ; and the next day, as the rain was not very heavy, he spent much of his time creeping about among the rocks trying to add to his supplies ; but in the tattered condition of his clothes



BOOTMAKING.



this was not very cheerful work, and he was soon glad to return to the shelter of his cave, rejoicing that he had at least a good store of wood, and could keep himself warm and dry there, while all was wet and cold and windy without.

He had moreover provided himself with occupation for the long hours of confinement which he anticipated. The thought had suggested itself that from the long grass and tender saplings which grew in such abundance in the woods, he might weave himself matting to cover a part of the floor of his cave, and baskets, which would be very useful when he should begin to carry out the plans he was always forming for the construction of a farm like those he had been used to see in England.

But, in the first place, the sore and painful state of one of his feet warned him that he had better try to devise something to take the place of boots; or, torn and bruised as they continually were by the rough rocks and the prickly plants which ran along the ground, his feet might become so painful that he would be in sorer need of a surgeon than he had ever been in his life.

Accordingly he set to work to try what he could do with some rabbits' skins, which he had thrown aside at first as too small to be of any use. They were hard and stiff, but by long soaking and rubbing they became at last more flexible; and, though in

a rough way indeed, Ted found himself once more shod.

Thanks to the comfort of this rough kind of boots, and perhaps also to the enforced quiet of the rainy season, when he was once more able to get out, he was glad to find that he could walk without limping, and that the cuts and bruises had nearly disappeared.

It is hard to say which of the party rejoiced the most when the rain passed away, and the sun once more shone upon the island, setting them free from their imprisonment. Ted thought of Noah's coming out of the ark, and wished his Testament was a Bible, that he might read that story again. It was astonishing how fond he had become of reading since he had lived a lonely life,—he who had once said to his sisters that he was sure that, if he had his own way, he should never open anything but a story book as long as he lived.

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRANGER.

TED had now been several months on the island, and during all that time no vessel had come near the shore. More than once he had seen, and a great many times he had fancied that he had seen, a sail in the distance. Once only had any ship come near enough to be distinctly seen by him ; and he was reluctantly compelled to conclude that his island lay out of the ordinary track taken by ships, and, unless driven by some contrary winds, it was unlikely that any vessel would visit it.

He was growing accustomed to his new life, and finding interests in it ; but it was impossible to help looking back, and to look back was to remember the happy party at home, and to think of that wide, deep, pitiless sea that rolled between them, and to long wildly and passionately for some way of escape.

And these times of thought and reflection were horrible : Ted's heart seemed to die within him when he thought of a whole life to be spent alone, and far away from all other human beings ; and as often as

he could he drove away such thoughts. Still at times they would not be banished ; and they were very strong and bitter as he sat one evening on the top of a high rock looking out towards the sea. All day long, something, which he felt sure was a sail, had been visible on the horizon ; and towards evening it had come so much nearer that Ted had lighted a bonfire on the top of this rock, and had tried for a long time, but without success, to attract the attention of those on board the ship. It was very, very melancholy work, but for a long time he could not abandon the hope that he might be seen and rescued. But the moon at last rose, and the night dews were so heavy that Ted had no choice but to return to the cave and hope for better luck in the morning. Naturally enough, he could scarcely sleep for impatience ; and when the morning broke, he got up hastily, and sallied forth to the same post of observation, dreading to find all trace of the ship gone, and scarcely daring to hope that any good fortune was awaiting him.

In the course of the night, however, events of which he little dreamed had taken place. The ship which he had spied had come nearer to his island than vessels usually did, and what had been the consequence ? It had run on one of the coral reefs which, as Ted afterwards discovered, lay hidden just below the surface of the sea, and had gone

to pieces during the night. When Ted reached his post of observation, and with eager eyes gazed seaward, he could at once comprehend the whole story: only half the ship was still visible; the forepart had already sunk; the rest appeared to be wedged in on the rock on which the ship had struck. Ted could, he felt sure, plainly distinguish some miserable beings crowded together on the after-part of the deck, and others clinging to the masts; but evidently they had lost their boats, and the ship was too distant for there to be any chance of the shipwrecked crew being able to swim ashore.

There was a kind of fascination in the horrible sight—the one glimpse Ted had had for many months of anything that could be called a fellow-creature. It recalled his own sufferings, the dreadful day which made him a lonely outcast, and the awful fate of his comrades. But still Ted sat on the rock, and watched the sinking ship with aching eyes, and a heart too brimful of trouble to have a thought for anything else.

As the morning wore away, wondering at his absence, Dick came to seek him. How any one could look upon breakfast as such an uninteresting meal as his master seemed to think it on this particular morning, was more than Dick could understand; but when he reached the rock where Ted sat, and took up his position beside him, the whole matter was plain at once.

If Ted's eyes had been anxious, Dick's speedily became almost as much so, as he stared at the sinking ship, and set himself to consider what was to be done. "It is a tremendous way off," that anxious gaze seemed to say ; and Ted, turning to look at his companion, saw and read at once the dog's thoughts,—for Dick had thoughts, whatever other dogs may have. He saw too the restless motion of the paws that rested on the rock beside him, and guessed well enough what would be the brave fellow's resolution.

"It's too far, Dick : you can't do it, good fellow ; don't think of such a thing. You'd be drowned as sure as I'm here ; and what would become of me then ?"

Dick turned and licked his face ; but again his thoughts went over the sea to the sinking ship, and his feet pawed the rock restlessly : at last he got up ; try it he must.

The next moment he was scrambling down the face of the cliff, slipping and sliding, but eager to be gone. Ted shouted to him to come back ; but no, this time Dick was deaf to all commands and entreaties ; he was tasting the intense delight of battling with the waves, and hoping to get the better of them, and make his way to the ship,—far off though it was indeed.

And Ted, meanwhile, remained motionless at his post, watching with still intenter gaze the space of

water that lay between him and the far-off ship. It was impossible, he thought, that Dick could swim that distance : would the good dog have sense enough to turn back in time, or would he persevere till the life was beaten out of him, and so be lost too? All his anxiety was now centered in the fate of his faithful companion ; he scarcely thought of the ship and its drowning crew, so certain was he that Dick could not possibly reach it, and that it was madness in him not to have attempted to hinder him from making the venture.

But regrets were useless, and Ted's eyes were fairly dazed by the strong light and the glitter of the waves. He buried his face in his hands and tried to clear his sight : when again he raised his head, the scene had changed. In those few moments the ship had sunk from sight, and Dick too had disappeared. Horror-struck, Ted sprang to his feet, and the rocks rang and echoed with his shouts, as he called the dog and implored him to return.

Still he could see nothing : the waters sparkled and glittered as they were wont to do in that sunny latitude, but the light only served to blind Ted more effectually ; he could see nothing ; and the tears of bitter grief and hopeless despair that gathered in his eyes were not likely to make their vision clearer. Dick was gone too, and he was now more alone than ever ; and as this thought took possession of his

mind, he flung himself down full-length on the grass that covered the rocks, and hid his face from the glare of daylight among the waving grass and long leaves.

How long he lay in this despairing attitude, without raising his head to look again at the hateful, pitiless sea, Ted had no idea; he lay in the same position without once stirring for a long, long time, till the sun began to beat down upon his head with such intense heat that he judged it scarcely safe to lie there any longer. He might lose his senses—not that that mattered much, he gloomily said, since life must now be a greater burden than ever; still it might be awkward, and on the whole it seemed wiser to try to keep them.

So he dragged himself wearily to his feet, and with slow and languid steps regained the cave. Its coolness was soothing and comforting, but an unexpected joy awaited him there: close by the kids, and as if he had never dreamed of any duty more important than that of watching over their safety, lay Dick himself, safe and sound, only terribly wet and spent with fatigue. He could scarcely believe his eyes, but at his joyful exclamation the poor dog crawled to his feet, and looked up with sad wistful eyes which seemed to say, "I did what I could, but it was of no use, I'm afraid. I'm of very little use in the world, but I can take care of the kids, you see."

Ted's rapturous greetings did him a world of good,

and in their joy at being together, the lost ship and drowned crew were almost forgotten.

What his adventures had been, Dick of course was unfortunately incapable of telling; though, doubtless, he longed to do so as much as Ted to hear them; but this, the constant obstacle to their perfect understanding, was never more annoying than at this moment, when Dick must of necessity have had so much to tell.

How often had Ted longed to hear all about the way in which he had himself been brought ashore, and how provoking it was that somehow or other he had missed seeing the dog's return on this his second expedition! He wondered somewhat that Dick had not come to seek him on the rock where they had parted; but when he looked at the dog, and saw how terribly exhausted he was, and how downcast about the failure of his attempt, he concluded that to climb the cliff when in that condition was more than the dog had strength or spirits to undertake.

Throughout the day Dick could do little but sleep; scarcely had he strength left to crawl about the cave; but towards evening he revived, and when Ted went out to stroll along the seashore in the cool of the evening, he followed him, feebly and with staggering steps, but gaining strength and energy as he went on. The thought had occurred to Ted's mind that

the tide might possibly have landed some of the property of the passengers of the shipwrecked crew on the beach ; and as he walked slowly along the shore with Dick at his heels, his eyes were busily engaged in scanning the rocks and masses of seaweed that lay just at the edge of the sea. The waves that had washed up treasures for him before now might do the same friendly office again ; and though possessed with a shrinking dread that his eyes might chance to light on some poor drowned sailor, the hope was stronger than the fear, and prevailed to encourage him to persevere in his search.

Nevertheless he wandered a considerable distance before his eyes lit on anything more interesting than a few broken spars and bits of wood ; at last, seeing Dick's weariness, he sat down to rest, and the dog crouched at his feet. Some sad reflections still seemed to trouble Dick, for as he lay with his head on his paws, his eyes, fixed on the sea with a steady gaze, had a mournful expression which was very unlike his usual lively glance. Gradually he grew sleepy ; and while Ted sat still and watched the dancing waves, the dog dozed away in his weariness. The strong light dazzled Ted's eyes, and he might have grown sleepy too, had not his attention been fixed on some broken spars and other objects which were floating on the surface of the water, and slowly being carried nearer to the shore. About one of

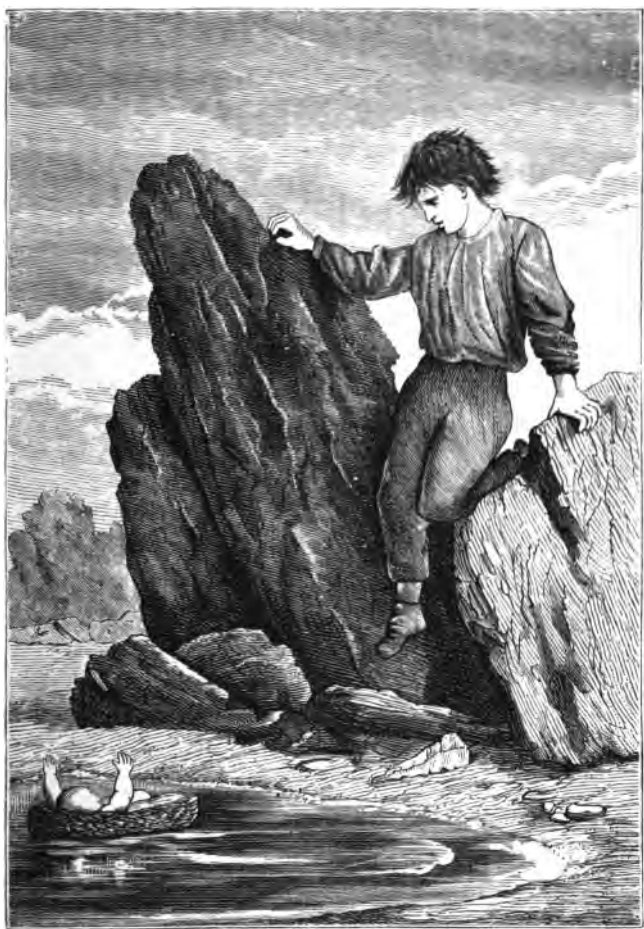
these objects Ted had a strange feeling of interest; what it was he could not tell, but he had an impression that it was something more interesting than a mere piece of wood. The movement of the water prevented his getting such a clear view of this object as to be able to form any definite idea about it; but as it drew nearer, he rose quietly, and clambered over some rocks which interrupted his view to watch its approach.

True, his former fears returned in some degree, and restrained him from quickening his steps as he would hitherto have done. What if the breakers should lay at his feet some unfortunate seaman for whom he should have to dig a grave? Never having looked on death, this was a very terrible idea to Ted, and one which haunted him whenever the wind blew hard, and the possibility of such an event occurred to him.

But this was no drowned sailor. The bright happy-looking waves had a real treasure for him this time, and one which, rough nurses as they were, they had tenderly guarded. They came rippling up at his feet, rocking their precious burden as carefully as any nurse could have done. Ted watched it eagerly. At first sight it seemed to be nothing but a basket; and as it rose lightly on the tops of the waves, he fancied it could contain little or nothing; but he soon discovered his mistake. The

waves kept rolling on, and in a few minutes more they laid the basket almost at his feet: one spring, and Ted had fast hold of it. He lifted it carefully on shore, and began with trembling fingers to draw forth its strange contents—an infant; and not, as might have been expected from the journey it had taken, a dead one, but a sound, healthy infant, clamorous to be freed from its perilous situation, cold and numbed from exposure, but still alive, and apparently unharmed.

It had been so securely tied into the basket, that, hindered as he was by its struggles and cries, Ted found it hard to extricate it; and while so occupied, Dick came bounding up, eager to see what his master was doing. His noisy bark was suddenly hushed when he saw what the basket contained: evidently it was a mystery to him how the child could have come there in his absence; the dripping basket, the child's wet clothes, all proved that it had been in the sea; but to get things out of the sea was Dick's especial province, and the idea that Ted might have been imitating his exploits was not at all to his taste. He watched with somewhat of a jealous air as Ted lifted the child from his wet cradle, and began rubbing the fat hands to warm them. "He thinks it's all his because he found it," was plainly the good dog's thought. "But I always share anything I find with him, and it's only fair he should treat me the



A FOUNDLING.



same." And thereupon he seized upon the child's feet, and set himself to imitate his master's actions, by rubbing his rough head against the little cold body.

At home, a year before, Ted would have scorned the idea of caring for a baby; but the babe had smiled on him, and at this smile he clasped the child rapturously in his arms, and hugged and kissed it. Thereupon Master Dick took it into his head to be, or to pretend to be, jealous: the baby was as much his as Ted's, he doubtless thought; and if they fancied he was going to be forgotten, they were very much mistaken.

Nevertheless when Ted started to return to the cave, carrying his newly found treasure, Dick had to be contented with the honour of carrying the basket in which the child had arrived. It might be useful as a cradle, Ted thought; and he bade the dog bring it up to the cave.

Never had the way to the cave seemed so long. The blue eyes had closed again, and Ted's heart was oppressed with a great fear that the poor infant might be dying for want of food, and that the little life might go out before they reached home. But he did not know what tough things babies are. A few drops of the goat's milk soon induced the little mouth to open greedily, and having taken what even Ted in his anxiety considered a very satisfactory meal, the

child fell asleep in his arms, and slept so long and soundly that Ted ventured to lay him down in his own bed. Delightful as the task of nursing him seemed, he was a serious weight, and the work was very new and strange to Ted.

While the child slept, he sat and watched him. Dick, too, came and crouched beside the bed, and scarcely moved his eyes from the child's face. It was something more for him to take care of, and Dick had a shrewd suspicion it might give more trouble than the kids ; but Dick did not mind trouble, and was very well disposed towards the little thing. Probably he did not think much about some of the difficulties which suggested themselves to Ted's mind as he sat and admired the round little face, and rejoiced in his foundling ; for Dick had never been troubled with whooping-cough and croup, and the miseries which Ted connected with infant life ; and knew nothing about teething and convulsions, and such horrors, of which Ted's memory furnished many unpleasant particulars. And as he thought of these things, Ted began wondering how old the baby was, and at what age the teeth and other troubles began. He tried in vain to recall some events in his own nursery history which might help him to answer these questions, but in vain ; and he was obliged to console himself with the thought that the child looked strong and healthy, and to hope that if most children

suffered miseries with their teeth, his child would be a lucky exception.

“At any rate he’ll be something like a companion,” he reflected: “if he can’t talk yet,—and I don’t suppose he can, he’s hardly big enough,—he’ll learn some day, for I shall talk to him, and that’ll do me good too. And what fun it will be teaching him to walk and talk! This has been a good day for me, though I fancied it was going to be a wretched one this morning when Dick took himself off. I wonder who the child is: perhaps he belonged to the captain of that ship; well, he’s lost, I suppose, and the child’s mine, most certainly. What shall I make him call me when he can speak? I’m too young for him to fancy I’m his father. I think we’d better be brothers. What a jolly little fellow he is, and what a fat little fist he’s got! But what am I doing? I ought to be getting some sort of a bed ready for him: his basket will do, but it wants some dry grass to make it comfortable and warm. I hope he’ll make row enough to wake me if he wants anything in the night. I believe some babies expect people to walk about with them all night; but he’ll hardly get me to do that,—I should fall asleep, and we should roll over together and break our heads.”

A very queer kind of nurse, it must be owned, Ted most certainly was, at least during the first few days of his experience. He had naturally no idea that

babies often cry and scream merely for their own amusement, and that to distress oneself about their every cry is perfectly unnecessary. The baby seemed at first on the fair road to become a perfect tyrant, so frightened was Ted lest any neglect of his should bring harm to his treasure.

But by degrees it became plain that, unless the whole party were to be starved, it was absolutely necessary that the child should be sometimes left to take care of itself. Ted must go out to search for food, and Dick could not always be spared to stay at home to watch over the child. Gradually, therefore, the anxious boy persuaded himself that if left asleep in his little bed in the cave, no harm could come to the child. The goats could safely be left, and why not the baby? Besides it was impossible to be always there, and so there was no use in thinking about the matter. And as a rule the baby had the sense to sleep on contentedly and peacefully till his guardian came back; and Ted's fears were by degrees laid to rest, when he found time after time that no harm had happened, and the cave and its little inmate were quiet and undisturbed as when he left them.

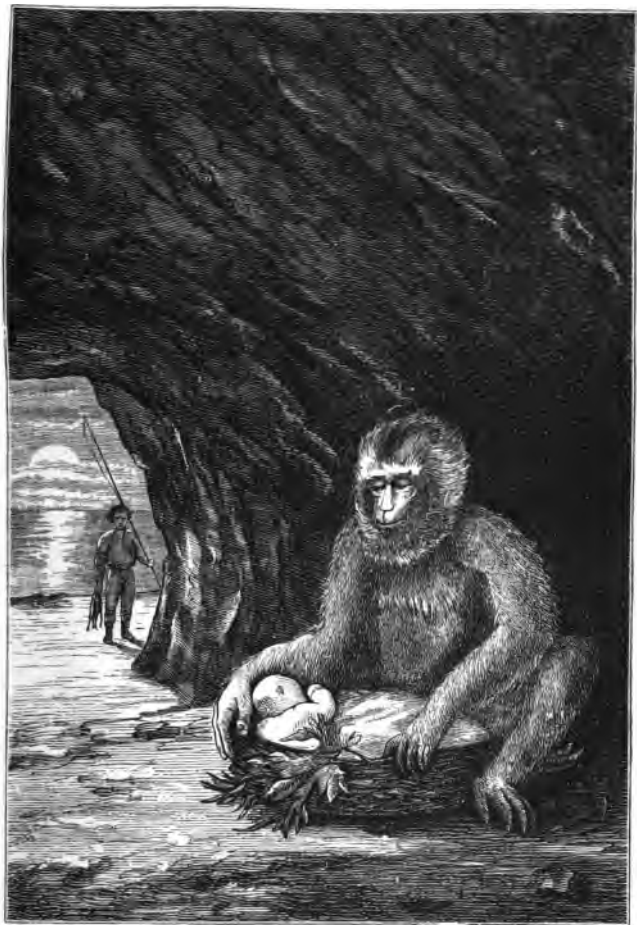
Unfortunately, however, matters were not to remain in this satisfactory state. An exciting chase after some sea-fowl led Ted and Dick further than they were at all aware; and when they turned towards home, Ted found that they had further to go than he

had in the least imagined. He was hot too, and tired ; and though anxious about his baby, he found it quite impossible to hurry much on his way home. And why should he? Probably the baby might be awake, and crying to be taken up ; but as it could not walk, no great harm could happen to it. So he tried to persuade himself, but in vain ; most disagreeable misgivings would intrude themselves ; and when the cave at last came in sight, he urged Dick into a scamper, that he might go forward and discover whether aught of mischief had befallen the child.

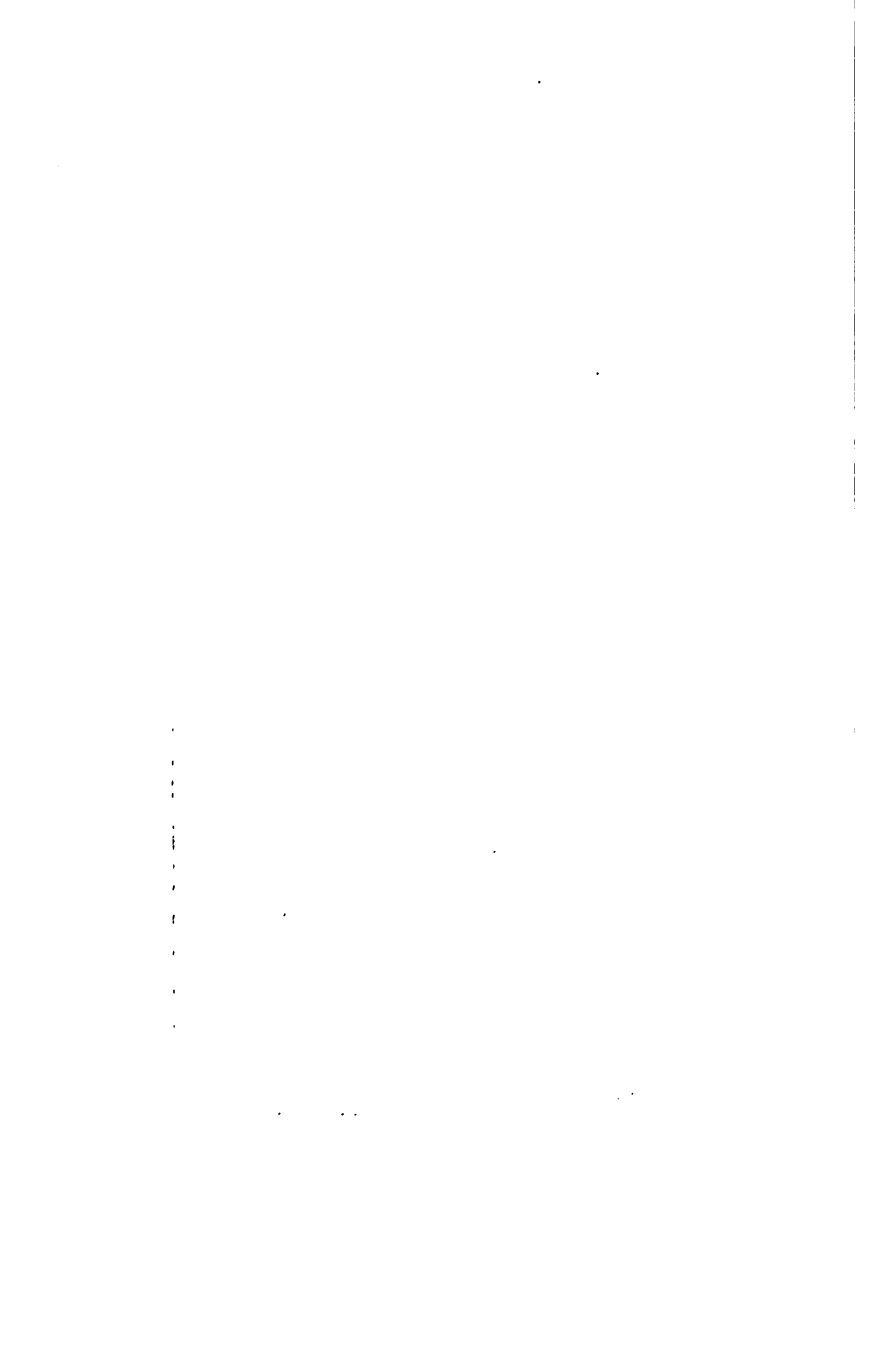
His energetic "Go, find the baby, Dick!" was promptly obeyed, and the dog was in a few seconds at the entrance to the cave. This much Ted could see, but the sudden and savage growl that reached his ear the next minute filled him with dismay ;—Dick's voice when in a fury, he well knew, and never before had he heard that bark sound so full of rage and indignation. Fear gave him sudden strength ; his fatigue was all forgotten, as he almost flew over the sands to reach the cave—a thousand horrid ideas chasing each other through his brain as he darted along. Some wild animal must be in the cave ; that Dick's growl plainly reported. Had it killed the child? or in the scuffle that was sure to follow upon Dick's appearance, was there any chance of the child being saved, if not already dead? Ted

had little hope : he should find nothing at all but the mangled remains of his new-found treasure ; and then how bitterly he should ever repent the carelessness that had led him so far away from home !

But, as so frequently happens, anxiety had exaggerated the mischief done. As Ted, panting and utterly exhausted, crossed the threshold, he was surprised to see Dick crouching in one corner, still growling in a manner expressive of the most intense disgust and abhorrence, but venturing no attack on the object of his wrath. This was a large monkey ; and oh, horror of horrors ! he was sitting close to the baby's cradle, his hands resting on it. The child was wide awake, and its blue eyes were fixed in a strange kind of wonder and awe on the hideous face of its new nurse ; but it lay passive in its basket, and was apparently quite unharmed. This was some relief, but Ted was completely at a loss what to do. To rush at the monkey, as his first impulse prompted him, would probably have impelled him to upset the basket and dash the child down on the rock and run away, or to carry it off with him ; and in either of these cases the baby's life would have been in most serious peril. What, then, was to be done ? Ted paused to think, keeping his eye on his strange visitor all the time ; and the monkey in like manner stared at him, though with a grin which to Ted seemed horrible. Suddenly



A Hairy Nurse.



the monkey stooped and took the child in its arms. This was even worse ; but all at once a bright thought occurred to Ted. He had heard many curious tales of monkeys, and of their habits of imitation : before he attacked this creature he would try what he could do by trickery. Accordingly, he went to the other end of the cave, and picking up some old clothes he made them into a bundle as much like a baby as he could ; then, sitting down opposite the monkey, he began gravely rocking it to and fro, as if hushing it to sleep. All this the monkey watched with great interest, and after a few minutes' hesitation began swaying himself backwards and forwards in the same manner, squeezing the baby so close that Ted feared it would be smothered. This performance went on for some time, and at last Ted rose, holding his pretended infant most carefully, lest it should wake, and, going to the bed he usually occupied, laid it down gently to sleep. The monkey appeared deeply interested, and after considering the matter for awhile, seemed to consider the hint a good one, and going to the same place laid his baby down beside the bundle of rags. It was what Ted had most earnestly hoped, and in an instant he had seized it, retreating as he did so to the furthest end of the cave. He was in a most terrible state of excitement, and it may be doubted whether the infant had run greater risk of suffocation from its monkey nurse than it now did from Ted's fervent delight.

But the greatest difficulty still remained : the baby was rescued, but how was the unwelcome visitor to be got rid of ? Holding the child, Ted could not venture near him ; he could only shout to Dick to " seize him, and pay him out." And this Dick was by no means loath to do : his rage knew no bounds, but the monkey's long powerful arms were weapons he scarcely knew how to encounter ;—they wound round his throat, and threatened to choke him ; and Ted, standing by and watching the struggle, could see no effectual way of aiding the faithful animal unless he ventured to put the child down, and this he could not bring himself to risk. The monkey might, he feared, free himself from the dog, and with one of his active bounds pick up the child and escape before they could catch him. Those horrid arms stretched hither and thither, and positively seemed elastic, as they held Dick at bay, and kept him from grasping his enemy's throat. The dog's growling was hideous, and the monkey's yells made the cave resound ; and how long the scrimmage would have continued, it is impossible to say, had not Ted ventured to take advantage of a lucky moment when Dick had a firm grasp of his foe, and, laying the baby down, seized his hatchet and aimed a blow at the creature which completely smashed his skull. The end had come so suddenly, that Ted could scarcely believe his eyes : he hugged his baby, and praised Dick till

the dog was almost beside himself with delight, and barked till the baby, who had uttered no cry during the scuffle, began to be seriously alarmed, and set up a doleful cry. Then Ted bethought himself of his tender little charge, and began to examine it carefully to ascertain whether its strange nurse had inflicted any injury on its soft little limbs. Apparently it had taken good care of it, probably deeming it nothing but a sweet little monkey of peculiar beauty left alone to take care of itself. Perhaps, had Ted's return been much longer delayed, it might have transferred it to a more congenial abode, and the baby might have been carried off to live in the forest from which, doubtless, its strange admirer had come.

CHAPTER XV.

LITTLE HAL.

It was wonderful what a change the discovery of the basket and its contents had made in the life of our young islander. He had now some object in life,—something to live for, something to work for ; and what was perhaps of as much consequence as anything else, something to get up for. Up to this time, it must be confessed Ted had been a great sluggard. If he had anything to do—well and good, he got up to do it ; but if the necessity of hunting for food was not pressing, he had not unfrequently passed hours in sleep which he by no means needed, and certainly had not earned.

Now, however, his household arrangements underwent a change ; with the baby clamouring to be up, Ted could not lie in bed ; and once up, this restless little being gave him employment enough. His great fear lest it should become ill and die, made him very particular about its food and washing. With such a splendid salt-water bath close at hand, his baby ought, he felt sure, to grow up strong

and healthy. Then it was so awkward to have only one change of clothes for the little thing, that he was forced to go a-hunting, and kill another goat, to have something to dress the child in. And then followed more awkward needlework ; and Ted almost broke his heart over the clumsy garments he manufactured, and was half inclined to think them worse than none. But the little fellow was perfectly contented with any dress, or indeed with none ; and rolled about on the sandy floor of the cave, making it ring with his merry cries as he romped with Dick and the kids.

He could not yet walk, and the sounds he made could not be called words ; so Ted made up his mind that he was not yet a year old, though he had but faint notions what size a child of a year old should be.

About his name Ted had some difficulty : the child's clothes were marked with the initials H. T. ; so it seemed natural to conclude that his name was Henry, Hugh, or Herbert, though of course it was quite possible it might be something which Ted had never heard of. But after due consideration he came to the determination to call him Henry, which name speedily became Harry, or Hal ; and the little one soon learned to reply to it in his pretty cooing way.

What his other name might be, it was of course useless to speculate, and Ted did not greatly care to

know. He had made up his mind that the baby should be his, and should henceforth have his name. That its parents were dead, it seemed impossible to doubt; and God—so Ted felt sure—had given it to him. Even supposing his fondest hopes should one day be realized, and he should return to England, it was scarcely possible that any one would appear to claim the child.

So little Hal became Ted's brother, and Ted's life brightened wonderfully. It was not long before he began to wonder how he could possibly have disliked babies as he once had done, or thought he had done; for, tiny thing as it was, little Hal soon became something of a companion to him, and every day his funny little ways became more amusing. Like all infants, he had of course his troubles and tumbles, small wants and desires which Ted dared not gratify, and hard bumps on the floor of the cave which at first alarmed his brother exceedingly.

In fact, the first catastrophe of the kind produced quite a scene in the cave, and no doubt the attention he excited was excessively soothing to the little monkey's feelings. He had managed to upset his cradle, and rolled out somewhat heavily on the hard floor, bruising his head, but doing himself no further damage; nevertheless it occurred to his silly little pate that he might as well make some commotion about it; and accordingly, as Ted did not immedi-

ately run to pick him up, he set himself to scream with all the strength of a very healthy pair of lungs. And his desire was successful : Ted verily thought he had broken some bone, or otherwise severely injured himself ; and both Dick and the goats were terrified beyond measure at the din caused by their little playmate. Seated on Ted's knee, with all four animals grouped around him, little Hal was at length satisfied with the interest he had aroused, and before long ceased crying, and began to pat Belle's nose and pull Dick's ears,—insults which they bore most patiently in their satisfaction at his recovery.

“ If he makes such a noise every time he tumbles, how shall I know when he's really hurt ? ” thought Ted. “ Perhaps he will show it then by making no noise at all. What queer things babies are ! But I suppose I shall get used to him some day.”

And so in time he did ; and having often heard it said that children are very disagreeable if they are spoiled, he tried to be what he considered very firm and determined with the little fellow ; though I suspect these efforts were not very regularly made, seeing it was not always easy to resist little Hal's coaxing ways. In fact, it was the little rogue's entreaties that put it into Ted's head, soon after the child's establishment as monarch of the cave, to add a very useless creature to their party. The first word the young gentleman completely mastered

was "Please," and all day long it was in use to obtain the gratification of his numerous small desires. Every pretty thing that came in his way, from the gigantic blossoms that grew on some of the trees, to the crabs which Ted caught, and which the baby thought most amusing playthings, was begged for by the constant repetition of this one word. And so pretty did it sound, that when the little one could scarcely be prevailed on to leave a part of the woods where a number of bright-coloured parrots were amusing themselves, so certain did he seem that they must be playthings expressly intended for him, Ted's brain was instantly at work devising plans for capturing one of these noisy birds for the sake of seeing little Hal's delight. It proved by no means a difficult task : the chattering creatures had no suspicion of any treasonable designs, and a splendid fellow was captured with a rough kind of net which Ted had contrived for the purpose. To get him home to the cave was, however, not so easy : the bird was furious when it found itself a prisoner, and dashed about in the basket in which Ted placed it, till he feared it would break its wings or kill itself in its rage.

Like Belle, it was, however, soon starved into submission, and allowed its master to clip its wings and secure it to a perch he had made to receive it, while Hal looked on admiringly, and could with

difficulty be restrained from stroking its splendid plumage.

"It will bite you horribly, Hal," Ted warned him, having himself ventured too near and received a sharp peck ; but the blue eyes looked lovingly at the beautiful creature, and Ted guessed that nothing but a peck would teach the child to keep his hands off the bird.

And he was right. Hal could not believe that



anything so very pretty could hurt him, and the consequence was that one fine day when Ted was busy just outside the cave, a loud cry reached his ears, and little Hal, who could just run alone by this time, came toddling towards him holding up a bleeding hand for his pity, and sobbing out that Polly did it, in a very rueful fashion.

It was necessary to bathe and bind up the wound; but Ted did not fail to let his small charge know

that he had brought the trouble on himself, and thenceforward the child was contented to admire at a safe distance; and when he wanted a harmless playfellow, Dick and the kids were always ready for a game. As for Dick, he had, of course, had a fit of jealousy when the brilliant-coloured bird occupied so much of little Hal's attention; and when the sharp beak inflicted such a severe wound on the child, whom he secretly almost worshipped, but for Ted's interference he would have finished the bird on the spot.

Privately, he was quite at a loss to understand what any one could find to like in such a biting, screaming creature—a creature that might be all very well at the top of a tree, but was certainly never intended to be anywhere else. For some time Dick's head ached terribly with the din the bird made; but as nobody ever troubles himself about a dog's headaches—why, he had to bear it as best he might. But after that attack of Polly on little Hal, Dick positively loathed the sight of the bird; and when she took to imitating everything the little fellow tried to say, his wrath nearly choked him. I believe he had an idea that Hal was not safe in the cave with Polly unless he was there to watch over the child; for instead of going out with Ted whenever he set his foot outside the cave, as had been his wont formerly, if the child was left at home, Dick generally seemed to prefer staying too.

And in truth he made a capital nurse, following Hal about wherever the little fellow crawled ; and if he went too near the entrance of the cave, quietly interfering by taking him up by the back of his frock as a cat would carry her kittens, and carrying him back to a safer spot. Ted would often find the pair on his return lying together on the floor of the cave sound asleep, little Hal's head pillowed on the dog's rough coat, while his little fat arm was thrown round the dog's neck. He had small need to be anxious about the child when away, for a better guardian than Dick he could scarcely have had, and till the child could walk well it was impossible to take him far from home.

In these long lonely hours Dick had much time to watch other things beside Hal and the kids, and much time to think over his grudge against the parrot. When Ted was at home, it was absolutely necessary to keep up the appearance of friendship with the hateful creature ; but as soon as his back was turned, the case was different. Then all his spare time and thoughts were directed towards the earnest effort to annoy and frighten Polly. This was not easy. She laughed at his growling, and kept far out of the reach of his paws, for Ted had placed her perch above his reach, and she could hop up the wall even higher still if so she pleased.

Clearly, then, there was small chance of killing and

eating her, which was a great pity, as Dick thought she would probably be very good to eat—setting aside the delight it would be to know that she was strangled, and her screaming stopped. But Dick could worry her, and worry her he did. Seating himself just beneath her perch, he would watch her every movement, keeping her strictly to her own premises, and never suffering her to come near either of his charges. She would scream at him, and he would growl at her, each trying which could be the most disagreeable, while little Hall laughed and clapped his hands, thinking it the greatest fun in the world.



CHAPTER XVI.

UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

It was surprising how fast the days flew by for some time after Ted's life was cheered by the acquisition of little Hal. The child gave him so much to do, and was such a merry little playfellow, that for awhile he forgot to pine after home and all he had lost ; but when the summer began to pass away, and still no ship came near the island, despair began again to take possession of him, and he would spend long hours on the rocks above the cave, gazing out over the sea in the vain hope of spying some sail approaching to his rescue.

He had been perched on this his favourite seat for some time one morning, when his eager eyes spied some dark spots far out at sea which he was quite at a loss to account for. At first he fancied they must be caused by a shoal of fish ; but not satisfied with this explanation, he watched till they came nearer, and then gradually the conviction forced itself upon him that they were not fish, but boats,—a very different matter, for boats meant men, and what men could these be ?

Possibly another ship had come to grief on some of the sharp points of rock that made these seas dangerous, and their boats might be bringing her crew to his island. How Ted's heart beat at the thought! For a moment he felt as if he should go wild with joy; but then came a sobering thought: These boats were not crowded as they would doubtless have been had they been filled with the whole crew of a large vessel; and, besides, they were five or six in number. No, they could not be from any ship in distress,—it was impossible; and the heart that had beaten so wildly a minute before, almost ceased to throb as the word "savages" involuntarily suggested itself. Yes, these boats were far more like islanders' canoes than any boats that had ever been built in a civilized land. As they drew nearer,—for they were apparently approaching the island,—Ted was forced most reluctantly to acknowledge this; and then came the thought, what should he do?

Concealed under some long grass, he lay and watched the approach of these dreaded boats, trying, but almost hopelessly, to calm the agitation of his thoughts sufficiently to make some plans. But his head whirled round; he could think of nothing; and as if in a dream he gazed at the boats, counting them over and over as if their number were the only matter of importance.

But their rapid approach roused him to action at

last. He could plainly see that they carried each several men of a dark colour, and apparently they were making for the shore,—fortunately, however, not exactly in the same direction as his home lay.

Still, if they landed, it might be to take up their abode on the island. Ted almost died with terror at the bare thought. What would become of him, little Hal, and Dick? Well, for the present all he



could do would be to find, if possible, some better hiding-place than the cave, the mouth of which was so plainly visible from the shore that he could hardly dare to hope it would not be perceived; and as he crept stealthily down the most secluded paths to the shore, he racked his brain to the utmost to think of some suitable place. It must not be far distant, for with that heavy baby to carry, and some few provisions, he dared not venture any great distance; and yet, if

near the shore, how could he make sure that the child's prattling should be unheard, even supposing the more manageable Dick could be coaxed into quietness?

Altogether, the difficulties were almost overwhelming; and Ted, nearly paralyzed by fear, had never felt so stupid and helpless in his life. Happily, as he ran back to the cave, his eye lit on a niche in the rocks which he had before noticed, and which it now occurred to him would make a tolerable hiding-place, if he could find no better. It was at some distance from the shore, hidden among tall shrubs, and the entrance nearly covered by large ferns and creeping plants. It was but a tiny hole; nevertheless it would contain him, Hal, and the dog; and perhaps it would escape observation; but on this point Ted's hopes were small. For how could he make Dick comprehend the need of silence? and if he did but bark, all would be up with them.

But he had wronged poor Dick, who had twice the sense his master gave him credit for; and who, though he could not speak, could perfectly well understand the drift of Ted's instructions, as he warned him and Hal that some wicked men were coming who would kill and eat them if they made the least sound, or let themselves be seen.

Having thus thoroughly frightened them both, Ted contrived to get them conducted in perfect silence

from the cave by byways to the place he had fixed upon. Little Hal trembled and sobbed with terror, as he clung with all his might round Ted's neck ; and Dick slunk behind with drooping tail and ears laid back. Ted almost wished that he had hidden the truth from the little boy when he saw his fright, and found himself at a loss how to soothe him ; but he had effectually succeeded in quieting him, and that was a matter of the utmost importance.

Hidden by the leaves and rocks, Ted could still look forth from his hole over the sea, and watch the proceedings of the dreaded visitors. Dick was equally anxious to see all that was to be seen ; but his master, fearing that his wrath would break bounds if he caught sight of the dark figures, contrived to drive him back into the further end of their hiding-place. Even then he seemed to have some notion of what was passing, and with difficulty restrained an occasional growl.

As to little Hal, the hole was such a funny place, that in looking about him, and watching the antics of some lizards which their entrance had disturbed, he almost forgot his fright ; and Ted was careful that he should get no glimpse of what was passing on the beach, nor of the strange figures that were making his heart throb with alarm.

For one after another the canoes approached the beach, were pulled up on the rocks, and a number of

wild-looking beings, between twenty and thirty in number, landed from them. Their loud voices, as they chattered among themselves, reached Ted's ears, and made Dick fidget, and little Hal look grave again. What was the object of these people in making their appearance on this island, Ted was at a loss to imagine; but he watched their every movement with much anxiety, bent on discovering whether they were merely making a visit, or intended to settle there.

And as he watched them, it seemed to him as if he must be asleep, and dreaming some frightful dream, such as had once or twice disturbed him since he had lived alone on the island. Savages—real naked savages—he had never seen before; and their wild gestures and shrill cries made him shiver with disgust and horror. Still it was some relief to find that they had no notion that the island had any other inhabitants; Ted only feared lest their loud chattering should irritate Dick beyond endurance, and lead him to betray them and their hiding-place.

Whatever their strange visitors had come for, their first object apparently was to obtain some cocoa-nuts and yams; and for this purpose several of them repaired to the little wood before mentioned, which on one side of the island ran almost down to the sea-shore. Others of them set to work to collect wood and kindle a fire; and while thus occupied, more than one quarrel, to judge from their gestures, took place;

and blows were exchanged, which Ted congratulated himself were aimed at each other, and not at him or his baby.

After what seemed a terribly long time, the whole party reassembled, and proceeded to cook and eat their dinner. What this consisted of, Ted could not be sure. There was much noise and quarrelling, shouting and screaming, raw meat snatched and torn and flung about among them ; but their operations were carried forward at too great a distance for this to be clearly seen by our hero. The sight was horrible enough, at any rate,—this group of squalling, screaming savages, squatted on the ground, or dancing and yelling their savage songs, till even the sea-fowl flew away affrighted, or watched them at a safe distance from the tops of the rocks and trees.

Long hours wore away ; some of the party lay down to sleep ; and then, to Ted's indescribable relief, the party showed some inclination to betake themselves to their boats. Little Hal had long before fallen asleep, and Dick had alternately dozed and grumbled. He hated the confinement, and fidgeted to get out of the hole ; and it needed all Ted's powers of persuasion to keep him quiet and concealed from view. Oh, the intense relief it would be if the dreadful beings would quit the island before the night closed in ! But so little harmony existed among them that Ted

scarcely dared to hope for anything so delightful. The long anxiety of those dreadful hours had so tired him out, that, in spite of his fears, he could with difficulty keep his eyes open to watch the end of the savage picnic. His eyes were dazed with gazing, and his head ached from all the terror and anxiety he had gone through. If they would only go, and leave him sole monarch of the island again, it seemed to him that he should never more grumble at the solitude, or complain that the quiet and stillness were more than he could bear. Thinking this, his heart gave one great bound of delight as he heard the keel of a canoe scraping on the rock, and saw that two of the biggest and most hideously tattooed of the savages were pushing off. Whether they were chiefs or men in authority, Ted had no means of guessing; but apparently their example was considered worthy of imitation; and in process of time, first one and then another canoe was launched, and, receiving its crew, set off from the shore.

And thus this horrible day ended. When all were fairly afloat, and at some distance from the island, Ted ventured to creep forth from his hole and gaze around him. Dick gladly followed his master; and little Hal, fresh from his long sleep, came out as blithe as a bird. The hole had been a very funny place to play at hide and seek in;

but Hal thought the open air much pleasanter, and was quite disposed for a good game on the sand with Dick. And while these two, all unconscious of the perils they had escaped, were rolling over and over in their merry games, Ted sat down on the sea-shore, and, burying his face in his hands, burst into such a flood of tears as he had not shed for a long while. The weight of anxiety was gone for the time at least, and Ted wanted to thank God for having preserved them; but for some time he could do nothing but cry and sob,—though of course he called himself a fool, and wondered what he was crying about.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRAVELS.

ONCE safe back in his cave, with little Hal and his animals around him, Ted felt as if he should never wish for anything in the world beyond the peace and safety of that hour. Other islands could be seen from the cliffs above his cave; and he now plainly saw that had it been his lot to have been shipwrecked near the shores of some of these, he might have been carried into the midst of savages such as he had that day watched—a fate too horrible to be thought of without shuddering. How much better was his lot, dull and solitary though it was, yet “monarch of all he surveyed,” with plenty of food at hand, and one little heart to love him—even if Dick’s affection was not worth considering.

But when these feelings of thankfulness and increased contentment had somewhat abated, Ted’s mind began to be greatly occupied with speculations as to the probable home of these his late most unwelcome visitors. That the boats they came in could have travelled very far, even on a calm day, he

thought hardly likely ; but yet he had never as yet discovered any land near enough to give him any uneasiness. Could there be any island nearer than those he had often seen when gazing over the sea on the look-out for ships? Much thinking on this subject led him at last to form the resolution of making another journey of exploration—this time all round the island, that he might be satisfied that he



knew all there was to be known, and had seen all there was to be seen.

The days were long, and the nights were warm; and thinking that it would be well to carry out the scheme which he had in his head before the wet weather set in, Ted began considering what preparations would be necessary to be made ere

starting on a journey which would probably occupy some days.

It would be a serious business, for he could not now, as before, shoulder a hatchet and set off on his travels alone and unencumbered. His baby must go with him ; but this was a simpler matter than might at first sight appear. For Master Hal, though still unable to walk steadily, had learnt of late to ride safely and comfortably on Dick's back ; and Dick on his side had gradually taught himself to pace steadily and demurely along when entrusted with the charge of this most precious burden.

Had it been otherwise, Ted would have considered some time before undertaking such a journey,—for Hal was no feather, and Ted's arms were unused to the part of nursemaid.

"To go for a long ride on Dick—dear Dick!" was in Hal's opinion a most glorious idea ; to sleep in the woods would be equally delightful ; and the little fellow chuckled and crowed in a prolonged ecstasy over the bundle of things—food and necessities—which Ted was getting ready.

The constant "Why?" of the little fellow was sometimes wearisome, especially when Ted's thoughts were busied with the difficulties he had to encounter, and the ways and means of providing food for his family.

The goats were perfectly capable of providing for

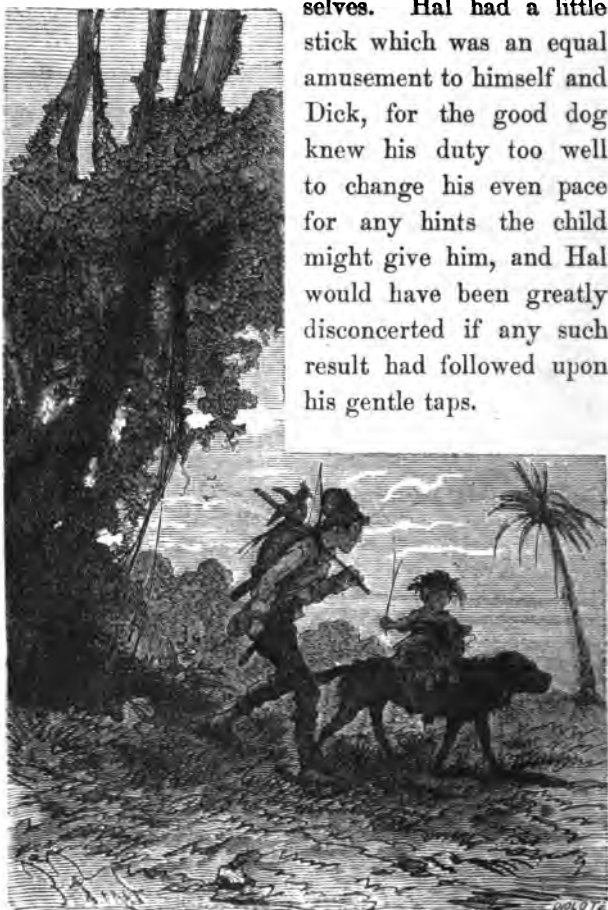
themselves, tethered by a long cord which would prevent them from straying far, and yet leave them free to find fodder for themselves. Polly, too, Ted had fully meant to leave to her own devices, feeling sure she would contrive somehow or other to find food for herself in the cave or near it; but the worthy bird had other plans for herself. Probably she had grown fond of human society, and had no mind for solitude; for when she had watched all the preparations, and saw the little party about to set out, she hopped deliberately down from the ledge of rock on which she usually spent the greater part of her time, and settled herself on Ted's shoulder, as if she would say, "If you please, I mean to go with you."

Nor was she to be easily dislodged. Again and again Ted shook her off, and tried to make her comprehend that he had no intention of carrying her along with him; but Polly refused resolutely to take the hint, and the matter was at last settled by little Hal's adding his entreaties that Polly should go too.

So as her weight was no serious addition to the burden Ted had already assigned himself, the bird got her own way, though Dick, watching the whole proceeding, was inclined to think that if that odious bird was going, he for his part would rather be left behind. But as that could not be, the whole party

started from the cave one bright morning in the best of spirits, determined if possible to enjoy them-

selves. Hal had a little stick which was an equal amusement to himself and Dick, for the good dog knew his duty too well to change his even pace for any hints the child might give him, and Hal would have been greatly disconcerted if any such result had followed upon his gentle taps.



Dick had grown wondrous grave and sedate of late, or it would have fared ill with his little rider, who could hardly have been expected to keep his seat had his steed indulged in the frolics he had been wont to love when no child formed part of the family.

But now care for his little charge prevailed over all old tastes ; and though his nose occasionally snuffed the ground, and his ears stood up erect as some light-footed creature darted off at his coming, by a violent effort he maintained his steady pace, and let the rabbits or hares, or whatever they were, look after themselves.

Possibly they may have been inclined to look upon him as a very tame kind of animal ; but Dick cared little what they thought, though the reflection that they had escaped must have been bitter to his soul. The party started, as I said, in good spirits, determined to enjoy themselves. Little Hal had, fortunately, got up on the right side of his bed—(like most young gentlemen he sometimes made a mistake in this particular)—and was most lively and talkative. “ We are going to see the world,” Ted had told him, and accordingly the little fellow’s eyes were wide open to see all that was to be seen.

“ It was a very large place,” he soon began to think, and in his baby language attempted to display his admiration : “ What dat ? ” “ What dis ? ” was his

constant cry; and at last he fairly tumbled off Dick's back in an ecstasy of delight at a bright-coloured cactus blossom which they passed on their road.

Then they entered a small corner of the large wood which covered the greater part of the island, and Hal was for a time awed into silence by the darkness caused by the thick foliage. But the bright parrots chattering and screaming among the boughs soon attracted his attention, and he was more than half inclined to cry because Ted positively declined to catch some of them for him. When the sun grew hot, they halted under the shadow of some high shrubs, and both Dick and the baby lay down on the ground, and soon fell asleep. Ted felt very drowsy too, but this part of the country being quite unknown to him, he felt afraid to allow himself to sleep, lest any harm should befall little Hal.

Possibly it was as well that he had been thus careful, for in the intense stillness of the midday heat the sound of a rustling in the long dry grass near at hand fell upon his ear: there was something in that creepy, crawling sound that made him turn suddenly cold; and cautiously laying little Hal down on the grass—still sound asleep, he stole on tiptoe to the spot whence the sound proceeded. There he saw a large snake,—much larger than any he had before met with,—evidently bent on enjoying its dinner, and consequently quite unaware of the presence of any

neighbours. This same dinner was, however, by no means so ready to be eaten as ordinary beings would wish their food to be. But the snake being quite content to eat his victuals raw, was apparently also of opinion that it signified very little whether his food was alive or dead. Naturally enough, however, his prey, a large frog, was of a different opinion ; he was far from resigned to his fate : to be killed, was probably not precisely what he wished ; but to be eaten alive, was more than any one could be expected to bear. On the part of the snake, it was evident he had not an easy task, but it was also plain that he had no intention of giving up the game.

It might be awkward to swallow a creature that wouldn't keep still while the process went forward ; but the snake persevered ; and when Ted came to the spot, the poor frog, though still croaking piteously, had almost given itself up for lost : its hind legs were fast disappearing down the gaping mouth of the snake, and its struggles were waxing weaker and weaker.

For a minute or two, Ted stood and watched this curious scene with astonishment and interest ; he had never seen a snake gulping down its food before ; and though pitying the victim, he was curious to know what the end of the battle would be. But in a few minutes it became but too evident that the poor frog was nearly done for, and then he thought it was

time to interfere. He had no love for snakes ; and with his baby boy close at hand, it was most certainly advisable to put an end to this one, and that without much loss of time : why then should he wait till it had finished the poor frog ? Thinking thus, Ted stole softly back to the spot where he had been resting, and where his little hatchet was lying. Hal and Dick were still sound asleep ; and without disturbing them, he fetched his weapon, and crept back to the scene of the battle.

It was a slow process, for though the prey was feeble, it was evidently very unwilling to die so ignominious a death, and resisted with all its might the steady efforts of its enemy.

"I'll not need to make two hits at him ; he might slip away and give me some trouble," Ted said to himself, as he brought his hatchet down on the reptile's neck, completely severing the head from the body. "Bravo, that's well done ! Now, Mr. Frog, you may march about your business, if you please, —that's to say if you can get out of the creature's mouth, for I'm not sure that I shall feel inclined to help you."

Apparently the frog's energies were not so entirely exhausted as they had at first appeared. Greatly astonished and somewhat stunned by the blow which had given him freedom and life, he paused for a minute to stare about him and blink his eyes ;

then, drawing first one leg and then the other from the imprisoning jaws, he hopped forth, and limped rather feebly away into the long grass, glad of its shelter, and doubtless resolved to avoid the near neighbourhood of snakes in future.

By this time little Hal was awake, roused by Ted's exclamation of triumph, and eager to know what had happened. Dick too sprang up, and came to smell and examine the dead body of the snake, which seemed to excite in him the strongest feelings of disgust. Little Hal looked at it with shrinking fear, and, clinging to Ted, began to whimper, which he but seldom did. "Don't like him, don't like him," said the little fellow; and Ted lost no time in leading him from the spot, for he had determined beforehand that if possible he would prevent his baby from seeing any horrid sights, lest they should make him dream. During the hottest part of the day they rested; and when it became cooler, Hal mounted Dick again, and they went on their way. The progress thus made was but slow, and it was also necessary to encamp for the night at an early hour, the little boy becoming so sleepy that he positively could not keep awake, or sit up on the dog's back.

Ted made him as good a bed as he could in the open air, and covered him up with heaps of long grass, which reminded him painfully of the games he had had at home with his sisters and cousins in his

father's hayfields. And while the child slept, he sat beside him, and watched him, till all fear of molestation from wild animals passed away, and he too fell asleep, and slept like a top till the bright sunlight woke him.



CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ALARM.

THEY had not made much way that first day : Ted had been so afraid of exposing his baby to the heat of the sun, that many hours had been spent in the shade of the tree ferns, half asleep and half awake ; and when the cool evening came, when travelling would be pleasant, Master Hal must needs become very sleepy, and show plainly that he thought it was near bedtime. It was therefore with the consciousness that they had still a great deal to do that Ted awoke the next morning and resolved to make the most of the cool hours of the early day to get on their way. The night in the open air had made him feel rather stiff, for in his anxiety to secure the child from all danger of catching cold, he had stripped himself of clothing he could ill spare, and awoke feeling chilly and uncomfortable.

“ But a good walk will set me all right,” he said to himself, as he watched Hal throwing off his coverings of grass, and trying to obtain a firm footing on the slippery turf. *He* was well enough, and quite

ready to be off, it was plain ; and before long they were again on their way, in the same order in which they had started the day before.

It was fortunate that the little fellow was extremely good-tempered, rarely whimpering, and still more seldom indulging in a regular cry. He was, moreover, fully convinced that this journey was a special treat for himself ; and fancied that unless he was good and sat quite still on Dick's back, he would be left behind all by himself under the bushes.

That Ted could carry him was he had the sense to see clearly impossible. Ted had enough and more than enough to carry as it was. It was besides such an endless source of amusement to be carried by Dick right through the long grass, the blades of which flapped in his face and tickled him. But in the course of this day both Ted and Hal had a terrible fright, which, for a time at least, made the former wish that he had never thought of the journey.

They had reached a little stream, which was a glad sight indeed, as they had not found any water to wash in or to drink since they had started ; and Ted at least, if not Dick and Hal, was longing for a bathe. Probably the child had not thought much about the matter, but he was highly delighted to find himself set to dabble in the running water, while Dick and Ted bathed in the deeper parts.

After awhile the little fellow crawled on to the bank again, and sat there drying himself in the sun, laughing at the gambols of his friend Dick, and watching Ted as he swam up and down the little stream.

Suddenly there was a sharp loud cry from the bank, which brought both Ted and Dick out of the water in double-quick time, for neither could hear that little voice raised to such a pitch by terror or pain without being seized with fear, and rushing to the child's help.

They found him almost convulsed with fright or pain—Ted was at a loss to know which ; but the cause was plain enough : a hideous black creature—a scorpion Ted felt sure it was—had fastened on his fat little foot, and from the child's cries Ted feared it had stung him.

But when, without a minute's loss of time, Ted snatched the creature off, and killed it by means of a huge stone which he let fall suddenly on it, to his great relief Hal's cries suddenly ceased—as suddenly as they had begun. "The ugly b'ack 'sing, gone," his terror seemed gone too ; but knowing nothing of the bites or stings inflicted by these animals, Ted was for some time afraid lest the sting had been given, though he could find no trace of any mischief about the child.

"Perhaps a scorpion's bite doesn't show : how I

wish I knew what it looks like," he said to himself, as he caressed the little foot, and could find no scar of any sort to show where the creature had been. "And if he has been stung, I'd give something to know what's the proper thing to do to him. Let's see: can it be the same as a snake bite? I remember hearing of a man who had been bitten by a poisonous snake,—he was a soldier, I think,—who took his sword and cut the piece clean out, and then stopped the bleeding by putting a burning piece of wood straight out of the fire on to the place. I wonder whether I ought to do something of that kind to Hal, poor mite of a thing! I really don't believe I could. Only think of having to cut a piece out of this fat foot, and then burn it! Horrid! how the poor little chap would howl! No, I couldn't do it; and besides, if it ought to be done, of course it should be at once, before the poison gets into the blood. Well, then, the mischief's done, I suppose, if the child is bitten, which I can hardly believe,—he looks all right. Hal, boy, do you feel bad anywhere, any pain anywhere—here, or here, or here?" and he touched different parts of the child's body.

"Bad pain, no," said Hal confidently; "ugly b'ack fish gone away,—you did kill him."

"Yes, but did he hurt Hal? did he bite Hal—make him sore anywhere?" inquired Ted eagerly. But the child looked puzzled, and only stared at him.

"Don't you understand me, Hal? I want to know whether the ugly creature hurt your foot. Did he bite it hard, and make it sore?"

"No, no; no hurt Hal," said the child reassuringly.

"Then what made you scream so loud, Hal?"

"He fright me so much," said the little fellow, shivering at the remembrance, and clinging more closely to Ted for protection. He could scarcely believe the ugly thing would come back no more, and was not to be reassured till he had himself fetched a number of small stones to heap on the large one which had crushed his enemy.

When at last convinced that it must be "quite, quite dead," he laughed merrily once more; and Ted tried to feel happy about him, hoping that he was right in thinking that he was not really hurt.

But though not hurt, the fright had been rather too much for the little fellow, and his sleep that night was so restless and disturbed by dreams that Ted sat up by his side during most part of it watching him. In fact, the most loving mother could scarcely have been more anxious about an only child than Ted was whenever his child was troubled with an ache or pain, a bad dream or a tumble. But with the darkness the feverishness disappeared, and daylight found Hal as well as usual, chattering like a magpie and as merry as a cricket. Occasionally the thought of the

"ugly black thing" seemed to recur to his mind, and he was half inclined to object to his morning bath, lest more scorpions should come after him again. However, the sparkling water was too great a temptation; and before long all fears were forgotten, as he splashed about like a little fish, and laughed at the tiny waves which his frolics produced.

The stream in which they had bathed, and along the course of which they were travelling, was full of a tiny kind of fish which at once attracted the notice of Master Hal. He chuckled with delight as he clutched them with his fat little hands, and brought one or two struggling and panting ashore. That they were toys put there for his special delectation, he never for a moment doubted; and when Dick came up and made off with one of his prizes, which he then and there devoured without form or ceremony, the little fellow made a very wry face, and seemed to think himself very much aggrieved.

"Lots more for you, Hal," Ted said consolingly; and thereupon the little face grew round again, and the fishing with the fat hands went on more vigorously than ever.

"A dainty breakfast you've got there, you and Dick, Hal," Ted observed, as the child threw two of the slippery creatures on to the grass, and sat staring at them as they floundered hopelessly about,

panting for the water of their native stream. "They don't like lying there. We'll cook them, and have them for breakfast."

The child looked doubtful whether the fish were likely to consider this any improvement in their circumstances; but the word breakfast had charms of a special kind for him; and as there were plenty more fish to be played with in the stream, he made no objection to these being cooked and eaten.

Their onward way on this day led them across a wide stretch of country covered chiefly with such long grass, and so many prickly kinds of cactus and other tropical plants, that they made but slow progress. Dick's steady march was more than once arrested by a sharp thorn running into his foot, which had to be extracted before they could proceed any further; Hal's fat legs got some severe scratches; and Ted was thankful indeed that he had not started on this journey without providing himself with boots which, rough and clumsy as they were, were yet some protection from the thorny plants that came in his way.

But before they left the banks of the little stream, Ted secured a supply of some long flexible canes which grew there, and which it had occurred to him would be most useful to weave into baskets or seats. Laden with them, in addition to his other baggage, he was a wonderful figure, and Dick looked wist-

fully at the burden his master bore, as if he longed to relieve him of some of the weight.

And as the heat of the day increased, and the scratches and prickles became almost unbearable, Ted was glad that they drew near a part of the island where the trees, though not densely thick,



were sufficiently numerous to afford some shade. Above all things, he feared to expose little Hal to the intense heat of the sun during many hours of the day; and, with the weight of the burden he bore, he foresaw that it would soon be necessary to lie down and rest.

On they went; and as they advanced, some sounds which broke upon the intense stillness which usually reigned around them gave Ted the impression that this wood was more the haunt of wild animals than any other part of the country which he had yet visited.

Instinctively he grasped his hatchet more firmly, and glanced cautiously about him as they proceeded on their way. Little Hal, too, ceased his merry chatter, and looked rather anxiously around him: "ugly black things" were the object of his special dread, and from his face it appeared that he was fearful lest they should drop on him from the boughs overhead, or spring upon him from among the large leaves that Dick separated on his path.

But no black things appeared; the little fellow's terror, never very serious, soon passed away; the chattering of some birds, parrots or macaws, high above his head, amused him so much that in staring after them he more than once lost his seat on Dick's back, and rolled over among the long grass.

But being round like a little ball, and soft as India-rubber, these tumbles were only amusing, and helped to enliven the day. Dick, it must be owned, had some fears lest he should be blamed for what he knew quite well was no fault of his; but when he discovered that no one cried, and that no bones were broken, he was as much amused as anybody,

and capered about till it was difficult to reduce him to a state of obedience again. But in spite of these frolics there were sounds in the wood that made Ted uneasy; how near or how distant they were he found it hard to guess, but near or distant they were alarming, as he was quite at a loss to know whence they came. Whether other wild-cats like the one he had met on his previous excursion were abroad, and quarrelling among themselves, he could not determine; but he resolved to keep a good lookout, and not to be taken by surprise.

Thus it chanced that when at a sudden turn he came face to face with the danger he was anticipating, he was walking a few paces in advance of his dog and the child, and by this circumstance gained a few moments to consider what was to be done.

There right before him, hanging in the most grotesque way from the branches, chattering, grinning and screaming, were some twenty monkeys. How much mischief they were capable of doing, Ted could not guess; but he was heartily relieved to see that at sight of them Dick fairly turned round and carried off his charge into a safer part, as he deemed it, of the wood. It was for Hal far more than himself Ted feared; and now that he was out of sight, and as he hoped unperceived by them, Ted had no fear for himself. In the last few



AN ENCOUNTER.



months he had become bolder by far ; and though the screams grew louder, and the chattering was redoubled at sight of him, confident in the use he could make of his hatchet, he set himself to disperse or kill them as fast as might be.

Three soon lay wriggling in the agonies of death ; and just as three more were dropping down from the branches to join in the fray, Dick, having left little Hal at what he deemed a safe distance, ran up breathless to do his part in the battle, and effected a diversion which was highly welcome to his master.

For encumbered as he was by one monkey on his back, and another clinging to his clothing, it was not by any means easy to disconcert their attacks ; but at sight of Dick, five or six turned all their fury on him ; they screamed and yelled ; and though he had pinned one tight to the earth, and held him fast there, others crowded upon him, till he could not free himself from the grasp of their long wiry arms.

But that hatchet dealt fearful blows. Ted was surprised at his own strength, and at the success which attended his efforts, active as they might be ; and most terribly active they certainly were ; their bones were small and slight, and broken heads, broken backs, and broken legs were not exactly what these mischievous little assailants had antici-

pated when they set upon the new kind of monkey who had dared to show himself in their wood.

The screaming and yelling was gradually exchanged for groans and sobs that were more like human cries of distress than anything Ted had heard for many a long day. It was a relief to see that his assailants were getting the worst of it; but when the wounded lay exhausted at his feet, and those that were still unwounded thought it time to beat a retreat, it was with feelings of something very much akin to regret that he looked down at the dying monkeys, and felt as if he had been killing creatures very much like human beings. One small monkey lay on the ground and sobbed till it died; another looked piteously mournful and reproachful, as if reflecting that its merry gambols in the trees had been cut short most unnecessarily, and wondering what it had done to deserve such usage as it had met with at the hands of this invader of its territory.

CHAPTER XIX.

SICKNESS.

THE discordant cries of the monkeys, who were retreating discomfited from the field of battle, were long heard as they betook themselves to the thicker parts of the wood ; and as Ted listened to them, and rejoiced at their departure, the only fear that remained was lest they should have designs of vengeance, and shortly reappear with a reinforcement which it would be more difficult to be rid of. Dick had lost no time in returning to the spot where he had left little Hal ; and as his master followed him, he was busy turning over in his mind the difficult question whether, considering what had occurred, it would not be wiser to leave the shade of the wood, and pursue some other course than the one they had taken in hopes of finding shelter from the sun's rays. Of all things he dreaded another attack of the monkeys, which might be much more serious than the last, if little Hal should chance to be the object of their attentions. Ted had somewhere heard or read that monkeys have been known to carry off

babies ; and though, considering the small size of these monkeys, that was hardly likely to be the case, it was quite possible that their long arms and wiry fingers might inflict some serious damage if once they set upon the child. Then the incident of the scorpion had pretty well proved that Hal was not unlikely to be terribly frightened if he was met or attacked by one of these jumping, springing creatures ; so, on further consideration, Ted resolved to quit the wood, and proceed no further in that direction.

There were other parts of the island still unexplored ; and though the shade of the high trees seemed extremely desirable, the risk in the open country was doubtless much less serious.

Afterwards, Ted was inclined to wish that he had kept to his first resolution, and avoided the great heat of the fields and hills at any risk ; but at first all went well. Hal, always quiet and awed by the darkness of the woods, seemed to recover his spirits as soon as they left the trees behind them, and for awhile chattered merrily enough about the flowers, the grass, and the bright-coloured humming-birds that flitted hither and thither in the sunlight. But gradually he grew silent ; and though Dick was as steady and trusty a steed as ever, the little fellow became so drowsy that he could not keep his seat on the good dog's back ; and when he tumbled off, instead of

laughing merrily, as was his wont, at his mischance, he began to cry dismally, and at length resisted all Ted's attempts to place him again on Dick's back.

"So tired! so s'eeepy!" was his cry; and when at length Ted yielded, and gave up the hope of pushing on any further till the heat of the day was over, the little fellow nestled in his arms, and sank into so profound a sleep that it was plain to proceed further was quite impossible. The child was evidently quite worn out.

"But a good sleep will set him up and make him all right again," Ted said to himself. "I'm often horribly sleepy when I've been out in the air for a long time together. Well, I'll let him sleep his sleep out, poor little fellow. I won't wake him."

Ted, however, had little idea how long that sleep would last, nor how deep and deathlike it would become. The day wore on, and gradually the truth forced itself upon his mind that the heat had been too much for the child, and that some of the dreadful fevers which people have in hot countries had been the consequence of the over-fatigue and heat.

Thereupon all kinds of horrible fears took possession of him. He had been dragging the poor child about, and perhaps killing it, simply for his own amusement, and because he wanted to see the country. Common sense ought to have told him that babies cannot be treated as grown-up people,

and that exposure that would do him no harm at all must be bad for a tiny child like Hal. And now the child was ill, and he had not the faintest notion what to do with it. No doctor, no chemist's shop to go to, not even the cool roof of the cave over his head. Ted began most bitterly to repent the journey which he had taken : once at home again, he told himself, he would not let any hopes of useful discoveries lead him into such a rash and dangerous mistake. And then came misgivings that these resolutions might be too late : little Hal might for all he knew be even now dying. He knew very little of sickness, and nothing of death. How could he possibly tell when it was approaching ?

But Ted had before this discovered that regrets are useless things ; and after sitting for some time watching the sleeping child, it suddenly occurred to him that the slight shade afforded by some high bushes might be increased in a great measure if he could devise some sort of extempore awning or tent over the child. This was not very difficult : some strong sticks driven into the ground, and others fastened lengthways between them, formed a framework, on which he laid heaps of the long flags and grass which grew in abundance around him, until Hal was effectually screened from the intense heat, and from the glaring light of the sun. Then again Ted sat himself down by the side of his little invalid, and

watched that heavy unnatural slumber with a heart full of heaviness, and anxious overwhelming dread. What would he have given for any one to tell him whether he should try to rouse the child from his sleep or let him sleep on! "Surely he must want food," he thought: but no, to all appearance Hal wanted nothing but sleep; and though he feared and doubted whether such sleep could be good for him, it seemed hard to wake him, and after a long struggle with himself Ted forbore attempting to rouse him. Thus the day wore away,—the very longest day he had ever known, it seemed to Ted,—longer far than those first days on the island when he lay on the beach and abandoned himself to hopeless misery; for then sorrow, fatigue, and despondency had many times been forgotten in sleep; but now nothing would have induced him to close his eyes, lest perchance Hal should awake and call for anything. And then a still longer night began, for in the darkness he had not even the satisfaction of watching the face of his little charge; only from time to time he satisfied himself that he was still alive by touching the little burning hands, and recalling the one thing he knew about death, and that was that dead people were always cold.

Had they chanced to have been in any other place, Ted would have made a fire to secure them from all fear of attacks from wild animals, and also to give

him some light in his task of watching ; but he dared not venture to kindle a blaze on the spot where they were, which was covered with long dry grass ready to catch fire if a spark had dropped among it. No, snakes might crawl over his precious baby, bats might flap their great wings overhead,—there was no help for it, the night must be passed in darkness, and Ted could only pray that he might never have to spend such another. At length the gray dawn broke, and with the first gleams of light Ted began to breathe more freely : all troubles seem worst in the dark, and he was beginning to feel that he could bear anything but the horrible suspense the darkness brought with it. To be able to leave off guessing how Hal looked, and see for himself every change in his dear little face, would make his anxiety bearable ; and, besides, the cool air of the morning might bring some improvement in the child's state.

And it did. By degrees the sleep became less sound, the red lips began to move, and the deep crimson flush grew paler on the child's face. The hands were not so burning-hot as they had been throughout the day before, and the child began to move, and show some signs of consciousness.

All this Ted saw with delight, though with an indefinite fear that something he had once heard said about people often seeming better just before they died might be realized in Hal's case.

Then arose the question, should they continue where they were for that day and another night, or should he leave all his other burdens behind, and taking Hal in his arms find his way back by the shortest possible paths to his cave? How far he had to go, and which would be the shortest way, he had no conception; but the thought of another day and another night in that spot seemed almost intolerable. If it had only been safe to light a fire, the matter would have been different; but as Ted glanced over the wide plain of waving grass, almost brown from the scorching rays of the sun, and recalled a horrible story he had once read of a prairie on fire, he shuddered, and resolved to run no such risk, whatever might befall them in the darkness: to be burnt or roasted to death was not a prospect he felt capable of encountering. On the other hand, to move Hal seemed almost equally risky. If the fever was going, might not any movement, any chance exposure to the sun such as it might be impossible for him to prevent before they reached home, bring it all back again? and then what hope would he have that Hal would be able to struggle through, with no doctor, no medicine, and but a poor kind of nurse?

No, to Ted's mind, the more he considered the matter, the plainer it seemed that, for the present at least, it would be wisest and safest to stay where they were. It cost him a good deal to come to this

decision, for the remembrance of the monkeys, the snake, and the scorpion was perpetually recurring to his mind ; and though in the daylight he feared none of these creatures, he could not bear to think of what they might do if they found them out in the dark hours. But the fact of having lived through one time of danger often gives us courage to face another, and by continually thinking of it throughout the day, Ted gradually grew used to the thought of the darkness, and the long time of watching which was inevitable ; and as the second night approached he was surprised to find that he could bear what had before seemed so unbearable, and hope and trust to be protected, as he knew he had been the night before.

Possibly his own helplessness taught him to trust. There was One who had cared for little children, who had blessed them, taken them in His holy arms and laid His hands upon them: perhaps, then, He would take care of Hal, his lonely baby on that lonely island. The wild animals obeyed His will ; and He could, Ted knew well, keep bats and snakes and all hurtful things far away from the sick baby.

How this thought, when it came to him, soothed and cheered Ted, it is impossible to say ; but that next night, so much was his fear removed that, instead of spending the hours staring with terrified eyes into the darkness, he ventured to lie down by Hal's side

and doze away some of the hours of darkness, feeling pretty confident that any movement of the child would be sure to awaken him, and that while he lay still and slept he could do no good by watching him. A sudden chill awoke him just as there was light enough to see that a big toad had dropped through the rough kind of roof he had erected, and had fallen on to his face. The start woke him up most effectually, and Mr. Toad found himself taken roughly by one leg and whirled far away into the air, to come down at some distance greatly shaken and dismayed, wondering doubtless what had happened to him, and what strange power had sent him flying through the air like a bird.

Ted meanwhile was rubbing his face most vehemently to try to rid himself of the chill clammy feeling the touch of the toad had produced ; and not immediately thinking of Hal, he was surprised to see him, when he glanced that way, gazing at him in great astonishment, as if just awaking from a long and strange dream.

Those blue eyes had been fixed on Ted several times the day before ; but the dreamy, half-unconscious gaze they then directed towards him had passed away. Hal knew quite well now that Budda was stooping over him, and was ready with his morning kiss, though his head was still heavy and reluctant to leave the pillow of grass that Ted had placed beneath it the day before.

"You're not so sleepy now, are you, Hal?" Ted exclaimed, transported with delight to find himself recognized again ; and the child repeated the words, "Not so s'eeepy," with an assenting nod meant to be very convincing.

"Then you shall have your breakfast ; but lie still—you'll have it in bed, this morning. Lie still, old boy," he repeated, for the child was struggling to get up, astonished to find that he could not raise himself with his usual ease.

Hal could scarcely take in the notion that breakfast could possibly be eaten in bed. To have his bath, and run about, or rather scramble and roll about, had always been his practice ; and what Budda meant by keeping him in bed among the grass, and in that funny little house, was utterly incomprehensible. Nevertheless, as it was his way to do as he was told, he did not persist in his attempts to rise, especially as his head was very heavy still, and probably felt more easy when laid down.

But when breakfast was over, the subject of getting up was again suggested ; and Ted, who was trying to be very prudent, was quite at a loss to know how to make him lie still.

"Hal's not quite well,—must stay in bed to-day," was not sufficient to convince the child, who was equally sure that Hal *was* quite well, and wanted sorely to go and catch the fishes in the water, and

wash his feet, which he was certain needed it sadly. Ted was sure they would do quite well for the present, and assured Hal that all good boys did as they were told, and stayed in bed when their brothers bade them. But this was an admonition which Master Hal considered unnecessary, troublesome, and decidedly uncalled-for ; and thereupon set up a loud cry, declaring he would get up—he would have a bath—he would catch the fishes,—in short, he would do what he chose.

Ted was at his wit's end ; but luckily remembering that sick people are often cross, or at least that he knew he had often been very cross when ill, he did not argue with the child, but, adopting a gentler tone, said, " Look, here, Hal ; I'm going to make this bit of wood into a bow, and then I'm going to make some arrows to go and shoot some dicky-birds for dinner ; and if you're a good boy you shall watch me make them ; and when I've done, if you're very good, you shall get up and come with me into that wood, and sit under the trees and watch me shooting the dicky-birds. But if you're naughty, of course you'll have to stay here with Dick."

This was too serious an alternative to be lightly treated ; and after due consideration Hal's tears were dried, and he laid himself down contentedly, and throughout the whole morning lay placidly watching the making of the bow and arrows which Ted

worked at by his side, purposely delaying the work



when it seemed likely to progress too rapidly, and thus keeping the little fellow amused throughout the day.

But when the evening came, and Ted was prepared to carry out his promise, it was quite evident that his short illness had made Hal sadly weak: his little legs would scarcely support him; and when he had lain for a short time under the trees, and watched Ted's attempts on the birds, he was very soon tired, and quite ready to go back to his grass bed—as

soon as, or indeed before, Ted proposed it.

The journey homeward must therefore be delayed another day or two, for Ted was determined to run no further risks. Hal must play about in the shade, and rest during the heat, and so get strong before they started on their journey.

CHAPTER XX.

FISHERMEN.

IT was with feelings of some disappointment that Ted set out on his way home early the next morning. He would do anything rather than risk the life of his adopted brother ; nevertheless it was annoying to have to give up the hopes he had indulged of finding many valuable and useful things, and of discovering how near he was to other lands.

It was clear he must wait till Hal was older and stronger, more used to a rough life, and more hardened to exposure to weather ; and in the meantime he resolved that he would set himself to the work of improving his home, and adding to his stock of animals. If they were to hope for a constant supply of milk, he must catch more goats ; and in order to make them more secure and less likely to stray away, Ted resolved that with the canes he had found he would contrive some hurdles, such as those used at home to fold the lambs and sheep.

It would be work that would keep him much confined to the cave, but now that Hal was beginning

to run about, it was highly expedient that Ted should be near at hand in case of accidents. A tumble on the grassy hills or on the sandy beach was of small consequence, but the rocky floor of the cave was harder than the little man altogether approved of; and as he was as restless a mortal as ever breathed, bumps and bruises were the inevitable consequence of his attempts to walk, and these of a more serious kind than most infants meet with.



Thinking over these things, Ted resolved that for the present all expeditions that took him far from home must be given up. After all, perhaps it was as well, for wandering among the woods, away from the seashore, was it not very possible that some ship might pass, and, unseen by him, go on its way, the crew unwitting of his existence? It was a thought

that always set his heart beating painfully ; and occurring to him at this moment, when some woods and hills lay between him and the sea, it revived the old craving to be back again on the seashore, where he might wait and watch for a passing sail, and dream again of home and the exquisite delights of returning thither. Hal knew nothing of these longings ; in fact, he never could remember any home but the island with its cave, and no friends but Budda and Dick. But Dick knew all about his master's home sickness ; he had seen him, ever since the day he landed, spend much time gazing over the sea, and he had lain by his side and watched too, doubtless thinking it strange waste of time, but convinced that in some way or other what his master did, he was partly bound to imitate.

It was strange how occasionally this craving in Ted's mind would seem to be laid to rest, and then on a sudden revive again with an all-pervading force which for a time put everything else out of his head.

And now, as he trudged homeward thinking over his plans for occupying his time, it seemed strange to him that he could have allowed any other thought to interfere with this all-important duty of keeping the seashore ever in sight : how many ships might have passed when he was not there to perceive them, and to do something to attract attention !

Goaded by these thoughts, the slow pace at which they were obliged to proceed appeared at times almost intolerable ; he longed to rush forward, and every hill that interrupted the view of the seashore tried his patience sorely. And Hal was fretful, as children are wont to be when sick and weak ; and the cry "Hal's tired—so tired !" seemed specially vexatious and aggravating when Ted was panting and fuming to get forward. It was hard not to answer the little fellow crossly : had it been one of his little sisters in the old home whose cries and complaints were interfering with his plans, she would have got such a sharp answer as would have instantly drawn forth floods of tears. But his solitary life had taught Ted some lessons of forbearance ; he had grown more accustomed to think than to speak, and the little fellow was spared the hasty words which would have made May miserable for hours.

Home at last ! For the cave had a home feeling about it, and looked snug and comfortable after their wanderings. The goats were glad to see them, and Hal was glad to be with his playfellows the kids again. Watching them and their merry gambols strengthened Ted's resolution to attempt the capture of other wild goats ; and this he fancied would not be difficult, seeing that since his goats had been accustomed to browse on the grass growing around

the cave, other wild goats had from time to time ventured near them, and seemed less startled by the sight of Ted than they had been in the first instance.

This, then, should be one of his first objects; but strolling along the shore that evening, another thought was suggested by a sight which was new to him, and which greatly delighted little Hal.

The wind had been rather fresh throughout the day, and the sea was now rolling up some great waves which dashed their spray above in glorious style. Dick was in high spirits, splashing about among the surf on the sand, and rolling over in the shallow water; then bounding over the sand, he dashed up to his master as if to say, "It's capital fun: why don't you come too?"

Nothing would have pleased Hal better, but at that moment when he was begging permission to join the dog in his bath, his attention was drawn in another direction by the sight of a strange-looking bird perched on one of the rocks a little way out at sea. "Look, look!" he exclaimed; and Ted, looking in the direction to which he pointed, was quite as much excited by the sight as the child himself. But in another minute the strange bird was joined by many more of the same species, which perched like the former on the rocks, and appeared intently occupied in considering the water below them, or

at least something in the water,—probably the fish that abounded on that spot.

“Such funny tings!” Hal exclaimed ; and funny they certainly did look as they gravely placed themselves in a row, like a file of soldiers, standing quite upright, as if perched on their tails.

“Whatever can they be?” cried Ted : something like geese they looked, only no goose stands on its tail, with its wings stuck out like arms.

“Hal wants to play with 'em,” was the child's next remark,—“Hal go see them.” But Ted preferred that, for the present at least, they should be watched from a distance. There they sat, still and grave, their white breasts looking beautifully spotless in the evening sun, evidently intent on some interesting employment : what it was, Ted waited anxiously to see. He had not need to wait long : first one of these stately birds stooped its head ; then another, and another ; and each beak as it rose held in its vice-like grasp a quivering fish ; it struggled there for one minute, and was then gulped down, the bird instantly resuming its earnest search for more prey.

“They are catching fish,” cried Ted. “Look, Hal, at that big fellow nearest to us : what a monster he caught just now.”

“Poor fiss!” said Hal thoughtfully ; “the big bird eat him up!”

"Yes, swallowed him whole! How astonished the fish must have been!"

"How quick he do catch 'em!" Hal exclaimed, clapping his hands with delight. "See, he's got another!"

"Yes, he's very greedy. I think we must go there, and catch some of the fish to-morrow: it's a shame they should catch them all."

Hal looked puzzled at this remark: some difficulty evidently suggested itself to his juvenile brain, and after a lengthened consideration he gazed at Ted and inquired, "Wis our mouths?"

"No, no; we haven't got beaks, unfortunately. I must see what kind of a fishing-rod I can make to-night, as I have lost my old one, and to-morrow morning we'll try our luck. Hallo, Dick, what are you up to?" For Master Dick had apparently made up his mind that these strange visitors had been tolerated long enough, and that it was his duty to disperse them.

What these grave birds thought of the strange noisy beast that came splashing through the water, and interfering most needlessly with their proceedings, it is impossible to say. For a moment they hesitated, and one, the most valiant of the flock, made a snap at him, as if uncertain whether he might not be nearly as good to eat as the fish; but the next minute, changing his mind, he proceeded to lead

the retreat of the whole body from the spot where they had been so busily occupied a minute before.

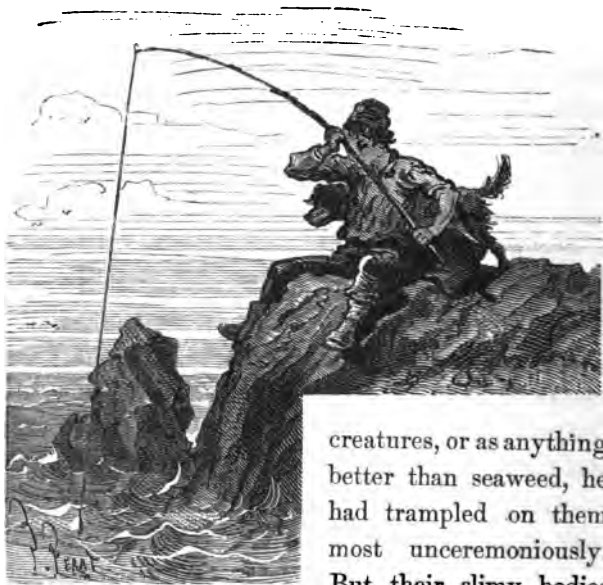
Dick came back to his master with an air of great satisfaction and triumph, evidently convinced that he had done some great deed of prowess, and expecting high praise and thanks. Ted, however, would gladly have watched the proceedings of these strange birds awhile longer, and was rather more inclined to be vexed than pleased at the sudden dispersion of the flock.

That evening was spent by Ted in the manufacture of a rough description of fishing-rod, and the next morning found him early at the spot where the penguins had been engaged in their fishing the night before. Probably they had fixed upon the best spot ; and if so, he could not do better than take the hint they had given. For birds, beasts, and fishes, so Ted thought, knew more about each other's habits than did the most part of human beings.

Apparently he was right, for this point of the shore was evidently a favourable spot for fishers ; and clumsy though his fishing tackle was, he was not long in landing a good number of fish,—of what description, he was, however, completely ignorant.

Some of them he determined to salt ; and full of glee and exultation, he was scampering over the rocks with his prey, eager to get home before Hal should be awake, when he was suddenly checked, and almost

thrown down, by a sharp shooting pain running through his foot and up his leg. He had been running along heedlessly, not looking at his feet, nor noticing that the rocks were dotted here and there with immense jelly-fish. Scarcely thinking of them as living



creatures, or as anything better than seaweed, he had trampled on them most unceremoniously. But their slimy bodies made the rocks even more slippery than usual: his foot twisted, and a severe sprain was the result of his rash haste.

It was with some difficulty that he succeeded in limping homewards ; but when once there, little Hal's delight at the sight of the fish enabled him to forget

the pain in his wounded foot. It was a pity they were all killed, or, as Hal expressed it, quite "deaded;" but they were very pretty, and would doubtless be good to eat.

He was half inclined to cry when told they were not to be played with, and that it was of no use to put them in the little stream of water that trickled down the rock by the side of the cave, for they could not swim; but to watch Ted cooking them was a sufficient consolation for the disappointment.

He was a hardy little fellow, and could eat anything now; and being always hungry, was not hard to please. The kids were, in his opinion, excessively silly because they declined all the bits he offered them at his own meals, and evidently considered that grass was far nicer than fish or meat. Such want of taste was utterly incomprehensible to him, and only proved that the kids were quite babies, and knew nothing. He had tried the grass which they thought so nice, and found it very nasty indeed.

Throughout the whole of that day Ted's foot gave him much pain, and he was glad that he had work indoors which gave him occupation during the day, and something to think about. With little Hal to watch and admire, the work of pickling the fish went on rapidly; and then with his canes he set himself to weave hurdles for the flock of goats he had determined to have.

These same canes were most delightful playthings to little Hal, they made such beautiful whips to drive the kids about the cave ; and as his tiny hand could not inflict very serious blows, the kids were good-tempered enough to think it fine fun too. There was great chasing and scampering ; but alas for poor Hal, Madame Belle was not so favourably disposed towards him as her children were, and when the game was at its height she was ill-natured enough to fancy that mischief was meant, and, rushing savagely at the little fellow, knocked him down so roughly that his little head received a very sharp blow from the rock on which he fell.

Poor Hal, whose designs were purely frolicsome, was grievously hurt, in mind as well as body, at this rough treatment, and lay for some time crying and sobbing most bitterly.

But Ted had made up his mind not to waste pity on trifling bruises, and Hal would have lain there a long time had he waited to be picked up by Budda, who only treated his calamity with a laugh, and a "Get up, Hal ; you're not killed yet."

"No, but Hal's hurt," sobbed the child ; "Belle did kick with her horns."

"That's a new way of kicking ; but never mind, get up, and don't make such a row ; it's like a baby to cry when you tumble down."

"Hal's not a baby !" said the little fellow, getting

on to his feet again, and rubbing his eyes with his fat fists.

"Then you mustn't cry like one," said Ted. "Belle will laugh at you if you do."

"Belle's cross—don't like her!" said the child.

"Belle thought you were going to hurt her kids with that long stick, and so she was angry. If you're kind to them, she'll be kind to you."

"Is kind," said Hal; "kids like it."

"Yes; but if you hit them hard, they won't like it. You wouldn't like it if I hit you hard with this stick,—see! like this."

"No, don't; Hal don't like it at all," was the instant reply; and the child shrunk away in alarm.

"Then you mustn't hurt them; they like it no better than you do."

Hal had sense enough to comprehend this plain statement of the state of things; and henceforth, when Belle was present, he was careful to treat her children with all due respect and tenderness.

CHAPTER XXI.

A STORM, AND WHAT IT BROUGHT.

THE second wet season was approaching, and Ted's thoughts were naturally much occupied with plans for providing himself with such things as would enable him to wile away the long hours of confinement to the cave, and to live in greater comfort than formerly. His salted provisions would be a great resource ; and when he had added to his flock of goats, he should not hesitate to kill some of the older ones, the flesh and skins of which would be of great value to him.

This therefore was his first object, and before long he had so thoroughly succeeded that five more fine goats were added to his flock ; and the group, as they fed around the entrance of the cave, were the delight of his eyes and heart. But one matter still weighed upon his mind. The long, dark evenings, during which he had had no light but that afforded by the fire, had been the greatest trouble of the wet season, and ever since he had been taxing his ingenuities to think of some plan for obtaining light.

But how was it to be done? Tallow, he had none; and none of the plants that he had yet found produced oil of any kind. Long he cogitated over the matter, and when asleep he dreamed about it, but no way out of the difficulty could he find.

Things were about at this point, and the wet weather was as far as he could calculate near at hand, when an incident occurred which for awhile banished all other thoughts from his mind.

The weather had suddenly become very rough and stormy, sudden peals of thunder rattling overhead; vivid flashes of lightning continually startled Ted, and frightened little Hal; the sea became at times tempestuous, and dashed up over the rocks with a fury that was quite unusual and unaccountable. The cries of the sea-fowl, as they were whirled about hither and thither, increased the gloom that had settled down on the usually bright island, and everything seemed to portend approaching calamity.

But one morning all was hushed: the wind had died away; the sea was smooth as a duck-pond; not a sound or rustle was heard among the trees; only a dense mist covered the land and sea alike. This was quite a new thing to Ted: the air, generally so clear, and the light, generally so strong and bright, were now thick and heavy; a deep sleep seemed to have fallen on the face of nature; and Hal repeatedly asked, "When would it get light?"

To this Ted could give no answer, but "Soon," he hoped ; for the cave was dark and gloomy ; he could scarcely see to do anything ; and Hal, whose tongue was rarely still, proceeded to suggest various reasons for the phenomenon which he so much disliked. "The sun was lazy,—he had forgotten to get up ;" or, "Perhaps he was sick, and couldn't get out of bed ;" or, "Perhaps the clouds would get in front of him and hide his face,"—it was very stupid of them—Hal hated them. And much more in the same strain ; for Hal was a lively little fellow, and greatly objected to being kept in the cave all day, while at the same time he was afraid to go out because it was so dark and dreadful.

It was a melancholy thing to see the little boy sitting crouching by the fire in the dark cavern, unwilling to move from the spot where alone there was light, even to play with his friends the kids. Poll and Dick had both in their peculiar ways tried to cheer him ; for though dull and mopy themselves, they seemed to have lived long enough in the world to have a glimmering idea that such things as fogs, though disagreeable enough in every way, are sure to disappear in time, and that if we wait patiently for him the sun will shine again in due time. But Hal was half inclined to be afraid that an extinguisher had been put on all the light and brightness in the world, and that this horrid darkness would last for

ever. Even Budda's stories, long as he tried to make them, failed to wile away the long hours ; and Hal was glad to go early to bed, hoping the sun wouldn't forget to get up the next day.

And when his childish chatter had ceased, Ted was half disposed to follow his example, and go to roost too,—only, unfortunately, he was not sleepy, and where was the use of lying down broad awake ? So he sat still by the smouldering fire, and almost wished that the thunder and lightning would return, or anything happen to break the fearful monotony of the long silence.

He sat there till he was becoming sleepy, and had indulged in some half-waking, half-sleeping dreams, when a new and most unusual sound broke the stillness. Ted started, and his heart almost stopped beating as he tried to collect his thoughts, and asked himself whether he was awake or asleep.

But ere he had entirely settled that question, the sound was heard again, and this time Ted doubted not for a minute : plainly enough, it was the report of guns from a ship in distress ; and, as he could not help thinking, from one not far distant.

In another instant he was on his feet and groping his way towards the entrance of the cave. He found it with some difficulty, but his disappointment was great to find that the fog had rather increased than

diminished, and that he could not discern the faintest outline of the nearest objects.

Yet he stood there long, in spite of the damp, choking nature of the air outside, and though he knew he could do nothing to help those in distress. By listening to those sounds, which spoke so eloquently to him of agony and despair, he fancied he could form some idea how near the ship in distress must be.

It seemed to him that it must be nearer than any ship he had yet discovered had ventured ; but this notion brought only a passing sense of pleasure to Ted, who knew by this time something of the nature of the coast of his island, and was pretty certain that a ship venturing near on a dark foggy night ran but a poor chance among those treacherous coral reefs.

It might, perchance, be well for him in one way : other shipwrecked wretches might reach the shore, and, like himself, find a home on this island ; but as for the ship and the crew at large, Ted could only fear that certain destruction awaited them if, losing her way in the fog, this vessel came too near the coast.

Full of such misgivings, it was no wonder that Ted scarcely closed his eyes that night. Hal slept on, happily unconscious of danger and trouble ; but Dick's ear had caught those sounds of distress, and he was up in a trice, roaming about the cave and the beach in a state of restlessness past description.

Once and again he came back from the mouth of the cave ; and lying down in front of his master, with his head resting on his paws, he looked intently in his face, as if to say, " Can't you think of anything to be done ? "

But there Ted was as utterly at a loss as his dog could be ; and the long hours wore away, and the sounds of distress ceased. Then succeeded a period of dreadful suspense and uncertainty. Had they got the better of their difficulties, and gone on their way, leaving him to bear his fate as well as he could ? or—and this seemed more likely—had the ship sunk, and none escaped ?

Towards morning, Ted fell asleep for a short time, but was wakened by a heavy thunder-clap, which warned him that the weather had again changed, and the storms and winds had driven away the heavy mist of the preceding day.

" The clouds are shouting again," said little Hal, as he jumped up and ran to his brother for protection. It was light, however, in the cave now, and he was not really half as frightened as on the day before.

" Yes, what noisy things they are ! " said Ted ; " but out of the way, Hal ; I want to get up,—I'm in a hurry."

" Yes, it's breakfast-time,—Hal's hungry."

" Poor Hal ! he shall have some potatoes and milk ; but we must be quick,—I want to go out."

At this remark Hal grew very grave. That Budda should go out when the clouds were making that dreadful noise, and when that light kept coming into the cave which always made him shut his eyes, was a very serious thing to little Hal. He did not like to be left under the care of Dick, who couldn't talk to him, and tell him the thunder wouldn't hurt him; and so he ate his potatoes very slowly, with many anxious glances to see whether Ted was really going out, as he had said.

Full of his own thoughts, Ted saw nothing of the child's terror; and snatching a very hasty meal, more to please Hal than because he had any appetite, he left Dick in charge at home, and sallied forth, utterly indifferent to the lightning which flashed and the thunder that growled around him. Down on the beach, a sight met his eyes for which he was totally unprepared. Long and anxious waiting, and frequent disappointment, had by degrees brought him to that state of mind which scarcely looks for change; and the expectation, long cherished, of meeting with fellow-creatures again, had gradually grown so faint as almost to have faded from his mind.

The sea was black and stormy; the white foam was dashing over the rocks; but there were objects on the wide waste of waters which at once caught Ted's eye, and fixed him to the spot, where he stood in breathless anticipation. Two small boats, crowded

with the crew of the hapless vessel,—which to all appearance had gone down in the night,—were struggling with the waves, and apparently making for shore. Would they reach it?—would not one of those great waves be certain to overwhelm such tiny craft?—could it anyhow be possible for them to make head against such a sea?

Every minute seemed to grow into an hour as Ted watched the boats, which, heavily laden, scarcely made any progress at all. They were still some distance off, so that it was impossible to form any distinct idea what number of persons they carried. One, the smallest, it was quite plain, was far too heavily laden, and to Ted's anxious eyes it seemed as if it was sinking in the waves.

Ted thought of the horrible fate of the boats of the *Orion*, in which so many of his shipmates had put off from the sinking ship, only to find a speedier death than would have been their fate had they stayed aboard her; and he scarcely dared to hope that a different fate could be awaiting this miserable crew.

It was horrible to watch while wave after wave carried them like feathers high into the air, and then, rolling back, suffered them to sink down again into the mighty depths of the sea. How was it possible to row in such a seething, raging flood? The men might exhaust their strength, but it could be of little avail if the wind and the storm would not abate their fury.

But now it was folly to hope ; and coming to this conclusion, Ted debated with himself whether he should stay to see the end, or save himself the horrible sight.

But, feeling that while there is life there is always hope, Ted could not turn away from the spot, but remained with his eyes riveted on the struggling boats. It was horrible to watch such desperate efforts, with no power to help, not even a voice strong enough to cheer them on ; but gradually hope rose as he saw one of the boats distancing the other, and evidently making some progress towards the shore.

He watched eagerly, now trembling with suspense as he saw it carried aloft on the top of a huge wave, now exulting as the efforts of the rowers brought it a few yards onward towards land. But all at once a piercing scream from the other boat drew his attention back to it and its miserable crew. It had evidently been too heavily freighted, and that it was now settling down in the deep waters was but too plain. Ted instinctively stooped down and hid his face, that he might not see the end of it ; and when he again looked up, it was to see nothing remaining of the boat itself, but a few miserable wretches struggling for dear life in the foaming waves. The other boat's crew seemed for a moment paralyzed by the horror of the scene ; then they made some

efforts to put back, and rescue the survivors who were still to be seen. But the sea was a determined adversary to all such attempts; it would have its dreadful way; and the remaining boat was tossed about helplessly within a few yards of the drowning creatures, but without once coming near enough to offer effectual aid.

“Oh, why don’t they push on and try to save themselves?” cried Ted in an agony, not thinking that in all probability those in the one boat had seen dear friends and relatives go down in the other, and would rather die themselves than leave them to perish without an effort to save them. And now, to Ted’s horror, a mighty wave came rolling up to seaward of the one remaining boat: it came surging on with a heavy sullen roar; and the whole, boat and crew together, were for some instants entirely lost to view. The wave rolled on, and then Ted saw that it had carried it straight on to a long reef of rocks which stood up like the points of a saw in the sea, and that it had been smashed to pieces on their sharp edges. Such moments of horror are generally few in a lifetime, but this was the second time that it had been Ted’s fate to be the witness of the wholesale drowning of his fellow-creatures, and the sight wrung his heart with sensations almost akin to despair. The sea with its mighty waves seemed to laugh at his misery: he hated it. How was it he had

ever been fool enough to wish to be a sailor? It seemed utterly incomprehensible to him now.

How long he stood gazing out to sea, hoping against hope that the great waves would bring up again what they had so suddenly engulfed, it would be hard to tell. The thought of Hal at last drew him homewards: the lightning, which still continued at times to light up the sky, would be terrifying the little man and making him cry. So, with a cold, hard sense of disappointment and renewed loneliness, he turned his steps towards the cave; but ere he reached it, one reflection made him pause and take another direction.

What if, on the long ridge of rocks which stretched out from the shore far into the sea, some of the unfortunate people should still be lying, left there by the waves which had dashed them up? Most of these rocks were in deep water, but it was possible that the force of that huge wave might have carried some higher up the shore; at all events it might be as well to go and see. And so little Hal was left a while longer to cry and call for Budda, while Ted ran trembling and panting to the point of the shore where this reef of rocks joined the sandy beach.

One vivid flash of lightning, as he ran, flashed across his path, dazzling and almost blinding him; but he had no thought of fear for the storm just then. One fear he had, it is true, but that was quite of

another nature—the dread of the sight of death, which always possessed him when he remembered the dangerous nature of the coast, and thought of shipwrecks. Fervently he hoped that if none had escaped in life from the dreadful catastrophe he had just witnessed, no dead bodies might have been washed ashore to need care and burial.

And with this dread in his mind, his resolution faltered, and his footstep grew less decided as, drawing near the point he had resolved to visit, he spied some dark objects on the sands. Possibly they might be nothing at all but some parts of the broken boats, but at a little distance they looked terribly like human forms.

It needed a great effort to recover his courage ere Ted could bring himself to proceed. After that tossing about among those violent seas, and then being hurled against those frightful rocks, it was doubtful indeed if life had not been beaten out of them.

But he pushed forward, and in a few moments found himself standing by the senseless and apparently dead body of a woman, whose dark hair, matted and soaked, hung dishevelled round a face whose ghastly whiteness thrilled Ted with alarm. Could he touch her, or venture to raise her? He had always fancied that it must be horrible to touch a dead body; and how was he to know that she was dead? Perhaps if he buried her, it might chance after

all that she had been alive. How horrible that would be!

But if she were not dead, and might be recovered, how wrong it would be not to attempt it! This last thought was convincing, and Ted cautiously and tremulously put his arm under her head and tried to lift it. It fell back heavily; and though not as icy cold as he had feared, her face and hands did feel terribly like what he had fancied a dead person's must feel. She was strangely heavy too, and Ted found that it was as much as he could do to raise her even partially. What was he to do? He had fancied he might be able to carry her to the cave, where there was a good fire burning; but that was clearly impossible; and he set himself, not knowing what else to do, to rub her hands and blow upon her face, as he had once seen his nurse do to one of the servants who had fainted. In fact, he was at his wit's end to know what to do. Long ago, when in skating he had fallen through the ice, and been got out only just in time, he remembered that he had woken up to consciousness to find himself being rubbed with hot flannels; and as soon as he could swallow, hot brandy and water was given him to drink; but hot flannels and brandy were among the many things which Ted had not discovered on his desert island; and for a long time all his rubbing seemed of no avail.

But, fortunately for himself and for her, perseverance was one of the virtues which Ted had been busy learning ever since the day when the shipwreck had made him his own master ; and it stood him in good stead on this occasion.

“ Hal must cry for once,” he said to himself. “ I’ll not give this up till I’m perfectly certain she’s dead, poor thing ; for somehow I don’t think she is ; I always thought dead people looked much worse than this. White enough she is, certainly ; but there’s nothing very dreadful about her face. I only wish she’d breathe though. Perhaps if I hold her head up, and cut that tight string round her waist, she might.”

This with his pocket-knife he had speedily done ; and then, propping her head on a low piece of rock, he resumed his rubbing, anxiously watching for some result. It was a long time before any was visible ; but after keeping steadily at his work till his arms almost dropped off from fatigue, Ted was about to relinquish the task with a sigh, when something like a faint sob fell upon his ear. Instantly, and without a moment’s hesitation, he fell to again, and with renewed energy : the faint sound had rekindled all his hopes ; and if he could only rub her warm, she might come to life again, after all.

In his interest and anxiety, Ted had not noticed that while thus occupied the storm had passed away ; and just as this faint indication of life had made itself

perceptible, he was surprised to see Dick and Hal coming towards him across the sands.

The little man could toddle along pretty well now ; and Dick, who generally bounded rather than walked, —feeling doubtless responsible for the child's safety, —was carefully moderating his pace to suit the short steps of his little companion.

Ted was not sorry to see them. Hal, he feared, might be alarmed at the pale appearance of the drowned woman ; but as he had ascertained that the other objects on the beach were nothing but torn sails, broken spars, and other remains of the wreck, he hoped he should have no difficulty in reassuring the child ; and Dick was always a help in any emergency.

The two had evidently spied him out, for they were making straight towards him. As often as Hal stumbled on the slippery seaweed, Dick waited patiently for him to recover his footing, eager though he evidently was to get to his master. Meanwhile a long-drawn sigh had encouraged Ted to hope that the sea had not accomplished its deadly work on the poor woman. Sorely beaten about by the waves she plainly had been, but they had landed her on the rocks just in time, for life still remained, and might be revived into activity. Had she lain on the beach unnoticed and uncared-for, the case might have been different: possibly that trance of uncon-

sciousness might have continued till it ended in death ; but another fate was in store for her.

Dick was greatly surprised at discovering how his master was engaged, and not at first altogether pleased. It doubtless seemed to him that Ted had been taking upon himself duties for which he was entirely unfitted—getting a woman out of the water; in fact, doing his work for him, while he had been left at home to do Ted's business in taking care of the baby. Such a proceeding he evidently considered very much in the light of a cheat; and though interested in the matter, and curious to discover whether the woman was dead or alive, he was hurt and disappointed that he had been allowed to have no share in the transaction.

Little Hal was on his side quite lost in astonishment. "Where had Budda found her? Was it Budda's mammy?" for Ted had told the child many stories of his home and mother and sisters, and Hal naturally jumped to this conclusion. Ted answered absently, for his thoughts were more occupied with devising means to perfect her recovery than with satisfying the child's curiosity.

Dick set himself assiduously to lick her face and hands, and Hal stood by admiring, inviting her again and again to open her eyes. His little voice seemed pleasant to her, and from time to time she smiled faintly as if awaking from a dream.

"No doubt," thought Ted, "she has some children of her own : I hope they weren't drowned in that ship."

At length, with what seemed a great effort, the poor woman regained consciousness, and sat up and looked about her. She was trying to recall what had happened : everything was incomprehensible ; and she rubbed her hands across her forehead as if to collect her scattered ideas.

It was so long since Ted had spoken to a grown-up person, that he felt quite shy of her ; but as she fixed her dark sunken eyes on him, he felt as if called on to speak. "Do you feel very bad?" was his inquiry. He was by no means certain whether she was English : she was so dark that he was inclined to fancy her an Italian or Spaniard, and in such a case his question would of course be unintelligible.

But he was wrong in his supposition. She understood him at once, and answered faintly that she did feel very bad, but hoped she should be better soon ; then her eyes turned again to Hal, and she asked tremulously, "Where am I?—what has happened?"

As quickly as he could Ted answered this question, and she sighed deeply. It needed but a few words to remind her of the fate of the vessel she had sailed in, and of the long tossing about in the boats ere they had dashed on the rocks, and she had given herself up for lost.

The whole story flashed back on her memory with terrible vividness, and she bowed her head on her hands and wept bitterly. "Of what use was life to her," she moaned, "now that all besides were gone? Why had she lived? She would rather, far rather have died when the ship went down;" and Ted, listening, felt almost guilty of wrong towards her in the efforts he had made to recover her.

But little Hal's distress at the sight of her tears was at last the means of comforting her. He could not understand her trouble,—thought of course she must be hurt; and having always found Ted's kisses the best cure for his own small hurts, thought he could not do better than try to make her better in the same way.

His fat arms encircling her neck, and his little voice entreating her "not to cry," at last checked the torrent of her grief. She turned to kiss him in return, and then broke forth into a wailing cry, "My children! my children!—what will they do without me?"

"Then she has children: I thought so," Ted said to himself; and he longed to know all about them; but feeling that her thoughts had better be turned to other subjects, and that the sooner she could be got home to the cave, where she could dry her clothes and warm herself, the better it would be for her, he paid no attention to this remark, and after a short silence

asked her if she thought she could soon walk. She was shuddering with cold; and he longed to get her away from the wet beach and hard seaweed-covered rocks.

With a good deal of help she managed to rise; and though tottering and feeble, she accomplished the walk to the cave, leaning on Ted's strong arm, while Dick and Hal frolicked around her.

The great log of wood that was blazing there, though it made the cave rather smoky,—the smoke being by no means as conformable as might be wished, and at times preferring to fill the chamber rather than to find its way out by legitimate means, still looked cheerful to the poor chilled and shuddering creature. Hal ran to fetch more wood to make a blaze, and Ted hastened to find some food which she might be able to eat. She watched them as if in a dream—too weary and sick at heart to ask many questions, yet evidently interested in their arrangements, and with a dawning desire to know more about them.

CHAPTER XXII.

TED'S HOUSEKEEPER.

A LONG and deep sleep, which lasted the greater part of the day, revived the poor weary stranger more than anything else could have done. She woke up stiff and aching, but otherwise in good health, just as Ted was preparing Hal for bed.

He—Ted, I mean—had plenty of time during the day to make his plans and arrangements, and he had fully settled in his own mind that the new-comer should keep possession of his bed and the inner part of the cave, while he and Hal slept in the outer one. The making of a new bed was a trifling business: a quantity of fresh grass made, in his eyes, a bed fit for a prince, and that was easily procured.

Whether his new friend might find it as comfortable as he did, was a question which caused him some uneasiness; but if not, he hoped she would grow accustomed to it as he had done.

From her hands, which were not those of a lady, he imagined that she was not accustomed to an easy life, and this was no small relief to him. She would

not, he hoped, be quite unable to bear the hardships he was used to. If she would help him in his housekeeping and cooking, what a comfort it would be ! These thoughts were in his mind when, having seen Hal settled in his little nest, he came into the inner cave to see how his guest was. She was awake now, and sitting on the ground by the fire in an attitude of the deepest despondency, which it was evident she could not shake off, though she tried to smile when Ted made his appearance. "She was refreshed," she said, "but it was horrible to wake ;" and Ted, who had not forgotten his own awakening to discover himself alone on the island, could perfectly enter into her misery.

Something of the kind he said, and that remark roused the first gleam of real interest she had yet shown. "Ah, and you must have been quite alone : that must have been worse ; and so young too. I wonder you didn't starve to death before you found out anything fit to eat."

It was pleasant to tell of all he had gone through ; and Ted entered somewhat fully into the history of his shipwreck, and of his first days on the island, which led her to inquire whence he came, and who his parents were.

Ted told her ; and then she forgot her pity for him in compassion for his poor mother,—all this time, doubtless, thinking of him as dead.

"And that's just what my children will do," she said; "it breaks my heart to think of them; for now their father's dead, I had ought to be father and mother too; and instead of that I am sitting here doing nothing, stuck on this bit of an island, in an out-of-the-way place, with no posts and no telegraphs, nor nothing of any use."

"We must hope it won't be for long," Ted replied, repeating the reflection with which, during all his exile, he had stayed himself and kept hope alive. "Ships do pass here, you see; and so it's plain one may come any day and take us back to old England again; and so you may see your children once more."

"May be," she said; "but just now I can't hope much. My husband dead, and me here, you will forgive me being downhearted. For, you see, I keep saying to myself that in some sort I ran away from my children, and mayhap it wasn't right."

"Ran away!—I don't understand."

"No, very like not. But this is how it was. My husband, you see, was skipper of a small trading vessel, and was often away from me for months and months at a time. When we were first married I went with him; but we had children, and then my place was to bide at home and take care of them. We had six, and there was a deal to do. But I grew lonesome without my man; and last time he sailed, he says to me, 'Rachel, leave the children to mind

themselves; Susan'—that is our eldest—'is old enough to see to the house; and come along with me this voyage.' And I went; and then my husband, he gets driven into seas unknown to him; and the ship goes down, and him along of it; and here I am, and the children at home thinking we're both drowned together."

"And you almost wish you had been?" Ted asked rather anxiously, for he knew that life seemed intolerable to her. How often it had been the same with him; and there was no one in such sore need of him as her children must be of her.

"I'll not say that again," she replied, looking at him with compassion. "Seeing you here, and the child, bravely struggling to get along as best you may, has made me feel better able to live. I may be of use to you; and we'll all pray together to be taken away from this dreadful lonesome place; and who knows but the good God will hear us? Why He put no people to live in this out-of-the-way place, it's not for us to guess; but He'll know as we're here now; and He has taken care of you, so it seems to me."

"I think He sent Hal to me, and now you," Ted said, hesitating and blushing; "but if you think you can live here a bit without being very miserable, I shall be a great deal happier than I've ever been before, and so will Hal."

"And how did you find Hal? Tell me about that."

Ted obeyed; and Rachel Miller—for that was her name—listened earnestly, with many exclamations of wonder that the poor lamb could ever have lived in such a place.

"And he doesn't look so very bad, after all," she observed. "It's altogether a wonderful history. If you ever do get home, you'll have a deal to tell them all."

"Ah, if I ever do, I wonder whether they'd know me again. They must think I'm dead long ago, for you know they would be sure to hear about the Orion being lost, from the owners of the ship."

"They wouldn't give up hopes about you for many a long day, I suspect," Rachel replied. "People who have been shipwrecked come to life again in such queer fashions, that they'll be loath to give you up entirely. I know, for my husband having been a sailor, I've heard such strange stories, you'd scarce believe them. Once, I know, years ago, I heard that my husband's ship had gone down with all hands aboard,—and so of course he was drowned; but I wouldn't believe it,—not I; and sure enough he turned up again safe and sound, though with scarce a coat to his back or a penny in his pocket. Yes, and if I hadn't seen him go down yesterday night with my own eyes, I'd scarce believe it now, though o u may wonder at me."

Ted did wonder, for it seemed to him that a sea-life was made up of dangers. He had seen little else since the day when he entered upon it. Ships did sail by at times apparently securely and calmly; but unconsciously he had acquired a habit of looking upon them all as doomed to destruction: they might pass at a safe distance from this perilous coast, but only—so he had begun to think—to encounter other perils, and fall into certain snares in some other place. The winds and the waves were, in his opinion, man's natural enemies, continually plotting his ruin, and laughing at his misery. Soon after this point in their conversation was reached, the cave became quiet. Ted went to bed; and Rachel, sitting over the fire till the last spark was extinct, mused mournfully over the past, and made schemes for the immediate future.

This brave boy should find her a comfort, she resolved. How he had contrived to bring up the baby without any feminine advice and assistance, was a mystery she could not explain. The child must be one of those infants whom even cruelty will not kill, —who live on though every outward circumstance is against them; and thus it had thriven when most children would have pined away and died.

And this her impression was certainly confirmed when Ted told her, soon afterwards, the dreadful story of the monkey which had taken upon him the office

of nurse in his absence. That a child should have borne such a terrible fright without going into fits, was utterly incomprehensible ; and that Ted should have devised such a clever trick for rescuing the baby, made it almost like a fairy tale, she said. Nevertheless it was no small satisfaction to her that in future the poor child need never be left alone in the cave ; though what she should do if another monkey presented itself, was more than she could say.

“ I suppose something would come into my head,” she said ; “ but if there are such horrible things as monkeys hereabouts, it is no wonder that the island is uninhabited, for to live with such beasts must be more than any one would bear if he could help it.”

Rachel was very soon busy about the cave, and it was surprising how different it looked when she set to work to put it tidy. Ted left off fearing that he and Hal would turn into savages, for Rachel had all kinds of useful things in her pockets—needles and thread, the very things he had so long wanted ; and it was amazing how soon she made their old skin coats neat and tidy. She only wished she had more to do, and less time to think, for it was impossible for her to sit down and think without beginning to fret over her children and her lost husband,—and where, as she often said, was the use in that ?

The goats delighted her greatly : Ted had now several, and was busy weaving hurdles to keep some

wild young kids from straying. They needed to be very high ; otherwise these agile little creatures found no difficulty in jumping over them ; and once away, it was not easy to secure them again ; and now that the family was increased, it was of importance that the



stores for the wet season should be prepared. With some one to consult whose experience was really of a useful kind, Ted hoped that the great difficulty of providing either lamps or candles might be surmounted.

He told Rachel about it, describing how dark in the rainy days the cave often was, and begging her to suggest some plan by which a light might be obtained.

She replied at once that it would be no difficulty at all if they had only tallow or oil : she was quite sure she could

make candles, if she had anything to make them of ; but this, as Ted knew well, was the difficulty.

"Are there no trees here that give oil or wax ?" Rachel asked at length. "There are so many queer-looking trees, that I can't help thinking we ought to

find something that would do, though, may be, not exactly the right thing."

Ted felt doubtful. Olive oil, and palm oil, he had heard of; but then he had not the least notion what olives and palms were like. Cocoa-nut palms he had of course discovered, but from what kind of palm the oil was obtained he had not the faintest notion.

"We must look about and see," Rachel said; and she did look to some purpose, for it was not many days after this conversation that she showed to Ted, with great exultation, some leaves and berries covered with a waxy powder, which, if only collected in sufficient quantities, would she felt sure supply wax enough to make candles.

"That's a grand discovery," Ted exclaimed; "I wonder I never saw those leaves before. They are something like laurel leaves, it seems to me: we must get a lot of them, Hal and I; and then you must try what you can do with them."

Rachel thought that if she boiled them, the waxy stuff would be melted and rise to the surface of the water, and that then, when soft, it could be made into candles. They talked the matter over, till Ted, impatient for the attempt to be made, darted off to perform his part of collecting the leaves and berries. Hal toddled after him, begging him loudly to wait for him, but for once in his life Ted heard nothing of the child's entreaties, and he was forced to run back to

Mammy, as he called Rachel, to complain to her that Budda did not love him, was unkind, and wouldn't wait for him. Rachel comforted him, and the little fellow was soon quite happy again, chasing the playful kids, which ran to the mouth of the cave, peeped in, and then scampered off again. They were his favourite playmates. Dick was always so busy, and had so little time for play; and Poll, though funny, had a sly trick of snapping at Master Hal's fingers, which made the child shy of her at all times.

Ted was not long in returning, radiant with hope, and eager for Rachel to see what could be done with these waxy leaves. It was so new a sensation to have some one to discuss his plans with, that the pleasure of any experiment was much greater than it had ever yet been.

While the berries were boiling, they set to work to twist and plait some thread which they had drawn from some tattered garments of Ted's into wicks for their candles. This took some time, and while thus employed they cast many and anxious glances at the pot, to see how their plan was succeeding.

At last the water began to be covered with a thick oily substance, at sight of which Rachel looked triumphant. "It will do," she said; "I'm almost certain it will do."

She was right. The soft wax, when the water was poured away, appeared most conformable: it adhered



EVENING OCCUPATION.



thoroughly to the wicks ; and when they had been dipped in it till the candles were of the proper size, the work of manufacture was complete. The candles had only to dry and harden thoroughly, and for this purpose Ted put them safely away in the coldest part of the cave till they should be wanted.

It was of course impossible to resist the temptation to try how they burned ; and the experiment when



made proved that the work had been well done, for the candle burnt slowly, and gave a clear bright light.

From this time Ted looked forward with no great dread to the confinement of the rainy season : the dark evenings in that dismal cave had been his especial dread, but with light, employment, and companionship, they would at least be bearable.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TREASURES.

BUT before this long-thought-of and much-dreaded time came, Ted had much added to the comfort of his dwelling. It was amazing how many things Rachel thought of, how many plants she discovered that were good to eat, and how many schemes she devised which Ted had never thought of before.

But there were things that no ingenuity could discover nor devise ; and things which Ted had learnt to dispense with, Rachel could not so easily do without. He had learnt by degrees to be contented to dress in the roughest of garments : a bit of an old sail had been made to serve for linen for a shirt, and the roughly dried skins of goats were his substitute for cloth. Hal, who would gladly have dispensed with all clothing, was quite contented with these uncivilized garments ; but Rachel looked at them with disgust, and wondered whatever she should do when her clothes were worn-out, if no ship came before that time to take them home.

Again and again she bewailed the want of all the

many comforts which had been left behind in the shipwrecked vessel ; and as she walked with Hal on the seashore, looking for crabs or sea-fowl's eggs, her longings increased when she saw that day after day passed, and the deserted vessel still remained above water, apparently so wedged in among the coral reefs that, though broken and good for nothing, it could not go down, but remained there a warning to other ships of the dangers of the coast.

"It's such a pity to think of the useful things aboard her all being wasted," she frequently remarked to Ted ; and then she would name the many things she longed to have, especially the linen, plates, knives and forks, and cooking utensils, which she found it so hard to do without. "All being spoiled, and no one the better for them," she would often say ; and Ted, though at first he only agreed with her that it was a great pity, began at length to ask himself whether there was no possibility of reaching the wreck and securing some of these treasures, which he could not deny would be most acceptable.

At first, it seemed quite impossible. A boat was necessary to cross the space of water which lay between the island and the shipwrecked vessel. The distance, though short, was much too far for Ted to swim ; and even if he could have reached it in that way, of what use would it be, seeing that he could bring back little or nothing by such means ?

But a boat,—the very thought of attempting to build one made Ted hot all over. It would take him months, he felt sure, and in that time the wreck would probably have broken up and gone down. But a raft consisting of a number of planks secured together might be possible, and after long thinking he resolved to attempt it, and see what could be done.

Plenty of planks and broken spars had from time to time been washed up by the waves, and of these he determined to make his raft: they only needed to be lashed together; and though rope was not as abundant as he could have wished, there was much attached to the rigging and masts which had been cast up by the tide.

A desperate undertaking Ted felt it to be, for such was his horror of the sea that he had almost persuaded himself that it was his mortal enemy, and that somehow or other it would be his destruction at last. Fortunately, Rachel had none of these fears. Ted had accomplished so much that seemed to her wonderful, that she doubted not this trip to the wreck would be quite an easy and perfectly safe matter. So before the raft was ready, Ted's courage had revived, and he longed for as much as he had before dreaded the time when a smooth sea and a favouring wind should make it prudent to venture.

A day came at last; and accompanied only by Dick, Ted placed himself on his raft, and drifted out

to sea. A long pole served all the purposes of oar and rudder; and slowly, but surely, he saw the coast receding, and wondered, but not hopelessly, whether he should ever reach it again.

Had Rachel, or even Hal, expressed any fears, Ted's courage would have failed him even then; but they only talked of the good things he would bring back, and bade him good-bye with smiling faces.

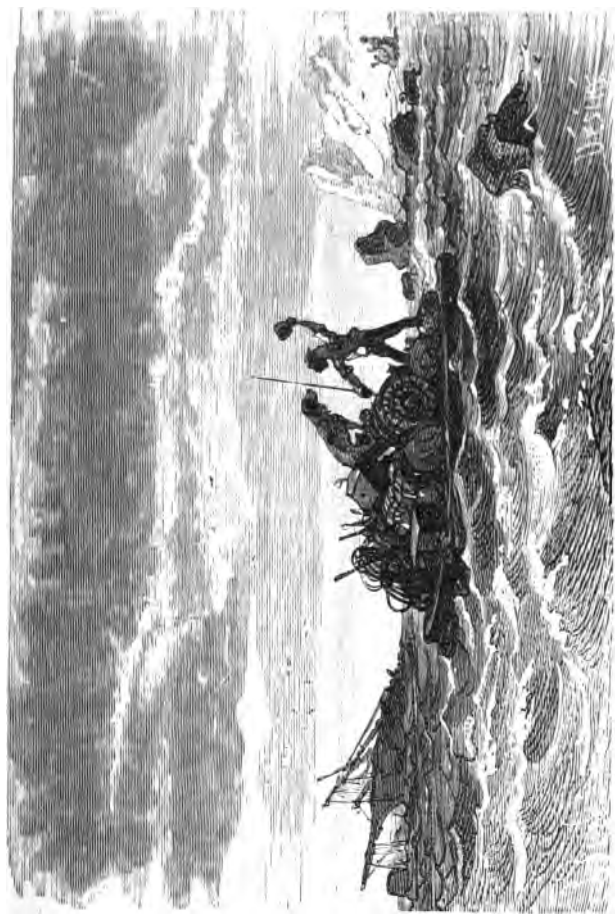
But the sea this time was favourable to his projects. It carried him gently, but steadily, towards the wreck, with no mishap whatever. Looking downwards, Ted could see the sharp reefs of rock just below the surface, and wondered that his rough bark did not bump against them.

The ship had sunk very low in the water; part of it was beneath the surface, and Ted saw at once that to approach that end would be of no avail. But the bows of the vessel were still afloat; and by springing into the ropes and chains that hung from it, Ted was soon on the deck. He made his raft fast, and then, greatly elated by his success, began to look about him. The things which Rachel so much desired were first thought of. In the captain's cabin he found a trunk which he had little doubt was hers,—that he would most certainly carry off. A mattress or two would, he knew, make her much more comfortable; and those, with some ordinary cooking utensils, were the next things placed on the raft. Plates, knives

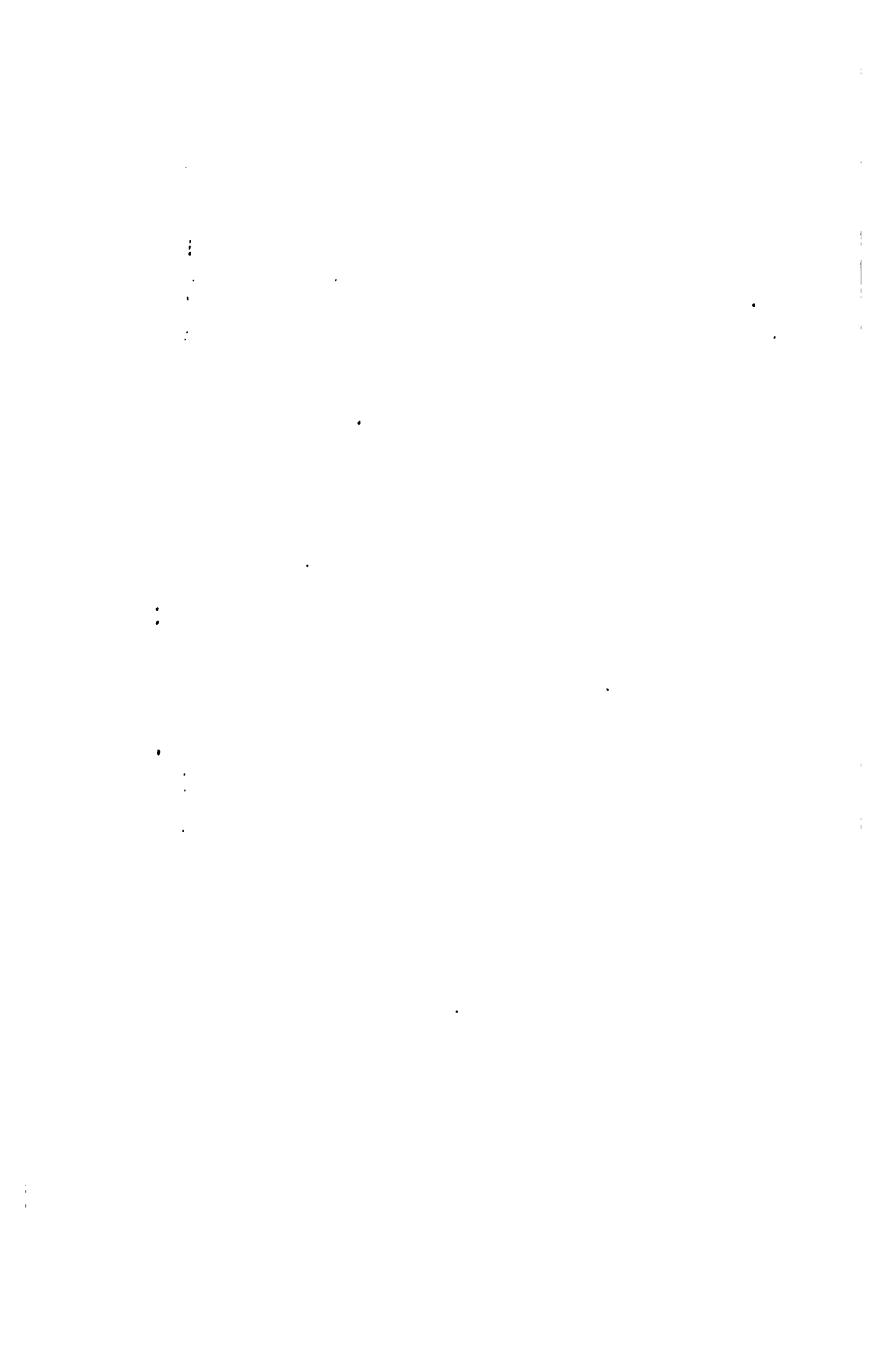
and forks, and a sword or two, were next collected, and then Ted bethought himself of victuals. Some barrels of biscuit, some bottles of spirits, would be useful, and would require but small space on the raft. Some guns made Ted's heart bound with delight ; but fire-arms would be useless without powder ; and that must have been, as far as Ted could discover, in the part of the ship which was under water. So having no room for useless encumbrances, he was compelled most reluctantly to leave them behind.

This accomplished, Ted waited only the turn of the tide to start on his return journey. He had not long to wait. Impatient to be off, he lingered not a minute after he had made sure that the tide had turned ; and Dick, watching all his movements, followed him on to the raft, and perched himself on the top of the pile of goods. Once more afloat, and success having attended him all along, Ted's fears were quite forgotten, and the gentle motion of the raft as it floated towards shore on the top of the waves was so pleasant that his aversion all thoughts of a sea-life were almost dissipated by the pleasures of that short voyage.

As he drew near the shore, the merry shouts of little Hal, who with Mammy was watching anxiously for his return, proclaimed that the voyage and the danger were nearly over ; and looking back over the



A VALUABLE CARGO.



day, Ted could hardly believe that he had been absent only a few hours, such an age it seemed since he had left them.

Then came the unlading of the raft, the carrying of all the treasures on shore,—and the amusement caused by Hal's ignorance of the uses of the several articles was unbounded. The plates and cups and saucers he fancied were playthings for himself, and his active little fingers had soon drawn them forth from the basket in which they had travelled, and were rolling them about on the sand. Most funny things he thought them; indeed he evidently looked upon the whole expedition as a great joke, and upon most of their new possessions as most unnecessary acquisitions.

But when dinner was served that day in most approved style, and Hal found that plates were to take the place of shells, and a spoon was to be used instead of fingers, he looked very grave about the matter.

"He's a regular little savage," Ted remarked. "Shall we ever succeed in teaching him to eat like a Christian?"

It seemed doubtful indeed, but Rachel was not apt to be easily discouraged, and in course of time this most difficult business was accomplished. To induce him to wear some clothes which she contrived for him out of old ones of hers which Ted had brought from

the wreck, was a still more difficult matter. He could see no reason at all why he should wear anything but the old coat Ted had manufactured for him out of a goat's skin: he had grown accustomed to that; but these cotton things which he was not to tear were a trouble to him, and a trouble too great to be borne. By degrees, however, when the cold, wet weather set in, Master Hal grew more resigned to his fate. Mammy's little coats were warmer than that strange little garment which barely covered his body, and the cave was sometimes very cold indeed. As for Rachel, she would gladly have had more stuff to work with; for the days grew very long indeed, and the weary wet season seemed interminable. It is true, her box contained some treasures which were quite invaluable in the shape of two or three books, which, though old-fashioned and dry, were a most welcome resource when Ted was quite wearied with work, and longed for something else to do. If Hal had only been a year or two older, Ted would have set himself to teach him to read; but at the bare idea of such a thing, Rachel shook her head most resolutely: "The child was a deal too young," she said; "she believed small heads cracked if learning was put into them before the proper time." And Ted submitted, though with reluctance, to her superior wisdom and experience.

But while prescribing idleness for the child, and

wishing that Ted would not work so hard, Rachel fretted sorely over her own lack of occupation ; and at last suggested that she should help Ted in his work of weaving baskets and hurdles out of the canes and osiers he had collected for that purpose.

"You say you are going to enlarge your little enclosure, and plant trees in it, so as to make it pretty," she said with a sad smile, for the thought of any planting or of any schemes which had in view a lengthened sojourn on the island always made her sad and mournful.

"Yes, but I shall have plenty of time for all I have to do," Ted replied ; "there is no need for you to trouble yourself about it."

"No need,—perhaps not," she replied, almost impatiently ; "but I must have something to do. You have no idea how miserable it is for a woman who has been busy all her life to have to sit still and do nothing. Sometimes it makes me frantic ; and I am afraid to think of what I might be led to do, if forced to be idle much longer. So I will sit by you and watch you this morning, and when I see how you do it, I can try my hand at the same work."

Ted made no further resistance. He had learned himself to love work, more because it kept him from thinking than because he cared for the work itself ; and he could understand how hard it must be for the poor woman to content herself with her life in this

far-away land, when her children were wanting her sorely at home.

"Perhaps, after all, we shall never want them," he said cheerily; "perhaps before that time our ship will have come. It will seem strange to leave everything here, won't it? I sometimes wonder whether I shouldn't be rather sorry to go when it came to the point, much as I wish it now."

"Scarcely, I should say," Rachel replied incredulously; but Ted persisted, "I do believe I should. At least I think it would be something like it used to be when we were staying with Mamma at the sea-side. We used to build such splendid castles on the sands, with trenches round them, and bridges across; and just when everything was done, and the sea was coming up ready to fill the trenches, we were called home to dinner. I used to feel very dismal then, though I thought a good deal more about dinner in those days than I do now."

"Ah, I see," Rachel said, "but it's different with me. I'm always thinking about the children; so afraid they'll go wrong, get sick and die, or may be get scattered about the world; and perhaps then I'd never see them again."

"Oh, but you mustn't think that. Several ships have been near the island since I came, and if we wait patiently we're safe to be rescued and taken off some day. I don't believe any one ever lives long

on a desert island nowadays. It was different when there were only a few ships cruising about in the seas ; now there are so many, that I remember when I sailed from England we stopped at some ports where there were more than we could count."

" If the folks aboard only knew about us !" Rachel sighed ; and Hal, leaning against her, sighed too, though he hadn't the remotest idea what was the matter. Poor little fellow ! it was dull work staying at home all through those long days when the wind howled and the rain beat against the rock, but there was nothing else to be done.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOST.

THE wet weather at an end, and Hal having no longer any cause of anxiety, Ted began to venture to extend his hunting and fishing excursions further from home. At first, the stories he had told her of snakes and monkeys made Rachel rather timid when left alone; but before long she grew quite accustomed to the solitude and perfect silence of the cave, and was even willing to be left there with only little Hal for a companion.

"As long as you are always back before night," she said. "I do not mind the daytime; but when it grows dark, I cannot get those savages out of my thoughts; and if I did not fear for myself, I should certainly be afraid they had killed and eaten you."

And Ted promised, with every intention of keeping his word. He fancied he knew his way pretty well by this time, and that there was no fear of his getting lost, whatever direction he took.

But he was doomed before long to discover his mistake, and that at the cost of some trouble and much

anxiety. "We shall have to go to market," Rachel had said to him one morning; "the larder is nearly empty." And Ted, nothing loath, had taken his bow and arrows and a good knife, and had set out to find, as he said, "something good for the pot."

He had of late been successful in his attempts on a kind of wood-pigeon, which made a delicious dish, and reminded him, more than most of the birds that were to be found on the island, of the English pigeons. They were plump, and had a good deal of meat on them,—something worth cooking, Rachel said; and accordingly, when she told him that morning that food was wanting, he determined to bend his steps in the direction of a wood where he had last seen a number of these birds.

The sky looked dark and hazy, but fancying that the rain was all over for the present, he attributed its cloudy appearance to coming heat, and was glad to think he should find some shelter in this wood. There was a great, almost solemn stillness there: no twittering in the boughs, and little sign of life. Where were all the pigeons gone? He felt cross and disappointed; nevertheless it seemed absurd to turn back while his bag was still empty; so, without paying much heed to the path he had chosen, he walked onward without taking his usual precaution of marking the trees as he passed, to guide him in retracing his steps. The stillness of the air made him sleepy:

he walked on almost mechanically, till a sudden whiz through the air close beside him made him aware he had missed a chance, and that it would be well to be more on the alert in future. He unslung his bow, bent it, and tried the string, tightened it, and chose an arrow; but the bird that had startled him had disappeared, and the wood was still again. Resolving not to be so cheated a second time, he rubbed his eyes and gazed up into the thick foliage above his head. What was his surprise to see steadily gazing at him, from a low bough not far above him, a strange black creature, with a hideous face, which, seeing that it was noticed, changed its position, as Ted fancied, with an intent to descend upon his head!

He shuddered, and instinctively moved further from the tree, taking care to keep the strange animal still in sight. He had not the faintest notion what it was: whether a kind of bear, or an outlandish kind of monkey, he had no means of ascertaining; but the cold cunning in its eyes impressed him with the idea that it was dangerous, and had unfriendly designs towards himself. What should he do?—would one of his arrows be likely to do aught but enrage it?—should he have a shot at it, or should he avoid it, and try to make his escape ere the creature had resolved what to do? It was moving about in an irresolute kind of way; Ted could form no notion

what its intentions might be; but he had a great wish to be out of its sight as soon as possible,—its gaze made him shiver and turn cold.

His hand again and again sought his bowstring, but again and again he hesitated, so fearful was he lest he should merely enrage the creature without wounding it severely. And while thus hesitating, he was receding further and further from the spot, the creature all the while watching him, but never stirring, or showing the least inclination to pursue.

In this state of uncertainty he had gone some distance, gradually losing sight of his enemy, when a rustling in the brushwood beside him drew his attention in another direction. He knew the sound; and when in an instant a number of wood-pigeons rose from the grass and underwood, and with a loud whirr flew away, an arrow was sent whizzing after them with good aim, for it brought down one of the biggest, a fine plump bird, which Ted gleefully deposited in his bag.

The rest of the flock would, he hoped, soon stop to rest; and with stealthy, cat-like tread he followed the course they had taken, and which led him far away into the very depths of the forest. Here the sport was much more exciting; pigeons and other birds were much more numerous; and Ted's spirits rose. The delight of having such a stock of good food to carry home banished all misgivings, and it was not till

the night began to close in that he discovered how thoroughly and completely he had lost his way.

There he stood in the midst of a dense virgin forest, without the faintest glimmer of an idea which way he should turn. The darkness seemed to be coming on apace, and he had entirely neglected all his usual precautions to secure for himself some landmarks to guide him home.

What a fool he had been! And what now was he to do? For a long time he stood still questioning with himself, but with no satisfactory result. The more he thought, the more hopeless he became; and to add to his miseries, the rain, which he had fondly imagined was over and done for the present, began to fall heavily.

His heart sank, and something more like despair than anything he had ever yet experienced took possession of him. It seemed clear that he could not possibly reach home that night; and almost equally clear that unless he could make his way before long out of that stifling wood, the heavy atmosphere, which now exhaled a thousand loathsome, and, as it seemed to him, poisonous smells, would bring on some terrible fever. And in the meantime Mammy and little Hal would be breaking their hearts about him, fancying all kinds of horrors,—that he had been drowned in crossing a stream, devoured by wild beasts, or stung to death by a

poisonous snake. They had never had any fear that he would get lost. On such a small island, the idea seemed ridiculous; but then they did not know how dense and pathless those forests were, which they had scarcely entered, but which were his constant haunts.

And supposing he died from exposure and fever there,—Ted half thought he should,—what would they do? Would not Mammy be worse off than ever? and Hal, poor little man, would not he miss his friend? Ted knew he would, and, knowing it, almost wept over his coming fate. He had never been so low about himself before,—not even when first he was lonely and forsaken, utterly alone on the island. Had he ventured to turn in any direction, it would have given him courage to feel



that he was doing something, making some efforts towards his own deliverance ; but this he dared not do, for a step in any direction might lead him further from home, and the rain that was descending was so violent that he could not see a yard in front of him.

No, there was nothing for it; he must take shelter under the thickest tree he could find until morning, and then make an attempt to reach his home.

So, alternately crouching down on the wet ground, and stretching himself to his full height to unstiffen his weary, aching limbs, the long dark hours were passed. Towards morning, fatigue had produced such intense drowsiness, that, though it was impossible even then to forget that the ugly brute he had seen the day before might be close at hand, he did doze away some of the wretched hours; and this sleep, though scarcely worthy of the name, brought him fresh courage, and made him determined to push on as fast as possible to get clear of the horrible wood.

It was easy to resolve, but by no means easy to carry this determination into effect. Faint with hunger as Ted was, for he had come out with no provisions but some biscuit, fully intending to be home that night, every obstacle which came in his way, such as the straggling trunks of trees, and the continually interlacing boughs, seemed trials and burdens beyond his power of endurance.

At length Dick, who, though as tired and hungry

as his master, was not so easily disheartened, came rushing up to him with an eager face, as if bent on making some announcement. That he had found something, and something too which seemed to him very interesting, was quite clear; and Ted followed readily enough to the place where the dog led him.

It was a huge rock which rose up among the trees of this forest; and in one side of it Ted at once discovered an opening or small cavern. This was evidently the object which had excited Dick's interest, for looking back to make sure that his master was following, he ran straight in, and, standing still, vented his feelings, whatever they might be, in a series of short barks.

There was no sound indicative of alarm in that bark, yet Ted hesitated for an instant before entering the cave. He was thoroughly unnerved by the events of the past day and night, and the thought of what he might see there—the ugly beast of the day before, or something worse—for a moment almost took his breath away.

But remembering that in such a case Dick's bark would have been a growl, he summoned up courage to follow the dog, and found himself in a small dark cave into which scarcely any light entered, except by a small hole in the top. Yet, though silent and deserted, something about the appearance of the place gave Ted the idea that it had once been in-

habited. There were heaps of rushes on the ground, and on looking a little further he found there were bones scattered about, which, as far as he could tell, were human bones and skulls. This it was which had excited Dick's attention; and he was so interested in the discovery he had made that he could not for some time be induced to let the bones alone. He stood over them, patting the skulls with his paw, as if bent upon ascertaining what they were.

Then this island had once been inhabited, it was plain; perhaps this cave had been the grave of some family or tribe which had lived on or visited this place. Ted drew a long breath when he reflected that it must have been long, very long, since these bodies had been left there, and that there was no sign whatever that any one had inhabited the cave lately.

The scene he had witnessed when the savages' boats had visited his shore had effectually put an end to all wish to become better acquainted with the natives of these islands. He had heard much of cannibal feasts; and though by no means sure that such stories might not be pure inventions, they gave him an indescribable dread of such creatures, and a fervent desire that the one view he had had of them might be the last.

There was nothing to induce him to linger and waste time in this frightful place; and though Dick seemed to find the bones a strange attraction, Ted

was too much set on getting home to allow him to loiter. The wood was still dark in front of them : no break in the foliage encouraged the hope that they were nearing the end of the way ; and had he not luckily discovered some fruit that refreshed him, he could scarcely have failed to faint from want of food.

But as folks often tell us that the darkest hour comes before the dawn, so just when the shades of the forest seemed the thickest, and hope was at its lowest ebb, the full daylight broke in upon poor Ted. The edge of the forest was reached ; and this, though he had still no idea how far from home he might be, was an indescribable relief.

Along the margin of the wood ran a narrow stream, at the sight of which Ted



fairly threw up his arms and shouted,—Dick rushing to it with yells which were almost screams of ecstasy.

They drank, and then bathed in it, feeling quite revived and refreshed by its delicious coolness; and then Ted rose to his feet, and tried to form some idea where they were. Some hills at a little distance were familiar objects to him, and he knew quite well that if he reached one point of them he should easily find his way home. But, alas, those hills were in reality much farther off than he imagined; in fact, the island itself was far larger than Ted had ever fully conceived, and the travelling that was still before him would require full another day, if not more. Well, then, it was clear he must find something to eat, and with his bag full of pigeons on his back, he must be silly indeed if he starved for want of food. He must pluck one and get it ready to cook, while a fire he with great difficulty contrived to kindle, burnt up sufficiently to broil it. The rain of the preceding night had made everything so wet, that it was with great difficulty he found any dry wood for that purpose; and even when once fairly kindled, it was a long time before it would do more than smoulder drearily—a state of things not favourable for cooking. But a dinner obtained with difficulty often tastes sweeter than one about which no trouble has been taken; and hunger makes the best sauce. Ted and Dick therefore found the

pigeon delicious, badly cooked as it was, and could have eaten a second, had one been ready.

Then on again, by the side of the stream, towards the hills which were Ted's only landmark. Footsore and weary though he was, Ted's heart bounded at the thought that he was—slowly perhaps, but surely—getting near his home. True, it would require his utmost efforts to reach the cave before dark; but do it he would, if it was anyhow possible. At any rate, it was some comfort to think that he should not be obliged to spend another night in that dreadful forest; as the rain had ceased, it would be no great matter if he had to pass the night in the open air, provided it was where no monkeys or bears were likely to be found. Mammy and Hal would certainly be in a great fright; but they would forget all about their trouble when they had him back again; so he determined to be contented, even if the way should prove too long to be accomplished before nightfall.

And it did. The hills that Ted had recognized, and was aiming to reach, seemed to move off as he approached; and when at length he did gain the height from which he knew he should be able to see his way direct to the coast, and to the cave, the sun was almost down, and he had still some distance to walk.

Well, then, a bed among the long grass must content him that night; and to our weary hero it

seemed as soft and comfortable as a feather-bed. He slept like a top. Dick by his side alternately kept watch and snored loudly.

With earliest daylight they were on foot again, and Hal was scarcely awake in his little bed in the cave when he was sent into ecstasies of delight by the sudden appearance of Dick, whose bark seemed to say, "See, I've brought him home all right;—what do you think of that?"

The sound brought Rachel from the inner cave, an anxious look on her face. "The dog," she cried, "but where's his master?" for Hal, rapturous at the sight of his playfellow, had never doubted that Ted was close behind.

"Dick run so fast," suggested the little fellow, scrambling out of bed and running to the mouth of the cave to see what was to be seen; and thus the first glimpse Ted got of his home was the pretty picture of the child looking for him, while the dog bounded around as if to assure them that all was well.

"He come! he come!" shrieked the child; and in his eagerness to welcome Ted, he came trotting as fast as his feet would carry him down the rough rocky path that led from the beach to the cave.

"Hal sought you lost,—never come back!" said the child when Ted hugged and kissed him; and Ted replied, "And I thought so too, Hal; but here I am, all right, you see."

"But what have you been doing?" was Rachel's eager inquiry. She had followed Hal quickly, and came up breathless with excitement, and scarce able to restrain her impatience, to know the cause of his long absence.

Ted explained how he had lost his way in the wood, frightened by the strange animal he had met there; how he had wandered on and on; and how he had been compelled to pass the night in the wood, almost drowned by the torrents of rain that fell. He described the cavern he had found; and Rachel grew pale and horrorstruck when he mentioned the human bones he had seen there;—sure signs, she believed them to be, that a cannibal feast had been held there; and if such things had happened once, why should they not happen again?—The bare idea was horrible.

Ted tried to reassure her. It was long ago, he believed. Besides, these people might have died natural deaths: there was nothing to prove that any foul deed had been done. The island, he felt sure, was his kingdom; at least, it was quite plain that no one else lived there now.

The colour returned to her face at this assurance; in fact, it was such a relief to see him back, that she could not dwell much on any other thought.

They returned to the cave; and while Ted and Mammy still talked, Hal's little fingers were busy

investigating the contents of the game-bag, pulling out the dead pigeons, and turning them over with many exclamations of admiration. He would like to have some of these beautiful birds to live with Poll; and though Ted thought it was highly doubtful whether Poll would live peaceably with any other bird, the child's remark set him wondering whether Rachel's longings for a pigeon-house and poultry-yard might not somehow or other be gratified by snaring and taming some of these birds. The thought was a brilliant one. Rachel had many plans to suggest: she had seen some birds from time to time which, though unlike the Dorkings and Hamburgs of her English home, were she was sure some kind of hens; but they were shy, and lived, not in the branches of the trees, but among the long grass and underwood.

"That's why I haven't seen many of them, I suppose," Ted observed; "I'm always looking among the trees, and so I miss the things at my feet, except when I've Dick with me, and then he starts them generally."

"Little Hal nearly caught one the other day," Rachel remarked; "in fact, he had it safe; but I made him let it go, for, poor thing, it was sitting on a nestful of eggs."

"Well, I must use my eyes rather more than I have done of late; for though pigeons will be home-

like and comfortable, real cocks and hens will be better still. Think what a deal of trouble it will save, to have them close at hand in a proper poultry-yard, instead of having to climb cliffs and hunt among the rocks whenever one wants an egg."

Rachel laughed. It was seldom she was merry enough to do anything more than smile ; but for Ted and Hal's sake she tried to look on the bright side of things, and to feel fun in the little contrivances they were obliged to resort to.

"There's one thing worse even than that," she said. "You, Ted, are out so much, that very likely it does not trouble you as much as it does me and Hal ; but really lately we've been nearly smothered with the smoke. It won't go out by that hole when there's any wind or rain ; and the other day, after you went away, poor Hal was nearly choked, and I could do nothing but cough. I really think we must contrive something better."

This seemed to Ted a difficulty of almost insurmountable magnitude ; and though well able to dwell forcibly on the want, Rachel found it by no means so easy to suggest a remedy. Some sort of chimney surely could be contrived ; but Ted, who preferred any kind of work to that of building, was quite sure that to build a chimney from the spot where they usually made their fire to the hole in the rock by which the smoke ought to escape was beyond his power.

"But why?—there's no lack of stones," Rachel suggested.

"No; but look at the height—twice as tall as I am, if not more. How could I reach?—I've no ladder, nor anything of the kind."

It was impossible to deny that this was a difficulty, and Rachel was inclined to think it might be as well to try to make a ladder before attempting the more difficult work of the chimney; but this implied an amount of labour that Ted did not seem inclined to undertake. Had it been suggested at the beginning of the wet season, he would have been glad to attempt it; but after this long confinement, the outdoor work of hunting and fishing was so much more to his taste that he hated the idea of a long task at home.

For some days, therefore, Rachel's request apparently was quite forgotten; Ted was so much abroad, that the inconvenience she had complained of did not prove by any means as troublesome to him as to them; and though Hal complained repeatedly of "the 'moke," Ted's usual reply was that it really was not bad enough to make a fuss about.

But when, one night, his sleep was greatly disturbed by Hal's coughing, Ted's conscience began to accuse him of selfishness. If Rachel and the child suffered from the smoke, what right had he to say that it was not worth grumbling about? and thereupon

he resolved to get up early the next morning and see what could be done. It is true, he was not hopeful, and he hated the work; but if he had once really considered the subject, and found it utterly impossible to devise any kind of chimney, he should at least be more easy about the matter. But his laziness was not to be gratified. His investigations the next morning suggested to him the possibility of building a rude kind of chimney by means of four planks of wood, which could be fixed into the rock at the top, and into a fireplace to be made of stones at the bottom.

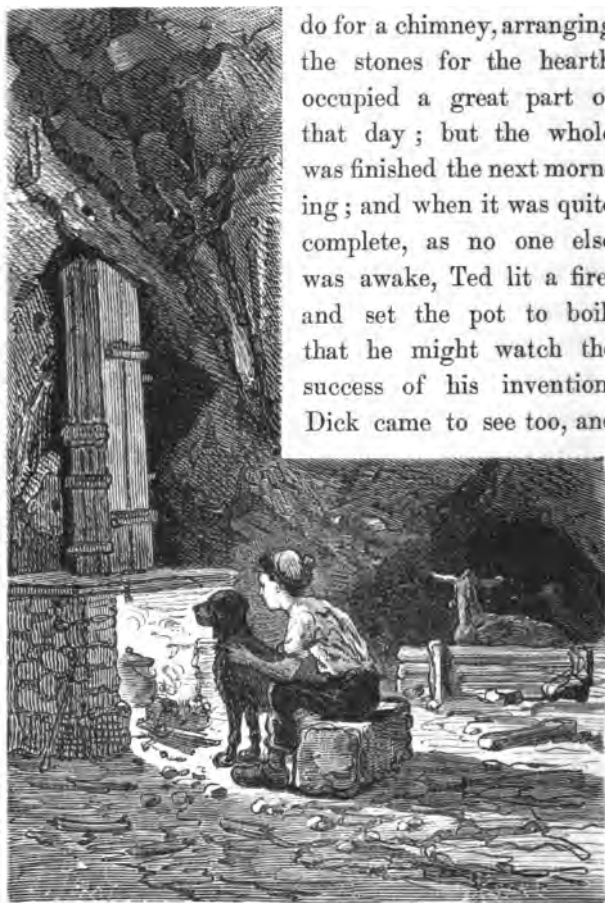
He had still a good stock of strong nails, with which to make the planks secure; and to build a fireplace of stones would be quite an easy task.

Thinking about the matter, and making plans, Ted was interested, and was as anxious to make the attempt as he had formerly been to put it off. But lest it should fail, he resolved to say nothing to Hal or Mammy about it till the work was done; he would get up early the following morning, and for some days following if necessary, and see if he could not work them a surprise.

Once fairly set upon a thing, it was not easy for Ted to turn his thoughts to any other subject; and during the next few days Rachel was greatly at a loss to understand what was making him so thoughtful and absent; but she understood when one morning, on

arising, she found him busy with a heap of stones. Having got everything else ready for the singular

contrivance which was to do for a chimney, arranging the stones for the hearth occupied a great part of that day ; but the whole was finished the next morning ; and when it was quite complete, as no one else was awake, Ted lit a fire, and set the pot to boil, that he might watch the success of his invention. Dick came to see too, and



placed himself exactly in front of his master with the air of a connoisseur, and having watched the whole affair for some time, barked his congratulations, and walked off to wake Hal, that he might see too.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRUANTS.

“DICK! good Dick! come here.”

It was Hal who uttered this invitation one morning when, having woke up earlier than usual, he was in want of something to do, and some one to talk to.

Dick was scarcely awake; Ted still sound asleep. His hard work generally made him a sound sleeper; and Hal knew from experience that he could talk pretty loud without the least fear of waking him.

Dick lifted his head and gazed sleepily at the child, with an expression in his half-closed eyes which seemed to say, “I am very sleepy;—do you really want me very much?”

But Hal had small sympathy with sleepiness. Once awake, he was always *wide* awake; and on this particular morning he was firmly convinced that it was high time to be up and out.

He was longing for his bath; but Rachel had so often forbidden him to call Ted if he awoke before his brother, that he had hit upon another and more convenient plan.

"Dick ! does you hear when you's called ?—come here !"

Thus conjured, Dick saw no alternative but to comply, sleepy and loath to move as he was. He got up, and dragged himself to the corner where Hal's bed was. The child was sitting up ; and Dick remembered his manners sufficiently to lick his face by way of saying " Good morning."

Hal put his arm round his neck, and drew his head quite close ; because " you know I've a sec'et to tell you. Mammy says, Hal must not wake Budda ; but Hal is so tired of bed, must get up. Aren't you tired too, Dick ? "

No, Dick was by no means tired of bed ; he could have slept a good hour longer, had not that troublesome child called him ; but he was too polite to hint at the real state of his feelings, and merely wagged his tail, to show that he fully comprehended Hal's situation.

" You know, Dick, we can get up by ourselves : you can dress yourself, and so can Hal ; and we can get our baths ourselves. You needn't be afraid, Dick,—I'll take care of you."

Dick was not at all afraid ; I dare say he laughed at the very idea, but Hal did not find it out if he did ; he went on making his plans, and Dick listened and admired.

Now that he was up, it was quite according to

Dick's fancy to go out for a walk and bath : he did so every morning ; and he had no objection at all to Hal for a companion. The two accordingly got up quietly ; Hal scrambled into his little frock ; and they started off down the path to the beach in the highest possible spirits.

Dick was by this time wide awake ; the fresh morning air was delightful, and the blue waves were rolling up in grand style upon the beach. When Hal was quite a baby, his morning bath had been the cause of some uneasiness to the dog ; creatures that walked on two legs always seemed so stupid when they got into the sea, that he was seldom at his ease about Hal till he saw him safe on the dry land again. But by degrees he had grown used to the process.

The child enjoyed splashing about ; and as long as he was there to watch, Dick knew that no great harm could happen.

But those rolling waves which looked so glorious ! Dick eyed them, and wondered whether it was quite safe for his little charge to dare their might.

But Hal was in ecstasies. " Won't we have a jolly good bath, Dick ? " he cried. " Oh, what a big wave ! I s'ouldn't wonder if he knock me over. "

He was paddling about in the surf in another minute, while Dick was revelling in the breakers, but keeping, meanwhile, his watchful eye on the child, lest any harm should come to him. Those waves

were, however, too tempting. Hal was safe enough ; he was keeping close to the shore, as all two-legged mortals should do : Dick felt that he might comfortably and safely venture a little further out to sea.

So Dick doubtless thought ; and Hal, seeing him rise on the crest of a huge wave, shouted to him to "Go on—such a big fellow was going—he had better try to ride on the top of that." At first it was quite fun enough to watch Dick, but before long silly little Hal began to fancy that it must be very easy indeed to sit on the waves, and most certainly very delightful. A little wave was coming—he would go to meet it ; it really looked quite a little one,—so he assured Ted afterwards when relating his adventures ; but, little or big, it must have been too big for Master Hal.

Dick had travelled over several breakers, when he bethought himself to look round for his little friend ; perhaps he missed the sound of his merry chatter ; but when he did look, 'I am sure his good honest heart must have felt a great sudden pain when he perceived that the child was no longer splashing and kicking about in the water, but had vanished utterly from sight.

Hal could not give a very clear account of what happened after he had gone to meet the little wave ; he 'sposed he had tumbled down ; the water was so slipp'y. ; he almost thought a crab had tripped him up—crabs were such horrid things ; he could remember

the water getting into his mouth and choking him, and he knew that he tried to get upon his legs, but they wouldn't stand up. Altogether, he wished he hadn't gone to meet that wave, for he did not like his bath half as much as usual that morning.

Dick had brought him out—he knew that, but *how* nobody knew, for nobody thought of asking Dick to explain the matter. But, frightened as Hal had been, he was too much set on enjoying his morning walk to go home for awhile longer. Besides, he must run about and get dry; and accordingly, followed by Dick, he set off at a scamper to climb a sloping piece of cliff where they could both roll on the grass and dry themselves. Dick had taught him this simple method of supplying the want of towels; and the mishap that had attended him in his bath was soon forgotten as they amused themselves with running up and down this grassy slope, unsuspecting of any evil.

But this day was destined to be one of misfortunes to little Hal. While entirely occupied with their merry game, neither Hal nor Dick had perceived that they were watched, and that with no friendly eye, by a large rough goat which had taken up its position on a ledge of rock at a little distance, and stood there eyeing the dog and child at their play with momentarily increasing rage. Their attention was at last drawn to it by the sound of its footsteps

as it approached them, its head lowered with full intent to attack them.

Hal was the first to perceive it, and he sprang to his feet in such a hurry that Dick ceased his gambols and stood still to reconnoitre. It was well he did, for the goat was at that moment rushing straight at him. Its horns were strong, and presented a very formidable appearance ; and Dick, brave as he was, was much more inclined to avoid than to court attack.

As the goat came rushing at him, he adroitly sprang on one side,—saving himself, however, at the expense of his little companion. Hal was knocked over in a trice by the savage creature, whose horns inflicted some sharp wounds on his little fat legs, causing the child to scream with fear and pain.

“Dick ! Dick !” cried the little fellow ; and Dick, greatly ashamed of his momentary panic, flew to the rescue. He rushed at the goat’s flanks ; and the creature, whose rage was much more excited by the dog’s presence than by that of the child, turned fiercely round to meet its assailant.

The battle soon became furious. Hal was too brave to run away and leave Dick to be gored to death by his enemy ; besides, as he afterwards boasted, “he did help Dick a good deal,—he pulled

the goat's tail and hind legs whenever he could get hold of them without danger to himself ; and the goat did not like it at all." Perhaps it might have been wiser if he had run home and called more efficient aid, but this he never thought of.

Fortunately for poor Dick, who found the goat a very ugly customer indeed, this help came unsought. Ted, rising at his usual time, was greatly surprised to miss both his companions, and still more astonished and uneasy when he found that Mammy knew nothing of their proceedings.

"The rogues ! won't I pay them out !" he exclaimed, as at Rachel's earnest entreaty he started in search of them. Hal had never played him such a trick before, and he must be taught not to do such a thing again, he thought, or "how shall we ever know where he is, or whether he is safe ?"

But as he proceeded further along the beach, having started in the wrong direction, and therefore seeing no trace of the truants, his anger changed to real anxiety. He had expected to find them playing close at hand ; but when he found that they were nowhere within sight, the matter became really serious.

"Hal may have tumbled into the sea and got drowned ; but such a thing can hardly have hap-

pened to Dick : it is altogether inexplicable. Well, I'll turn about and see if they can have gone the other way."

It was a lucky thought. He had not proceeded far when the scuffle going forward on the green slope of the cliff became visible. Ted quickened his pace, and was in a few moments tearing at full speed up the face of the cliff. Hal's cries excited the liveliest apprehensions, and Dick's fine coat stained with blood proved that aid had not come too soon.

"I wonder if he'll take a turn at goring me?" was Ted's thought as he neared the fighting animals. "I should like to catch him, though,—what a fine old fellow it is! What, Hal, you young scamp!" as the child ran to meet him, crying and sobbing most piteously ; "I'll teach you to run away and give me all this trouble."

"Oh, but do drive away that dreadful big goat," cried the child ; "he'll kill poor Dick."

"Drive him away!—that's easier said than done," was Ted's reply. "I wish I might be able to do anything of that kind. He's hardly likely to go because I tell him to ; but we'll try ;" and picking up a big stone, he hurled it with a good aim at the goat. It hit him, and with such force that the creature turned round in amazement, and seeing that its enemy was just about to fling

another stone, it judged it the wisest course to take to its heels and save him the trouble.

Dick pursued it for some distance, and Ted sent another stone after it to convince it that it would be a bad plan to turn back again. Apparently it had no such intention; it had proved its valour by tearing Dick's sides severely;—he at least was hardly likely to forget the goat.

Hal clapped his hands with delight when he saw that his enemy was really gone, but Ted's countenance was very grave.

"It's all very fine to be glad he's gone, Hal; but I should like to know what business you and Dick had to be out here this time in the morning—all by yourselves too—without asking any one's leave. You frightened Mammy pretty well out of her wits, and me too."

Hal looked greatly disconcerted. Budda did not generally speak to him in that tone of voice. Hal began to be afraid he was really angry. He thought it best and safest, therefore, to make no answer; and Dick, seeing plainly that something serious was the matter, trudged along by his master's side with his tail between his legs. Very likely, his doggish brains were greatly puzzled to account for Ted's displeasure. Had Hal got drowned, or hurt by the goat, it would have been quite comprehensible; but Hal was trotting along

safe and sound ; and if any one had got hurt, surely it was Dick himself. Why Ted should be angry, it was therefore not very easy to see. He had only done as he was told. Hal had said, "Come, Dick, let's go and bathe," and he had gone. There could be no harm in that. Dick had always been taught to do as he was told, and Ted had often bade him take care of Hal.

It was altogether very puzzling to poor Dick. Hal probably knew perfectly well why Ted was angry, though when questioned he vehemently asserted he had not been at all naughty, had done nothing mischievous, and could not think why Mammy should have been frightened about him.

"That's all nonsense," said Rachel ; "you do know quite well, Hal, that you never do go out of the cave alone with Dick ; and it was very sly of you to get up and go out quietly without so much as waiting till Budda was awake, and asking him whether you might go."

Still the child was perverse and sullen, would not see that he had done anything naughty, and was quite sure he had not meant to be mischievous or anything of the kind.

"Well, I shall not speak to you till you are a good boy, and say you are sorry you have been so naughty, and given us so much trouble," said Mammy, looking very solemn ; for, as she said

afterwards to Ted, the child must be taught not to do such things, or she should never be easy again.

The idea that nobody would speak to him was so inconceivably strange that Hal could by no means realize it till, having made several attempts to begin a conversation with Mammy, and then with Ted, and found them both resolutely silent, he began gradually to take in the idea that he had got himself into serious trouble, from which it might be advisable to try to extricate himself. It was by no means pleasant not to be noticed and petted as usual. To be left to amuse himself as best he could, made the day seem terribly long ; his tongue grew positively quite tired for want of use ; and before long the little fellow could bear it no longer, and fairly began to cry.

Doubtless he had fully expected to be asked the reason of his tears, but here again he was grievously disappointed : Mammy and Ted merely looked at each other, and took no notice of him whatever. It was really very hard ; little Hal felt himself most cruelly treated, and he sat and sobbed some time most piteously. Certainly it was provoking that, though he rubbed his eyes with all his might, so very few tears came that he was almost afraid Mammy might not see them. True, he made a good deal of noise, but Hal knew by experience that Rachel was not fond of that kind of noise.

Still if she would only say so, that would be something. Hal wanted to make her speak to him.

In fact, that silence was so dreadful that Hal could not bear it much longer; and as no one would speak, he broke it at last by saying, "You might speak to me; I'se not going to do that any more at all."

"Do what, Hal,—cry?"

"No, course not. I'se not going out to bathe with Dick any more at all."

"Oh, you went to bathe, did you? You never told us that. Why, Hal, it's a wonder you didn't get drowned!"

Hal knew that quite well, and by degrees Ted drew from him an account of the rough sea and the great waves, and of his attempt to sit on the top of the big wave, with its failure.

Rachel listened with many expressions of wonder and of thankfulness at the child's escape. "If it hadn't been for Dick, he'd have been drowned as sure as anything," she said; and Hal, looking down, began to be convinced that he had done a very silly thing.

"Well, it's quite plain you were nearly drowned, and equally plain that if I had not come and found you when I did, the old goat might have pretty near killed you as well as the dog—Isn't that enough mischief for one day, Master Hal?" Ted asked when

the tale was all told. "What did you mean by saying you hadn't done anything naughty, I should like to know?"

But Hal was now too overwhelmed with confusion to attempt any excuse; he only pleaded again and again that he didn't mean to do it any more; and after dwelling some time longer on the dangers he had escaped, Mammy and Budda consented to kiss the little man and say no more about it.

"You wasn't angry with Dick, poor Dick, was you?" inquired Hal, as the dog, seeing the process of peace-making going forward, came up to claim his share in the caresses which Hal was receiving.

"Not angry—that wouldn't have been fair," replied Ted; "but I wish he had had the sense to refuse to go out alone with you. He seems so wise sometimes, I forget he's only a dog, and expect him to understand as if he was a human being."

"But he isn't,—he's got four legs," said the child. "How nice that must be. I could run ever so much faster if I'd two more legs. Then is I a human being?—I wish I wasn't."

"Silly child!" exclaimed Rachel: "why, you don't think at all, Hal. Which would you rather be, a dog like Dick, who is very nice in his way, but only a dog after all; or a clever boy like Budda, able to shoot and fish, and make all kinds of wonderful things?"

It was an unfortunate moment to ask such a question. Hal's temper had been disturbed; he knew exactly what Rachel expected him to say, and so he was quite determined not to say it; and besides, he could not forget that Budda had been very angry with him, while Dick had saved his life, and must therefore be a very splendid creature. "He'd like to be like Dick," he persisted; "he'd like to have four legs, and be able to run as fast as the rabbits;" and Rachel, with a sigh, gave him up as incorrigible.

Ted laughed. "Never mind," he said; "when the child knows the real difference, he'll tell a different tale. He has got up on the wrong side of his bed this morning, that's quite plain."

"I got out at the end," Hal replied mischievously, "so as you mightn't hear me, and because it was nearer to the door."

Neither Rachel nor Ted took any notice of this speech; and Hal, quite satisfied that his promise had made everything quite right and comfortable, went off happily to play with Dick and the goats.

His little tongue, free to chatter again,—for while under the burden of conscious disgrace he had not cared to talk to the kids,—rattled away at a great rate as he related to his friends the goats what a very disagreeable brother they had living not far off, among the hills behind the rocks. "I dare say you have never seen him; then you don't know how nasty

he is : he's got a long beard that almost touches the ground, and such long horns. He poked Dick with them, and made him bleed—poor Dick ! and he would have hurt Hal ever so much too, only he was afraid, cause, you see, I'se a 'uman being, as Budda calls it. Does you know what that means, you silly goats ? No, I dare say you don't : you don't know much. It means a dog with two legs. Dick's got four legs, and I'se got only two, you see ; so I'se not quite the same as Dick : I can't run so fast ; I wish I could. But that goat may come here, you know ; if he does, mind you don't let him come and live with you. He'll be so cross—just as he was to Dick. You'd better drive him away, just as Budda and I did."

" Budda and I : just hear that, Mammy. Isn't it good ? Why, Hal stood and roared. What's the matter with the child to-day ?" Ted asked in great astonishment.

" Nothing ; or, rather, only what I said before—he's got up in a naughty mood. He knows he did what was naughty, but he's trying to persuade himself he has done something wonderful. Poor little man, he'll be all right to-morrow, I dare say. Don't pretend to hear the nonsense he's talking. Hal calling himself a dog with two legs, indeed !—he's only doing it to attract attention."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FOUND.

"HUSH, Hal! Budda's asleep."

It was Rachel who spoke these words ; and she was looking pale and tired as she came into the outer cave, where Hal was playing rather a noisy game with Dick and Poll, and putting her finger on her lips tried to quiet him. The child sprang to her side : he had been left a good deal to himself throughout the last few days, during which Ted had been very ill with an attack of fever ; and though Dick was a very good playfellow, he longed very much for some one to talk to him.

"Then Budda will soon get well and go out again?" he asked in a half-whisper. But Rachel shook her head, and only said, "He's very ill still, Hal."

The child became downcast again in a moment, and Rachel, noticing this, said, "Will you be a very good boy, Hal, if I let you go out for a little while with Dick? Will you promise me not

to go far away, and to keep close to Dick all the time?"

"Yes, yes!" said the little fellow eagerly. He had been kept so much in the cave during those days, that the idea of a scamper on the beach was delightful,—so delightful, that for the minute it put all thought of Ted out of his head.

"But you must be sure to remember, or I shall never trust you again: you must not climb on those rocks where the sea is dashing now, and you must not go out of sight and get into the woods."

"No, I won't," said the child resolutely.

"Because if you do, you will get lost, and I shall have no time to look for you. You must stay with Dick, and Dick will take care of you. Do you hear, Dick?"

Dick heard quite well, and wagged his tail to signify as much. He would bring the child back all right; she might trust him; he had had more difficult things than that to do.

Rachel had the highest respect for Dick, but she could not help feeling a little uneasy as she watched the two going down the rocky path together. If anything did happen to the child, she should never forgive herself, she said; but still it did not seem well for the little boy to be kept continually in the cave, and at the same time it was quite impossible for her to leave Ted.

Of the nature of his complaint she knew very little. Fever of some kind it evidently was ; but whether infectious or not,—whether likely to last long, or be soon over, she had not the very faintest idea. Sitting by his side, and watching him, delirious or unconscious, was almost all she could do. He would take but little food, but his thirst was insatiable ; he hardly spoke intelligibly except to ask for water, and the long hours crept by scarcely counted by her in the intense suspense and terrible perplexity which attended this illness.

Ted's life had become of immense importance ; for what she and Hal would do if he died, and they were left alone on this lonely spot of earth, poor Rachel could not imagine. The dreadful possibility filled her with horror. That she could live under such circumstances, seemed impossible ; and yet, much as little Hal would assuredly feel the loss of his friend, Rachel knew enough of child nature to be quite sure he would not die of grief ; and while he lived, she felt she must not abandon herself to despair.

These, the horrible thoughts which Ted's illness had suggested, grew every day more unbearable. It was well for little Hal that he was an independent little fellow, and could pretty well take care of himself, for Mammy had no thoughts for any one but Ted. Hal would get up, run down

to the sea for his bath, dry himself in the sun, and come home again, and dress himself in his one little frock, without troubling any one to assist him. He knew where to find food when hungry; and, with Dick to help him, could look after the goats, and see that none of them strayed too far away.

He was literally no trouble at all; indeed for hours together Rachel entirely forgot his existence, unless roused to the remembrance of it by some loud burst of play which for Ted's sake she felt called on to suppress.

Then she bethought herself of what she had quite forgotten, that the child must be dull, and that it was hard for him to be kept indoors as he had been of late. She must venture to incur a little risk for the sake of enlivening the child's life, and it was this determination which had prompted her to send him out for a game with Dick.

"He does not understand,—he has not the faintest idea how ill Ted is," she said to herself, little dreaming that at that very minute the child was reproaching himself for having made a noise, and so perhaps made Budda worse.

No; they both knew more than Rachel suspected. Dick with his rough clumsy ways, and Hal with his thoughtless mirth, had both very anxious reflections at times; and when they had rolled each other over on the sands, and paddled

in the rippling waves to their hearts' content, they went and sat under the shade of some rocks, and thought. Dick settled himself with his nose resting on his paws,—his favourite attitude when engaged in meditation ; and Hal caressed his little bare feet lovingly, and wondered very much when Budda would come to sit on the beach too. It seemed to him a very long time since he had seen and talked to Ted. Mammy wouldn't let him go into the inner cave, for fear he should make a noise, which in Hal's eyes appeared a most unnecessary anxiety. Dick, too, was kept out ; so that I am afraid both the child and the dog felt as if they had in some way or other unconsciously got into disgrace.

If something of the kind had not been the case, they would scarcely have sat so long still and quiet, lost in thought, on the beach that evening ; but without reasoning about the matter, they both felt dull, and less inclined to romp than usual.

At last Hal grew tired of thinking, and began to try to imitate what he had often seen Ted do for his edification, viz., draw letters in the sand for him with a bit of stick. He could make round O, and a few others, pretty tolerably ; but Dick had a great objection to this proceeding, and as often as a letter was carefully finished he would get up and walk over it, obliterating the form with his large footprints.

So this amusement also failed ; and Hal at last saying, "Dick, come home !" the dog got up, and, stretching himself, preparing to follow his little charge to the cave. But suddenly he stood still, and throwing his head back uttered a short quick bark, which made the child stop, and cast a frightened glance around him.

There was, however, nothing to be seen. The whole shore as far as they could see was still, and quite untrodden by any foot save theirs ; and Hal's frightened look passed away. Not so the dog's. At Hal's repeated "Come along, Dick !" he advanced a few steps, but only to stop again, and utter the same startled sound, putting his nose to the ground, and sniffing as he did so. His ears curved and twitched, and he looked hard at his little companion, as much as to say, "I hear something,—don't you ?"

The child understood the dog's look and actions as well as if Dick could speak, and that something was the matter was as plain to him as possible. What this something was, however, was by no means comprehensible ; but following the dog's eye, Hal saw, or fancied he saw, some object moving on the top of a hill at some distance. What they were, he had no idea : they were not goats, nor birds, he felt sure ; and with the exception of goats and birds, Hal had learned to look upon all wild animals with distrust and fear.

They might be monkeys ; and that Budda and Mammy didn't like monkeys, he was well aware : so seizing hold of Dick's ear, he cried in tones of great alarm, " Let's run home to Mammy, Dick."

Had Dick been alone, he would much have liked to inquire into the movements of these same creatures whose appearance had so disturbed him ; but with Hal to take care of, such a thing was impossible—at least till after he had seen him safe home. So giving one anxious look behind him—a look of regret not unmixed with fear—Dick obeyed Hal's suggestion, and trotted along by the little boy's side till they reached the cave. Then, having delivered Hal into his Mammy's charge, and received her praise for the faithfulness with which he had fulfilled his trust, he darted off again, leaving Hal to tell the tale of their late alarm to Rachel, as indeed he lost no time in doing.

They had seen some creatures—Hal could not describe them any further,—“on the top of that hill where so many potatoes grow, you know, Mammy,” was the child's attempt at an explanation ; but when Rachel asked, “How big were they, and what were they doing?” his information could go no further than to assure her they were doing nothing but walking.

“Did they run after you and Dick?” Rachel inquired, for he looked so frightened that she was inclined to think they must have come nearer than

the hill he had mentioned. Hal thought they did, but on being further questioned admitted that he wasn't sure, because he was so frightened he had not looked behind him as he ran home.

"Do you think they were monkeys?" Rachel next inquired; and Hal, feeling that his tale would hardly be credited unless he could tell more than he had yet done, replied, "Yes, he felt sure they were monkeys."

"Hal, tell me the truth: do you think they saw you, and were coming after you?"

"Mammy, I'se 'fraid they were. Will they catch me, do you sink?"

"We must take care they don't. But what has become of Dick?"

Hal hadn't any idea: Dick came in with him, but he must have gone out again while they were talking; and the child, who always looked upon the dog as his chief protector, was greatly disconcerted at this discovery. "If Dick had gone," he sobbed, "the monkeys would be sure to come and take him away."

Rachel was at her wit's end: how was she to leave this trembling child to sleep by himself in the outer cave, and yet how could she dare to leave Ted unwatched in the inner one? And yet the fever might be infectious; and if so, for Hal to spend a night near Ted might do all the harm which she had tried so hard to guard against.

She tried hard to comfort the little fellow, assuring him that she would fasten up the door so firmly with stones that no monkey could possibly get in ; but he was not to be persuaded : the monkeys would knock the door down, and get in and carry him away ; they had long arms, Budda had said, and would hold him tight. Oh, why didn't Dick come home ? and he clung to her and cried, so that she couldn't find it in her heart to tear herself away.

While this weighty matter was still undecided, Ted's voice was heard calling from the other cave. It sounded more natural than it had done for some days past ; and Rachel, coming to answer him at the entrance of the cave, saw at once that he was better. He had woke up from the deep sleep in which she had left him ; and hearing little Hal's cries and sobs, was anxious to know what was the matter. Rachel tried to treat it as a trifle—the child was frightened, that was all ; but Ted was querulous and impatient, and would know all ; which all, when he knew it, was so little, and so uncertain, that it was impossible to say whether there was any ground for Hal's fears or not. Hal, standing just inside the inner cave—forbidden by Rachel to come any further—told his own story, with many frightened glances towards the outer cavern, which not being lighted, as Ted's bed-chamber was, by the faint light of a candle, was fast becoming very dark and gloomy.

"He's frightened at having to sleep there by himself," Rachel explained; "he wants to sleep here; but if your illness should be catching, what a pity that would be; and I'll go backwards and forwards, and watch you both."

Ted was too weak to feel much interested in anything. What Hal had seen was probably nothing but some wild goats, which would never come near the cave at all; and even supposing they were monkeys, they could not get in if the door was properly secured. He thought Hal was very silly; but as he did not believe his fever was infectious, he could not see that it signified whether Hal's bed was in one cave or the other.

He fell asleep again before the matter was decided; and Rachel, who was far more anxious than she had allowed Ted to see, was at last overpersuaded by Hal's entreaties, and permitted him to bring his heap of hay just inside the inner cave, and lie down to sleep there.

Dick did not return throughout the whole night,—and a weary, anxious night it was to the poor woman.

True, Ted was evidently better; and this was a great relief; but it would be long, long before he would be well enough to go out; and their stores were very low indeed: she was beginning to think she should have to take to shooting and fishing her-

self. And in the meantime, supposing there should be any ground for little Hal's fears, supposing there should be any monkeys of a large savage kind abroad,—Hal was sure they were large,—what would become of them if attacked by such creatures?

Rachel had heard that monkeys did sometimes conceive a most extraordinary fancy for children. If this were the case, Hal might have been right when he fancied that they were pursuing him. And Dick, who had probably gone off again to reconnoitre, was it not very possible that, in a scuffle with such monkeys as her imagination pictured, he might have been torn to pieces?

Truly, she had never felt in such dire straits; but then we must remember that the poor woman had had no sleep for many nights; and every difficulty looks greater when fatigue has worn out the physical powers.

Seeing that Ted was really better, she had resolved to permit herself to doze while sitting beside his bed; but during the darkest hours of the night anxiety had completely prevented her from sleeping, and it was not till the day had nearly broken that she fell into a light sleep.

She was roused from it by Ted's hand laid on hers, and his voice, exclaiming in hushed but startled tones, "Mammy, listen! what is that?"

So sudden had been her awakening that she

scarcely knew where she was, and for a moment forgot the events of the last few days ; but Ted repeated his inquiry, and her senses came back instantaneously.

"What is what?" she said, glancing round the cave, half expecting to see some strange sight, though doubtful whether he were not again delirious, and fancying that he saw something which had no existence whatever.

"Why, that sound,—didn't you hear it? It seemed to me as if I heard voices—people talking. I couldn't have been dreaming, surely. No; I hear it again. What is it?—oh, Mammy, see!"

She rose, then fell back on her seat with a terrified air. "I can't, Ted. What if it should be savages, or some chattering monkeys?"

There was a moment's silence ; then a heavy thud against the door, which Hal hearing, exclaimed, "That's Dick come back: shall I go and pull the stones away, and let him in?"

Ted hesitated, and glanced at Rachel, who, white as ashes, had been listening intently.

"Yes," she said, "I did hear it, most distinctly. The dog's not alone,—I heard voices. Ted, what shall we do?"

"If I could only get up!" exclaimed Ted. "What is the matter with me?—I feel as if my back were broken. Yes, that's Dick's bark, and no mistake. Let him in,—he'll bring no harm here."

"Wait,—are you sure?" Rachel pleaded. "Hal, wait a minute;" for the child, eager to see his friend, and quite oblivious of the fears of the night before, was scampering to open their clumsy door, and let the dog in.

"He'd never bring any harm here," Ted repeated. "I'd trust him any day. Yes, Hal, you may open the door,—that's to say if you can."

"I'll go," said Rachel, summoning all her courage. "If there's any danger, it will be better for me than for him;" and she began with trembling hands to remove the stones which held the door in its place.

Ted leaned forward to catch sight of the entrance, his anxiety and suspense so overpowering that he could scarcely breathe. If the day for which he had so longed and hoped had only come, how provoking it was to be lying there helpless and an invalid; or if, instead of any such good luck, Dick might innocently have brought them into danger and trouble, what would Rachel and Hal do without him?

The door was cautiously pushed on one side by Rachel, and in another minute Dick was bounding and leaping around his master in such exuberant spirits that it was plain he thought he had brought good news to the household. Some footsteps were heard in the outer cave, a murmur of voices, and then the dog was followed by three tall officer-

looking men, at sight of whom Hal shrieked, and then ran to hide his face on Dick's neck. Whether he still laboured under the delusion that they were monkeys, it is impossible to say : monkeys or men, they were alike new things to him ; and till he was more certain of their designs, it was his determination to keep at a safe distance.

He listened while the strangers uttered exclamations of surprise, and questioned his Mammy and Ted ; and seeing by degrees that no harm came to them, he ventured to come nearer, and to take hold of Rachel's hand.

The visitors were Englishmen, officers of a large ship which, as they told Ted, was now lying off the island. She had been becalmed on her homeward passage to England, and had in consequence of this delay run short of provisions and water. To seek a fresh supply, they had landed on this island the evening before ; and " while walking about to explore," said one of the officers, " we were surprised beyond measure to see this splendid dog of yours. He rushed up to us just as we were bivouacing for the night, and was determined to make friends with us ; and then, when we awoke this morning, he was still close at hand, evidently determined to lead us here."

" I am very glad ;—Dick ! good dog ! good fellow ! " was all Ted could say in his weakness. The sudden

joy was almost more than he could bear; and though for years he had been looking forward to this day, now that it had come, he felt as if it was all a dream.

"Yes, he would give us no peace till he saw that he had made us comprehend what he wanted; and indeed the instant I saw him I made up my mind he could not be living here all alone; though up to that moment we had been quite convinced that the island was uninhabited. But now, young man, tell us, haven't we come just in the nick of time?—you look pretty well done for."

"I've been ill, but I'm better now," was Ted's answer; and Rachel, speaking for almost the first time, told the story of his illness, not forgetting to describe the night of anxiety she had passed on account of the alarming report Hal had brought home the evening before.

This caused great amusement, and Hal was asked to describe the monkeys he had seen on the top of the hill; but the little fellow had grown shy again, and could only be induced to say that there were a great many monkeys,—many more than three.

"That's very possible," said one of the officers; "we had our men with us—half a dozen stout fellows. What a formidable troop of monkeys we must have appeared! They are filling our casks at a stream we found; and we left them to do it, and came on here.

But how awfully ill you look, young fellow !—tell us what's the matter. This is our surgeon : let him see if he can't set you to rights."

Rachel could scarcely believe her ears ;—a doctor just when he was wanted !—could anything be more fortunate ? The joy of a probable deliverance was almost forgotten in the instantaneous relief this announcement brought. The responsibility of Ted's illness taken off her shoulders, she could now turn her thoughts to other things.

And so, while the surgeon talked to Ted, she set herself, with little Hal's help, to produce some refreshment for their visitors. A singular meal they must have thought it ; but if so, they kept their thoughts to themselves, and eat and drank and talked till Ted began to wonder whether it would not be very tiring to live in civilized society again.

At last they took their leave, after having heard a brief account of Ted's life on the island, and assured him that without doubt their captain would give him, Rachel, and Hal a passage home in his ship. "So pack up your traps and be ready. No fear of our making off and leaving you," they said as they departed ; "you'll see us again soon." And as their footsteps died away on the rocky path leading from the cave, Ted leaned back on his pillow, and closed his eyes, fairly tired out with excitement.

Rachel and Hal remained gazing after their

visitors till they were out of sight ; then turning back into the cave, Rachel threw herself into a seat, and clasped the child in her arms in a perfect frenzy of delight. " We shall see home again, and my children again !—God has remembered us at last."

But Hal looked bewildered. " Are we going away, Mammy ?" he said ; " are we going to live on another island ? Why should we ?—I like this place very much."

" So do I, Hal ; but there's another place I like much better still : it's my home, and Ted's ; and when you've been there a little while, you'll like it much better than this funny place. But you'll have to wear more clothes when you get there, for it's ever so much colder than this place."

" Then I shan't like it at all,—I don't like clothes," was Hal's reply. " But I haven't any more clothes, so I can't wear them ;" and this being evidently a great relief to him, he watched her complacently enough as she, taking the officers at their word, set herself to arrange their small possessions for the anticipated voyage.

She was glad to see that Ted did not attempt to rise and help her. The doctor had bade him lie still and be quiet ; and though the latter part of the prescription was not easily to be obeyed, he felt much too weak to be tempted to neglect the former. In a perfect delirium of joy the day wore away, and

towards evening, Hal, who had been sitting at the entrance of the cave, came bounding in to say that some of those very big men were coming back.

"Are they the same who came this morning?" Ted inquired eagerly. It was strange how shy he felt of these strangers, and especially of the captain, whose visit he was naturally expecting.

"One's the man who felt your hand, and told you to put your tongue out. What a funny man he was!" Hal replied.

"Go and meet them, Hal, and show them the way in," Ted answered; "you see I can't."

"They can find the way,—it's quite easy," Hal replied, hanging down his head as he always did when any one bade him do what was not to his taste.

"You'll have to learn to do what you're bid, Hal," Ted exclaimed impatiently: "those gentlemen will be angry with you if you don't."

"Then I shan't like them," was Hal's prompt reply. "I hate angry people."

"Don't talk in that way;—get along, and go and meet them."

But the young gentleman had no mind to do anything of the kind; and before the discussion had proceeded any further, the visitors had found their way unaided to the inner cavern.

"Ah, glad to see you're taking care of yourself,

Marshman," the surgeon exclaimed. "This is Captain Grant, who has come to see you, and to settle how and when you're to be got on board ship. We shall save your life, and your constitution too, I hope; but this place would have been the death of you if you'd stayed here much longer."

"Would it? I thought I should have got all right again."

"I doubt it. But now tell the Captain all you told us this morning of your doings in this stifling place, and how you picked up your two companions."

Ted complied; and Captain Grant listened to his story with great interest, observing at the end of it, "And your parents, no doubt, think you're dead."

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, so much the greater joy for them when they see you again. I'm glad it's fallen to my lot to be able to carry you away from this awful solitude. I need hardly ask you if you're not longing to be off. That good woman is, I can see; and the child, I suppose, doesn't care."

"He can't remember any other home, sir. We shall all be grateful to you all our lives long; for my own part, I can't thank you—my heart's too full;" and Rachel turned away to hide the tears which she fancied made her look so foolish.

"Nonsense, nonsense!—no thanks are wanted.

Did you imagine that any man could see you here and leave you?"

"We hoped not, sir; but all the ships passed so far off;—they never so much as caught sight of us."

"I suppose not. Well, as it happens, my ship wants a little putting to rights, so we shall be here a few days, and by that time you'll all be ready to sail with us, I hope. Your lonely life is over at last, I do believe."

So it was settled; and in this interval, Rachel and Ted had time to get a little used to the prospect of seeing old England again; for though indeed they felt as if they had never seen a fairer scene than when they looked their last on their island home, the thought of meeting again their friends and kindred drove away all the feelings of regret which Ted had once fancied would be inevitable.

And in that short delay Ted's strength in some measure returned; so that when the much-longed-for moment came, he was able to walk to the boat sent from the ship to fetch him. Rachel was more afraid for him than he was for himself,—she thought the excitement would be more than he could bear: but few people die from joy; and when all were safely launched, the long-exiled boy made the rocks resound with the shout of farewell with which he left his island home. True, it had been his kingdom;

.



A FAREWELL.



but his reign had been but a sad one, and he could not regret its ending.

The homeward voyage was one long happy dream. Ted would sit for hours leaning over the ship's side watching the sparkling water as it splashed against the bulwarks, but in reality his mind was very far away. Trying hard to picture his mother's face,—the four years that had passed since he saw it had played sad tricks with his memory ;—imagining how much his pretty sister May would have grown ;—wondering what they would be doing when he should rush in upon them ;—these were Ted's ways of wiling away the long hours.

And whenever the ship approached any town or port, or sailed, as she did sometimes for hours, within sight of land, he would try to picture to himself what the coasts of England would look like when he should first catch sight of them, and imagine how excited he should feel at the thought that home was now very, very near. During those hours, the hatred Ted had lately felt towards the sea was changed into a languid satisfaction in watching its waves, and feeling himself being securely and surely carried homeward ; though his old enthusiasm for sea-life, his old passion for adventure, had died a natural death.

Had he been asked then what was the life he aspired to, I verily believe it would have been

nothing more exciting or lively than that of a country farmer. The life of adventure which he had been leading had been too hard a life, too great a struggle, for him to have any wish to renew it even under happier circumstances. Henceforth, or at least for some time to come, quiet and rest were all he desired.

It was a bright autumn morning when the ship neared the English coasts. How during the four long years of his absence had Ted looked forward to that day!—how often had he tried to imagine how he should feel when the white cliffs of England first came in sight!—and how many, many times had these fits of dreaming ended in blinding tears! By degrees Ted had almost abandoned the hope of a rescue and return: long waiting and hope deferred had made his heart sick. In fact, that hope had never been lower than at the very moment when help was near at hand. He had thought himself dying in a foreign land; and so accustomed had he grown to the prospect, that his thoughts had been given chiefly to the hopeless future that seemed to lie before Rachel and little Hal. But all these gloomy forebodings were forgotten now in the happiness of hailing the shores of old England once more.

It is true there was something chilling in the fact of landing with no one to greet or welcome him, but that of course was only what he had

expected and prepared himself for. His father had friends in Liverpool, and to them Ted had resolved to apply on landing for the means to continue his journey homeward. They would gladly, he knew, advance the money to convey him and Hal on their way, and to send Rachel to her home in the south.

What, therefore, was his vexation and disappointment when he learnt, on making himself known there, that his father, mother, and indeed the whole family, had left England some months before, and were now living in a quiet village in Normandy.

"Have they—I mean, has my father—given up his farm, then?" asked Ted hastily; for he remembered that when he had first expressed a desire to go to sea, his father in his vexation had declared that he would sell his farm, seeing that he should have no son to come after him and profit by the labour and pains he had bestowed on it. To succeed to the farm was now his fondest hope for the future; and to help his father and learn farming was his highest ambition for the present. It would be a great disappointment to him if these hopes were to be disappointed.

"Well, as to giving it up, I can't exactly say he has done that. He has been looking out for a purchaser for some time past, but I've not heard that he has met with one; in fact, if he had, I think I should have heard, as I manage most of his busi-

ness for him ; but last time I saw him, he told me he had quite made up his mind on the subject. His health has quite given way of late ; in fact, he has never been in the least like himself since the time when they heard that the Orion had foundered with all her crew,—you, Master Ted, of course among the rest.”

“Ah, he did hear that, then ? I’ve often wondered what he heard, and whether they believed I was drowned. Do you really think they did ? Somehow I fancied they wouldn’t.”

“Well, about that I can’t say. They had no reason to doubt it. They were mourning for you, and I believe fretted a good deal more than you deserved, Master Ted ; for if I remember rightly, you were not the most dutiful son in the world to them, nor the kindest of brothers to your sisters.”

“No more I was,” Ted admitted ; “but my sisters were very fond of me for all that.”

“No doubt, no doubt. It seems to me that that is generally the way of the world. Folks that deserve it most, often get the least love, and *vice versa*.”

“That’s been the way with me all my life,” Ted replied regretfully. “I was a little tyrant to my sisters, but they would do anything for me ;—yes, and think themselves honoured by being allowed to do anything for me, too.”

“Silly geese they !” exclaimed the old man. “And

so I suppose you flatter yourself that they will be glad to see you back?—and I shouldn't wonder if you're right."

Ted laughed,—a good hearty laugh which seemed to say that he had no fear at all on that score.

"And you think they'll own a ragged scamp of a fellow like you for a brother,—such fine girls as they are too? Well, that is impudence, I declare."

"If they'd seen me on the island, very likely they might have felt uneasy had they recognized me in my goat-skin clothes; but now I'm quite respectable, thanks to one of the young officers who gave me some of his clothes which he'd outgrown."

"Respectable by comparison with what you have been, perhaps; but hardly such a trig, tidy lad as your mother would like to see you. Still, you're right: your mother won't think much about your clothes when she finds she has her dead son back again; she'll put up with your clothes for the sake of the animal they enclose, or I know nothing about her. But now tell me, what are you going to do?"

Ted had scarcely made up his mind.

"Rachel," he told his friend, "was of course eager to be starting off to her home in the south; he had no right to detain her; but Hal was his property—he could not part from him. She had children, and her duty was to go to them without loss of time; but in that case what could he do with Hal? He

must go to France to seek out his parents, but could he take Hal along with him?" This was the difficulty that occurred to him; and to his friend the merchant's surprise, he hesitated, and seemed perplexed.

"The boy's not too sharp, that's clear. I thought he would have bolted off and shot across the Channel before I had time to stop him," muttered the old man to himself; adding aloud, "You'd better go straight off and find your people, Ted. Spend a night with me, and I'll find you some rigging and the cash you want, and to-morrow you can start on your travels again."

Ted's face fell. Little as the merchant suspected it, the delay of even a few hours seemed almost intolerable after the long, long waiting that had gone before; but after a minute's struggle to repress the feeling of disappointment, he answered, "Thank you,—you're very kind; but what am I to do with little Hal?"

"Let him go with your good friend Rachel,—at all events till you know your father's wishes about him. You say that you know nothing about his friends?"

"Nothing at all, nor even the name of the ship in which they were wrecked; so I am sure I have a right to keep him, and my father will not refuse me."

"Well, most likely not; but for the present you'd better leave the child with the good woman you

were telling me about ; and if you can put up with the delay it will cause, I should advise you to see her to her home before you cross to France : it won't take you very much out of your way."

So it was settled, and the next morning they were again on their travels. Ted could scarcely bring himself to part from Hal and Dick ; but fully convinced that his old friend's suggestion was reasonable, he resolved to be guided by his advice ; and Hal was reconciled to the plan by the assurance that Ted would soon come back, and that in the meantime Dick and Mammy would take care of him. In fact, he was too much absorbed in the contemplation of the many new scenes that passed before his eyes, and too much amazed at the wonders of the new island they had reached, to think much of aught besides.

Everything on board ship had pleased him immensely : the masts and sails, the coils of rope, the sailors with their funny talk,—it had seemed a new world to the child. But now there came another change : the large towns that the train whirled them through on their way to the south, with their bustling crowds and wonderful buildings, suggested all kinds of questions : "Such a funny island it was," he repeatedly declared ; but all remembrance of his far-off island home was fast growing faint,—the sea voyage had swept away most of his old ideas ; and though he still talked occasionally of the cave and

the rocks, of the goats and the parrots in the woods, other and more recent events filled up the greater part of his talk and of his thoughts. The island home would ere long be entirely forgotten.

"I should be sorry to forget it so entirely," Ted remarked to Rachel as they talked together of the past, while they watched the green meadows of their native country scud past them, and found that many of their remembrances only made the child stare : he had clearly no recollection of what was to them like a thing of yesterday.

"But he's so young, it isn't to be wondered at," Rachel replied : "perhaps it's best,—it's nature, so I suppose it is."

This was Rachel's usual mode of reasoning ; she never wanted to see anything, be it child or beast, other than natural. Even Ted's attempts to teach Poll to talk had met with opposition from her, as entirely contrary to nature ; the thing's screaming, objectionable as she admitted it was, must yet be tolerated, because it was natural to the creature.

Their long journey came to an end at last. Rachel's home was reached—a quiet village in Kent ; and when Ted had witnessed the joy and excitement that her appearance created, he ceased to regret the delay in his own happiness.

And Rachel herself, "If one could die of nought but happiness, I'm certain this day would have killed

me outright," she exclaimed, when Ted prepared to take leave of her: "it's like dying and being buried, and coming to life again. And oh, to think I've found them all well and hearty: it's more than I expected—it is, indeed."

"And, mother dear, who'd ever have thought of seeing you again?" cried her younger child, a fair-haired child of ten. "I'm sure we'd all given you up for dead, and made up our minds we must get along as well as we could without you; but it were a bad look-out for us, that it were."

"It's altogether wonderful, and worth all the trouble we've had, to think what wonderful stories mother will be able to tell us about the shipwreck, and the island, and the cave, and her washed ashore dead, and coming to life again," added a big rough lad who had a secret intention of following his father's steps; and, far from being disheartened by his parent's fate, fancied any hardships could be easily borne if such adventures might be hoped for in the end.

Ted remembered his own early dreams: shipwrecks and desert islands had been among the themes which he had once loved to read and think about; now they spoke to him of nothing but misery and horrors. As he pursued his journey towards the coast, he thought many times of the apple-faced country lad, and wondered whether Rachel's tales

of adventure would have the effect of damping or of exciting his ardour for a sea-life. He remembered how deaf he had proved to all remonstrance and persuasion, and was not long in concluding that what he had done, Rachel's boy would probably do too.

Three days after he had once more set foot in England, Ted found himself again tossing on the rough waves in the small steamer that conveyed him



across the Channel. Landed at Calais, he had still a journey across the country to accomplish ere his wanderings would be over; but everything seemed easy when he was mounted on the diligence, and fairly on the road to the little Norman village to which his father's friend had directed him.

The hours that intervened between starting and arriving at his destination seemed, it is true, longer than any he had ever passed; but they came to an end at last; and when the driver turned to him and

repeated the name of the place about which he had many times inquired, he could no longer contain his delight, but springing up waved his cap, and shouted as only English boys can shout. Doubtless the



driver thought he was mad, for why a foreigner should be so enraptured to find himself in a stupid little Norman village, was utterly incomprehensible; but he contented himself with muttering "Anglais!" and asked no questions. Probably the villagers

shared the good fellow's astonishment, when, a few minutes after, they saw the stranger tearing about the place eagerly seeking a certain street, and a certain house, listening with desperate interest to their attempts to explain which way he must go, but invariably flying in the very opposite direction.

It was by some extraordinary piece of good luck that Ted did at last light on the right house : why he went there, he could not exactly explain ; but he saw a face at the window which he felt sure was an English face, and so he made the venture. He asked the girl in the white cap who came to the door when he rang, for "Mrs. Marshman," and so certain did he feel that the end of his wanderings was reached, that his excitement vanished, and he followed her as if in a dream when she invited him to walk in, and led him upstairs into the room where his mother was sitting at work.

And the happy dream continued,—the dream of love, and home, and rest : for days it lasted, and Ted had no wish to wake from it ; but by degrees the dream became solid reality ; and the past life, with all its sorrows, pains, and anxieties, became in its turn the dream ; but a dream which had taught lessons, and left some traces behind it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOME AGAIN.

TED had no wish for a long time to do anything but enjoy the present. He had no thought of making plans, though of course he felt that he was a man, and that, as such, it was time he set about whatever was to be his life's work. He had no intention of choosing for himself; his father, he resolved, should settle whether or not he should return to a sea-life, and with his decision Ted fully meant to be contented.

It might not be so easy as he thought. The sun was shining so brightly over his world just then, that everything seemed easy; and though he had over and over again resolved that nothing should ever induce him to go to sea again, he tried to persuade himself that if such should be his father's wish, he should be willing to give up his own desires, and prove submissive.

He need have had no fear. Mr. Marshman was even more reluctant than ever to see his son turn sailor in good earnest, and his mother could scarcely bear to hear him talk of his sea-life, though his

sisters were constantly begging for stories of his adventures, and could not see why she should turn so pale now that Ted was back again safe and sound, and never had been drowned at all.

"Perhaps you don't quite believe it yet, Mother dear," said May, her bright face looking very April-like, as tears for the past sorrow mingled with smiles over the joy that had so lately come. "I know that only the other day I dreamt he was dead, and that we were all as miserable again as we used to be."

"But you'd got over that misery, hadn't you?" Ted inquired. "If people die, it seems to me that their friends grieve for them for a year, or perhaps a few months, and then are as jolly again as if nothing had happened. That was the way with you, wasn't it, May?"

"No, Ted, I don't think it was. Of course, at first, we cried sadly when news came that the Orion had gone down, and the whole crew was lost. It was a dreadful time. I thought I should never be happy again. Then by degrees we grew better,—I mean we didn't cry so much; but I know I never forgot you for a day—no, nor for an hour either, and I never thought of you without a sharp feeling of pain inside me. I dare say, if you'd seen me, you'd have said I didn't care, but you'd have made a great mistake, Ted."

"And Mamma?" said Ted,—for he liked to hear

these details of the home from which he had so long been absent.

"Oh, Mamma,—every one said that she grew thinner and thinner, and paler and paler. She tried not to fret much, for Papa's sake,—for oh, Ted, Papa was nearly heartbroken."

"I am sure I can't think why," was Ted's reply ; but his voice was husky, and he walked off to avoid any further conversation.

May looked after him with her old adoring gaze. "He's much nicer than he used to be," she remarked to her sister Carrie, "but how horridly thin and ill he looks !"

"I thought you never would admit that it was possible he could be any nicer," Carrie remarked. "I remember hearing you tell somebody, a little while after we heard of his death, that he was the kindest of brothers to us all. I did not say so, May, but I thought even then that that was a little too strong."

"Did you ?—why, I am sure he was."

"Well, I know many people said he was spoilt and selfish ; and I thought so too, though of course I loved him very much."

"I couldn't think anybody selfish whom I love very much," said May emphatically. "I always try not to see my friends' faults."

"I know you do. But, May dear, what do you

suppose Ted will do now? Will he go to sea again, do you think?"

"Surely not, Carrie,—Papa will never let him. Oh, he couldn't want to go again after all he has suffered."

"Papa won't want it, you may be sure of that, May; but the question is what Ted himself will want to do,—he's nearly a man now."

Yes, this was the question; and Ted was beginning to feel that it was a point that must be settled before long. He had of course told his parents all about little Hal, and they had at once consented to his wish that the child might be his little brother again, and live with them when they should return to England. When that would be, Ted was anxious to know; and when he thus abruptly quitted his sisters, it was to join his mother, whom he saw sitting at the open window of the *salon* feasting her eyes on the sight of her recovered son.

"I was just wondering," she said as he came in, "whether you had acquired such a taste for wandering that you would never be happy at home. I suppose that when you have lived for some time in a place where you have to hunt for your dinner, kill it, and cook it yourself, you may find it very slow and stupid to live in a country where other people do all those things for you, and you have only to eat your dinner when the servants have got it ready."

"Perhaps it will," Ted replied, laughing; "but at any rate I think it will be very pleasant to be saved the trouble. I always was lazy, you know, mother."

"Were you? I think most boys are lazy; but if you have learnt to build huts, make fences, hunt, and cook, I think you cannot have been very idle since you have been away from us."

"But I am very idle now."

"You are taking a holiday, and you look as if you wanted it, my dear boy. You are nothing but skin and bone."

"May tells me I should make a good scarecrow. But, Mother, do you know, I'm tired of being idle. Think how old I am getting: most fellows of my age are thinking of earning their own living."

"What do you want to do, Ted?" Mrs. Marshman's face grew pale and anxious as she asked this question. She feared to hear him say that he wished to go to sea again.

"What does Father wish me to do?" Ted replied. He was as anxious about the matter as she was, and fancied that Mr. Marshman would say he had better stick to the profession he had chosen.

"Your Father has never changed his mind about you, Ted," his Mother replied: "you know what he wished when you went to sea, and he wishes the same now."

"But, Mother, I thought Papa had sold the farm, or at least was trying to sell it?"

"He has long been thinking of doing so,—in fact, ever since we heard the report of your death. He was much shaken by the news, and for a long time was quite unfit for any work. Then when he thought, as he could not help doing, that at his death the farm must pass into other hands, he ceased to feel any interest in it; and as I never fancied the place exactly suited him, I was glad enough for him to do so. However, he has never succeeded in meeting with a purchaser as yet."

"He would be glad to be rid of the trouble, I dare say; but where would you live then, mother?—not in this dull little place, would you?"

"No, I really don't know where we should live: it will be time enough to settle that when the farm is sold. But for yourself, Ted, what is it you want to do? Are you still hankering after the sea?"

"Hankering after the sea!—why, Mother, I'm quite ashamed to say how I loathe the thought of going to sea again. My time aboard ship was so short, that I really had no chance of knowing whether I should like it or not, and yet I took a regular hatred to it. No doubt it's very stupid of me, but I can't help it."

"I'm not surprised, and I am sure I am not

sorry," Mrs. Marshman answered. "If you can be happy at home, I shall indeed be thankful."

. "But, Mother, I know nothing about farming. Could I be of any use to Papa, do you think?"

"You had better talk to him about that. He told me yesterday that he doubted whether it would be possible for you to settle down to such a quiet, uneventful life as a farmer's."

"I believe I should like it immensely. Mother, do you know I've changed my mind about no end of things, and farming more than anything. Then you know how I used to detest children; now I like them amazingly. I want you to see Hal,—he's such a jolly little chap."

"I hope we shall see him very soon, my dear. Your father intends returning to England in about a fortnight; and then, while he and the girls stay in London, I mean to go down with you into Kent, and see your kind friend Rachel, and fetch away little Hal."

"That will be tremendously jolly. I hope he'll behave himself; but you know, Mother, he's not quite like a civilized being yet. It was so hard to teach him, when we had for a long time no knives and forks, and only skins to make clothes of. In fact, the little rogue hated clothes, and tried hard to persuade us to let him run about without any. He never had a pair of boots on till we bought him some in Liver-

pool, and he cried bitterly because we made him wear them. He did not think England at all a nice place to live in, he said. I wonder whether he persuaded Rachel to let him run about barefoot in Kent ! ”

“ He'll be a great amusement to your sisters, Ted. Do you know they are quarrelling which shall have the honour of teaching him.”

“ They'll find it no treat : I wish them joy of it. I taught him his lessons by drawing them on the sand ; but he had a great dislike to lessons, and always pretended to be tired and have the headache before they had gone on many minutes. He's a regular little humbug.”

Mrs. Marshman smiled. She knew a little more about children than Ted did, and had seen a good many such humbugs before that time. Ted was scarcely likely to be a patient teacher, and poor little Hal was very small to learn anything. “ Of course he got tired,” she said. “ We won't trouble him with many lessons just yet, my dear : he shall learn to love us all first ; and when that lesson is got over, it will be time to think about book-learning. So many new faces will be rather a trial to the little man.”

To Ted it seemed as if it would be easy enough for Hal to learn to love all his new friends ; he had forgotten that the tie of kindred was wanting, that the child would feel them strange and new ; but he saw

afterwards that she had spoken wisely, and from her own knowledge of child nature, when she prepared him for finding Hal shy and constrained on the occasion of his introduction into his new home.

The little cottage that Rachel had taken him to in Kent was a home such as he would soon have grown used to ; in fact, while playing in the lanes with the village children, making mud-pies under their instruction, birds'-nesting, and climbing trees, the little man was as happy as possible. The only thing he wanted was Budda ; and Budda was coming soon,—so Rachel always told him.

He was, of course, a marvel to all the country children ; it was so odd to play with a child who talked about the cave as they talked about their homes, who had really seen live monkeys, and had been in a wood where parrots flew about like sparrows or wood-pigeons. And Hal was extremely well pleased to find himself a person of so much consequence. His Mammy, as she watched him and listened to the wonderful stories with which he entertained his little playfellows, soon began to think that it would be a good thing for the little fellow when Budda came and carried him off again. Had it been intended that he should stay with her, she would have sent him to school, and likewise set herself to train him in good ways. But he was only

on a visit to her ; and this visit, if prolonged, would result, she soon saw, in the child becoming spoilt and troublesome. And Budda was, as Hal often remarked, "very long in coming." Sometimes, to quiet the child's impatience, Rachel would send him to the end of the lane in which her cottage stood to try if he could see anything of his brother ; but the little fellow's patience was soon exhausted, and he would come back with a disappointed face, and the declaration that he did not believe Budda meant to come back ever again.

On such dismal occasions, it was to Dick that he generally confided his trouble. Dick understood him, and was as tired as he was of looking out for Ted and never finding him ; but fortunately for them both, Dick did not agree with him in thinking that they had better go off, and see if they could find him their own selves. The dog had more patience and more trust than little Hal. Ted had bidden him wait in this funny place till he came back ; and though he was gone a long time, Dick had no thought of disobeying his master's command.

At last one day, when Hal was seated at the round cottage table eating a hearty breakfast of porridge, and Dick was growling over a bone which he had stolen from the cat in the next cottage, the tall shadow of a man's figure darkened the doorway ; and Hal, looking round to see who might be there,

half-fancying it might be Ted, saw the village postman handing a letter to Mammy.

Postmen and letters were things unknown in Hal's early days, but he had grown very wise lately, and as Rachel had letters very seldom, each one was a treasure and a matter of great curiosity to the child.

"Perhaps it's from Ted," she said as she opened it; and thereupon Hal forgot his porridge, and Dick his bone, to come and examine the letter and see whether it really would bring them any news of Ted.

"I don't believe it is; Budda never made letters except for me on the sand," Hal asserted; "and they weren't this kind of letter at all;" but Dick put his paws on Rachel's lap, and looked expectant.

"It is from Ted!" she exclaimed. "I suppose I ought to call him Mr. Ted now, but I can't make out for certain whether he's a gentleman or not. Well, let's see what he says. Oh he's coming!—there, Hal, what do you say to that?—yes, coming to-day, and with his mother too, to fetch away you and Dick. Well, and I suppose you'll be mightily pleased to go."

"Is he really coming?" Hal asked in bewilderment; "and am I really going away? Oh, Mammy, I don't want to go,—I don't want to see Ted's mammy at all, at all."

"Why, what ails the child? Haven't you been

grumbling and fretting almost every day because Budda was so long in coming?—and now you pretend you are sorry and don't want to go. I don't believe a word of it, Hal."

"But I don't want to go away from you, and from Joe and Tom." These were his favourites among the children who made mud-pies in the road. "They'll stay behind here, won't they?"

"To be sure; their mothers wouldn't let them go; and besides, Budda and Budda's mamma won't want any other little boys,—only you, you know."

"And Dick," said Hal. "Budda will want Dick."

"To be sure,—Dick is one of his best friends. But now you must finish your breakfast, that I may give you a good wash, and put on your clean frock, that you may be ready when Budda comes."

"And the socks and the boots," inquired Hal ruefully, "must I put them on too?"

"Of course, what would the lady say if she saw you with no shoes or stockings on?"

"She'd say it was much more comfortable," Hal protested. But this argument was of small avail; the hated boots had to go on; and arrayed in them, and in the clean frock, the child was soon marching up and down the lane on the look-out for his expected brother. That morning was long, as all such morn-

ings are ; but Hal could eat no dinner,—his excitement had quite deprived him of appetite, and Dick was scarcely less restless and excited.

“What will you do when you see him coming?” Rachel asked, and the child replied at once,

“Why, run as fast as ever I can to meet him ;” but in spite of their resolution, when at length the long-expected moment arrived, Ted’s courage completely failed. “He was afraid of Ted’s mammy,” he said ; and accordingly, while Dick bounded to meet his master, the child ran into the cottage and hid his face in Rachel’s apron.

Nor was it till Ted had forcibly deprived him of this shelter that the little fellow would look up. Then seeing that the stranger lady was talking to Rachel, he ventured to let go his hold of her gown and spring into Ted’s arms. Dick was still half smothering his master with his lavish caresses ; but he yielded at once to the superior claims of Hal, and allowed the child free possession of his friend.

“What a little simpleton you are, Hal!—what possesses you to be so shy?” Ted asked, half vexed when the little boy still turned away and refused to look at Mrs. Marsham. “This is my mother, and she wants to look at you. Have you got a dirty face, that you are so ashamed to show it?”

Thus conjured, Hal could not persist in his shyness any longer, but raised a very red face for Mrs.

Marsham's inspection, saying, "It isn't dirty,—it's been washed six times to-day."

"Then it is quite fit to be kissed," Mrs. Marsham said, laughing ; but this attempt at familiarity was almost more than Ted could bear. Ted's mother was so different to Rachel, so different to Joe's mammy, that the idea of going with her was fast becoming very dreadful. "It is as I said, Ted, you see," said Mrs. Marsham ; "it will take time to make this little man feel at home with us ; he will not believe that I am going to be his mother, for some time to come. And no wonder : he has had such a kind mother already, he will feel it hard to part from her."

"He will come and see her sometimes," said Ted ; "we could neither of us live without doing that. But Rachel has her own children : she will do very well without us,—won't you, Rachel ?"

"I shall have to do without you ; but it is wonderful how troubles bind folks together. I had not the least idea how hard it would be to part ;" and the good woman's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, don't let's call it parting : we shall often see each other," exclaimed Ted hastily. He was so happy that he could not bear the sight of even a passing sorrow, and Rachel smiled in reply to his cheery words.

"Yes, indeed, life has been full of partings to you ; we must not make any sorrows for you that

are unnecessary," said Mrs. Marsham kindly. "You shall always have a share in my boys; we will not let Hal forget you."

And thus they parted; and the work of training Hal to love his new relations had to be begun. It went on but slowly. The child had so many wild roving tastes that a civilized life was strangely distasteful to him; and then he was afraid of Ted's sisters,—so different to Rachel, and to little Joe and Tom. Altogether there were many difficulties; but patience and love won the victory, and little Hal soon learnt to believe and trust in the affection of all around him. No one wished, or thought, of usurping Budda's place in his heart. "He took care of me when I was a baby," was always the child's excuse for the preference he showed for his brother; and Ted's playful rejoinder, "So did a monkey, Hal," only provoked the reply, "Then I love the monkey too."

THE END.

WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

SEA BREEZES. By the Author of "The Knights of the Frozen Sea," "Good Dogs," etc. In crown 8vo, with Sixty-five Illustrations, price 3s. 6d., cloth.

ITALIAN SCENES AND STORIES. By the Author of "What makes me Grow?" With Twenty Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

JESSIE'S WORK; or, Faithfulness in Little Things: a Tale. By MARY E. SHIPLEY. In small 8vo, with Eight Illustrations, price 3s. 6d., cloth.

NOT FORSAKEN; or, The Old House in the City. By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "The Curate's Home." Four Illustrations, 2s. 6d., cloth.

HYMN STORIES. By the Author of "Aunt Annie's Stories." Four Illustrations, 2s. 6d., cloth.

MAY'S GARDEN, AND WHERE THE FLOWERS WENT. With Eight Coloured Illustrations, price 3s. 6d., cloth.

A TALE OF A NEST. By the Author of "Aunt Annie's Stories." In small crown 8vo, Seventeen Illustrations, 3s. 6d., cloth.

ELSIE'S CHOICE: a Tale. By the Author of "May's Garden." In large 16mo, with Eight Illustrations, price 3s. 6d., cloth.

DISTANT COUSINS: Talks with Amy and Georgie about some Far-off Relations. By the Author of "What makes me Grow?" In crown 8vo, Twelve Illustrations, 3s. 6d., cloth.

WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

MARGARET WARNER; or, *The Young Wife at the Farm.* By the Author of "*Nursery Influence.*" Third Edition, with Frontispiece, 3s. 6d., cloth.

TOILS AND TRIUMPHS: *Missionary Work in the World's Dark Places.* By **HARRIET WARNER ELLIS.** With Six Engravings, 3s. 6d., cloth.

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES; Selected from—
1. *The Pacific.*—2. *India and Burmah.*—3. *China.*—
4. *North Africa and Turkey.*—5. *South Africa and Madagascar.*—6. *North America and West Indies.*—
Small 8vo, Twelve Engravings, 2s. 6d., cloth.

THE VENDALE LOST PROPERTY OFFICE.
By the Author of "*Copsley Annals,*" etc. In square 16mo, Four Engravings, 2s. 6d., cloth.

"I REMEMBER;" or, *Photographs from a Home Album.* By the Author of "*Copsley Annals.*" In large 16mo, Engravings, 2s. 6d., cloth.

CHRISTIAN HATHERLEY'S CHILDHOOD. By the Author of "*Work for All.*" In 16mo, with Four Illustrations, 2s. 6d., cloth.

HOW DO I KNOW? *Walks and Talks with Uncle Merton.* By the Author of "*What makes me Grow?*" With Twelve Illustrations by A. T. ELWES. In crown 8vo, 3s. 6d., cloth.

WHAT MAKES ME GROW? or, *Walks and Talks with Amy Dudley.* With Twelve Engravings after L. Frölich. In small 8vo, with Twelve Illustrations, 3s. 6d., cloth.

WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

STORIES OF ENTERPRISE AND ADVENTURE. A Selection of Authentic Narratives. With Eight Engravings, crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d., cloth.

"A very interesting selection of authentic narratives."—*Saturday Review*.

FOLLOWING ON TO KNOW. A Tale. In 16mo, Four Illustrations, 2s. 6d., cloth.

DAME WYNTON'S HOME. A Tale. By Mrs. CAREY BROOK. In small 8vo, with Eight Engravings, 3s. 6d., cloth.

THE LITTLE DOORKEEPER. By the Author of "Waggie and Wattie." Large 16mo, Four Engravings, 3s. 6d., cloth.

LITTLE LILLA; or, The Way to be Happy. Large 16mo, Large Type, Engravings, 3s. 6d.

PETER LIPP; or, The Story of a Boy's Venture. Adapted from the French. Crown 8vo, Twenty-six Engravings, 5s., cloth.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS. A Story of Sumatra. From the French of Elie Berthet. In crown 8vo, with Forty-nine Engravings, price 5s., cloth.

MIGNONETTE. A Tale. By AGNES GIBERNE. Crown 8vo, Frontispiece, 5s., cloth.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS; or, The Harcourts at Montreux: a Narrative. By AGNES GIBERNE. In crown 8vo, Frontispiece, 3s. 6d., cloth.

WORKS FOR THE YOUNG.

BROOK SILVERTONE, AND THE LOST

LILIES. Two Tales. By **Mrs. MARSHALL.** A new Edition, price 2s. 6d. With Fourteen Engravings.

"We can heartily recommend this attractive little volume. The stories are genuine, lifelike, and entertaining. The lessons are skilfully interwoven with the narrative."—*Record.*

AGATHOS; AND OTHER SUNDAY STORIES.

By **SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D.,** late Bishop of Winchester. Twenty-eighth Edition. In square 16mo, with Engravings, 2s. 6d., cloth.

THE ROCKY ISLAND; AND OTHER SIMILI-

TUDES. Thirteenth Edition. By the late Lord **BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.** In square 16mo, with Engravings, 2s. 6d., cloth.

EFFIE'S PRAYER. A Story for Children, Explanatory of the Lord's Prayer. By **ELLEN BARLEE.** Crown 8vo, Frontispiece, 3s. 6d., cloth.

SHOALS AND QUICKSANDS. Sketches of Passing Scenes. Small 8vo, Frontispiece, 3s. 6d., cloth.

AIMEE. A Tale of the Days of James II. By **AGNES GIBERNE,** Author of the "Curate's Home." In crown 8vo, Frontispiece, 5s., cloth.

COPSLEY ANNALS PRESERVED IN PRO-

VERBS. By the Author of "Village Missionaries," etc. Fifth Edition, with Six Illustrations, 5s., cloth.

"A delightful book, and one which will afford pleasant entertainment to readers old and young. A thoroughly good and well-written story."—*Record.*

